April 19, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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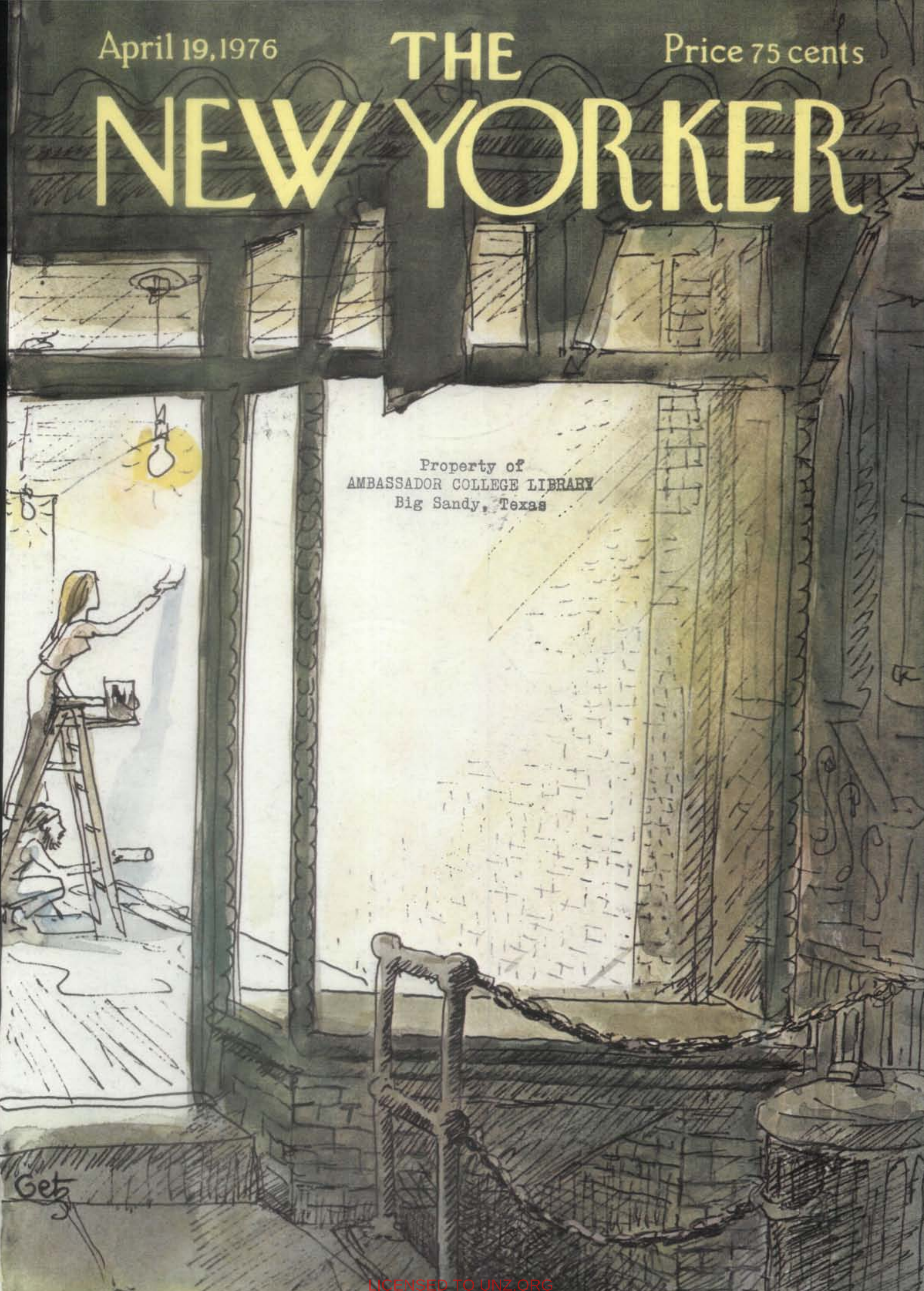

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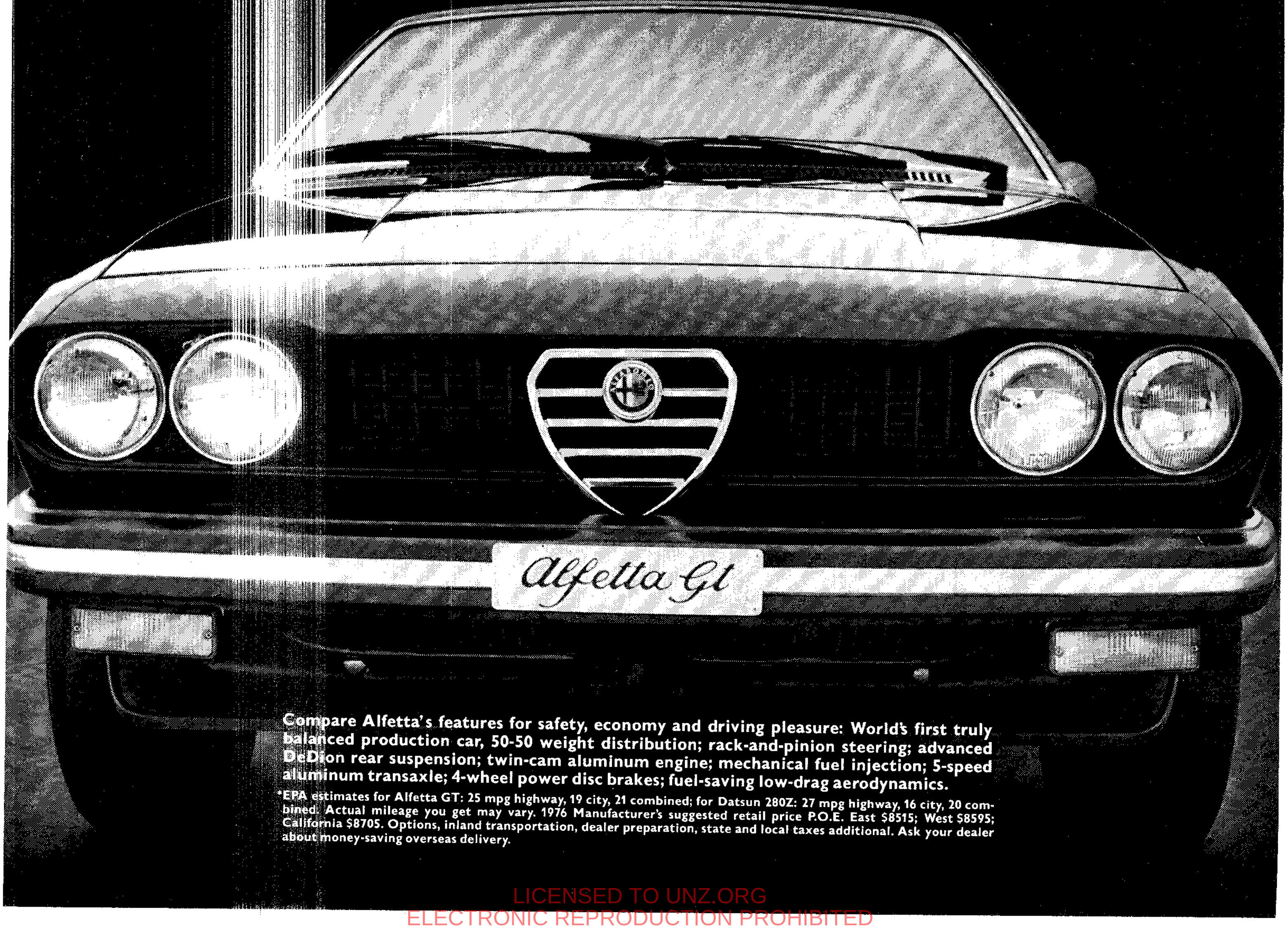

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bargainin' Thing—A play by Dan Owens. Opens Thursday, April 15, and will run through Sunday, April 25. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 14, at 2.)

Caprice—A play written, directed, and acted in by Charles Ludlam. Preview Wednesday, April 14. Opens officially on Thursday, April 15, at 7. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 730-9463. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

The Heiress—A revival of the dramatization by Ruth and Augustus Goetz of Henry James's "Washington Square," with Jane Alexander, Richard Kiley, Jan Miner, and David Selby. Directed by George Keathley. Previews Thursday through Saturday, April 15-17, and Monday, April 19. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 20. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Leonard Frey is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Lady from the Sea—A brilliant production of the rarely seen Ibsen play, directed by Tony Richardson and starring Vanessa Redgrave as the loveliest and loneliest of undines. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, April 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Monty Python Live!—A three-week engagement of the British comedy show. Opens Wednesday, April 14, and will run through Sunday, May 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated—**round and round the garden:** Wednesday, April 14, at 2; Friday, April 16, as well as Monday, April 19, and Wednesday, April 21, at 8; and Saturday, April 24, at 2. . . . **table manners:** Wednesday, April 14, at 8; Saturday, April 17, at 2; Tuesday, April 20, as well as Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, at 8. . . . **living together:** Thursday, April 15, and Saturday, April 17, at 8; Wednesday, April 21, at 2; and Friday, April 23, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

The Old Glory—A trilogy of plays ("Endecott and the Red Cross," "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," and "Benito Cereno") by Robert Lowell that are being performed as a single, double, or triple bill. **trilogy:** Wednesday, April 14, and Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, at 1:30; Tuesday, April 20, at 7; and

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COVER: *Arthur Getz*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 6.... **ENDECOTT AND THE RED CROSS** and **MY KINSMAN, MAJOR MOLINEUX**: Wednesday, April 14, and Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 8; Wednesday, April 21, at 1:30 and 8; and Thursday, April 22, at 1:30.... **BENITO CERENO**: Thursday, April 15, as well as Sunday, April 18, and Thursday, April 22, at 8, plus Saturday, April 24, at 1:30. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

PACIFIC OVERTURES—A musical curiosity, based on Commodore Perry's bullying visit to Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, and direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—The final two plays in this season's repertory. Bella and Samuel Spewack's **BOY MEETS GIRL**, directed by John Lithgow: Thursday, April 15 and Tuesday, April 20, at 8; Wednesday, April 21, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, April 24, at 8....¶ William Gillette's **SECRET SERVICE**, directed by Daniel Freudenberger: Friday, April 16, at 8; Saturday, April 17, at 2 and 8; Sunday, April 18, at 3; Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8; and Saturday, April 24, at 2. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

THE PRIMARY ENGLISH CLASS—Israel Horovitz's one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

RICH AND FAMOUS—John Guare's imaginative and very funny fantasy about—of all things—a failed playwright. William Atherton is excellent as the hero, and he is well attended by Anita Gillette and Ron Leibman as all the other characters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 25.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SEASON-WITHIN-A-SEASON—The Negro Ensemble Company presenting four one-week programs of works by black playwrights. Through Sunday, April 18: **A LOVE PLAY**, by Samm Williams....¶ Tuesday through Sunday, April 20-25: **A FICTIONAL ACCOUNT OF THE LIVES OF RICHARD AND SARAH ALLEN**, by Sylvia-Elaine Foard. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME... BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

VANITIES—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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VERY GOOD EDDIE—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—Edward Albee's play is as fresh and biting as ever. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara as the well-matched married adversaries in a night-long drunken donnybrook. Directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOYZECK—Joseph Chaikin gives a strong, eloquent performance in a poor production of Georg Büchner's early-nineteenth-century play. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

YENTL—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Thursday, April 15, at 3, and Friday, April 16, at 3 and 8. Thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**CHICAGO**: Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS**: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Richard Burton, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,649 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN**: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Harney, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **SHENANDOAH**: A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE WIZ**: A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

DANCE

ROYAL BALLET—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Saturday, May 15—Monday, April 19, at 7:30; Tuesday, April 20, at 8; Wednesday, April 21, at 2 and 8; and Friday, April 23, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."...¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8, and Saturday, April 24, at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY—"Session," "Girl on Fire," "Avalanche," a new unnamed work, and "One Good Turn" (première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, April 23, at 7:30; Saturday, April 24, at 8; and Sunday, April 25, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and al-

IBM Reports

Things are changing in the office

For nearly a century after the introduction of the typewriter in 1873 there was little change in the way paperwork was produced and processed.

In the last few years, however, dramatic innovations in technology have begun to transform traditional office methods and procedures.

These changes were spurred by the need to cope with staggering increases in the volume of paperwork—the result of a broad and continuing shift in the U.S. economy toward the service sector, with its heavy demand for written communication—and by sharply rising costs.

According to recent studies, the cost of a business letter has jumped from $2.44 to $3.79 in the past ten years. And overall office expenditures have become a growing portion of the cost of doing business.

Clearly, the basic answer lies in increasing office productivity.

One of the first major steps in this direction was the development by IBM in 1964 of an automatic text-editing typewriter that could store typed copy electronically and replay it, error-free, at extremely high speeds.

Enthusiastic acceptance of this remarkable machine, capable of multiplying several-fold the number of letters and documents a secretary could produce in a day, quickly opened the way to further change.

Today, IBM and other companies are providing an ever-widening range of office machines and systems that handle more work, more efficiently. The correcting typewriter introduced by IBM in 1973 and the high-speed copier/duplicators introduced in March of this year are good examples.

Other technological developments, such as electronic communication from one typewriter to another, promise even more important benefits—and IBM's commitment to advanced product research continues unabated.

New emphasis is also being placed on improving work flow. Conventional office organization is being modified to make better use of available people resources—with impressive results.

Many experts believe that this combination of advancing technology and improved work planning known as word processing will ultimately do for the office what data processing has already done in other areas.

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ways well-amplified jazz. Guitarist Joe Beck leads a septet Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday and Tuesday, April 19-20, Cecil Bridgewater, who is often found in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis trumpet section, brings in a quintet of his own. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, April 14, **AIRTO**, an extraordinary Brazilian percussionist, his vocalist wife, **FLORA PURIM**, and his band trade sets with alto saxophonist Dave Sanborn and his combo. Thursday through Saturday, April 15-17, the very fine **BILL EVANS** will bring in his trio opposite guitarist **KENNY BURRELL**'s quartet. **BOBBY SHORT**, who regularly performs at the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays, will appear here on Sunday and Monday, April 18-19. On Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, rock singer Robert Palmer will be on the bill with a pair of Scottish singers, Benny Gallagher and Graham Lyle. Beginning Thursday, April 22, **JEAN-LUC PONTY**, an exciting electronic free-jazz-rock violinist, will perform. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform barely—if at all—amplified duets in hectic, buzzing surroundings. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** play against the din weeknights. A different bassist fills in on Mondays, when Mraz plays with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band at the Vanguard. The Sunday pianist is **BARRY HARRIS**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Short and his sidemen, Gene Gammage and Beverly Peer, appear twice Tuesdays through Thursdays and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, weeknights from nine-thirty, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it. **BARBARA CARROLL**, another excellent pianist, will replace the McPartland sound for one week beginning Thursday, April 22. Weeknights from nine-thirty.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is fleet and immaculate, and the same can now be said of the house instrument, which has finally been changed. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD** alternate with pianist Marty Napoleon and bassist Bucky Calabrese weeknights. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban (Bob Casey will fill in for him for a week, beginning Monday, April 19). On Tuesday, April 20, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, April 18, will be set aside for tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE**, who'll head up a foursome from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays and Tuesdays, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, works in this tiny bar with **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a quick-stepping guitarist with a full-bodied tone, and fine bassist **WILBUR LITTLE**. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Haig plays with guitarist Wayne Wright, trumpeter Gene Roland, and bassist Morris Edwards. Music from nine-thirty to three. In addition, Roland, Wright, and Edwards collaborate from six to nine, weeknights; on Sunday, April 18, from five to two, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson will work with Little and pianist Jack Reilly.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, it's presenting pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and his beautifully feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations. Three sets, beginning at ten. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Jim Roberts' piano styling. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. On Friday, April 16, pianist Lance Hayward succeeds Roberts, who, in turn, reverts to being the Wednesday-night pianist. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist and composer **MATT DENNIS**, who is responsible for "Angel Eyes," "Let's Get Away from It All," "Will You Still Be Mine?," and other standards, performs with vocalist **GINNY DENNIS**, bassist **MILT HINTON**, and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble under the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folksinger Jim Dawson and comedian Gary Yudman are on the podium through Sunday, April 18. On Wednesday and Thursday, April 21-22, comics Proctor and Bergman will alternate with singer Michael Federal, and Friday through Sunday, April 23-25, they will alternate with composer-singer Jorge Calderon. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Le Petit Café, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES**, a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features tall, dashing, and theatrical Oscar Brown, Jr., and his wife, vocalist Jean Pace; through Saturday, April 17. On Sunday, April 18, **PATTI SMITH**, rock-and-roll singer and poet, will do a one-night stand. Pop singer Kelly Garrett and folksinger Jake Holmes come in on Tuesday, April 20. Shows at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE**, who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival—New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club will change from night to night, and passing musicians will be welcome to sit in. The club will not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Singer **TEDDI KING** and her backup crew perform on Wednesdays. Saxophonist Carmen Leggio's trio will play on Thursday, April 15. On Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, pianist Larry Willis will turn up with his trio, and reedman Eddie Daniels will be here with his quartet on Tuesday, April 20. Sundays, as always, are reserved for the **CHUCK WAYNE-JOE PUMA** guitar duo. Mondays are given over to **DAVE MATTHEWS**' twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

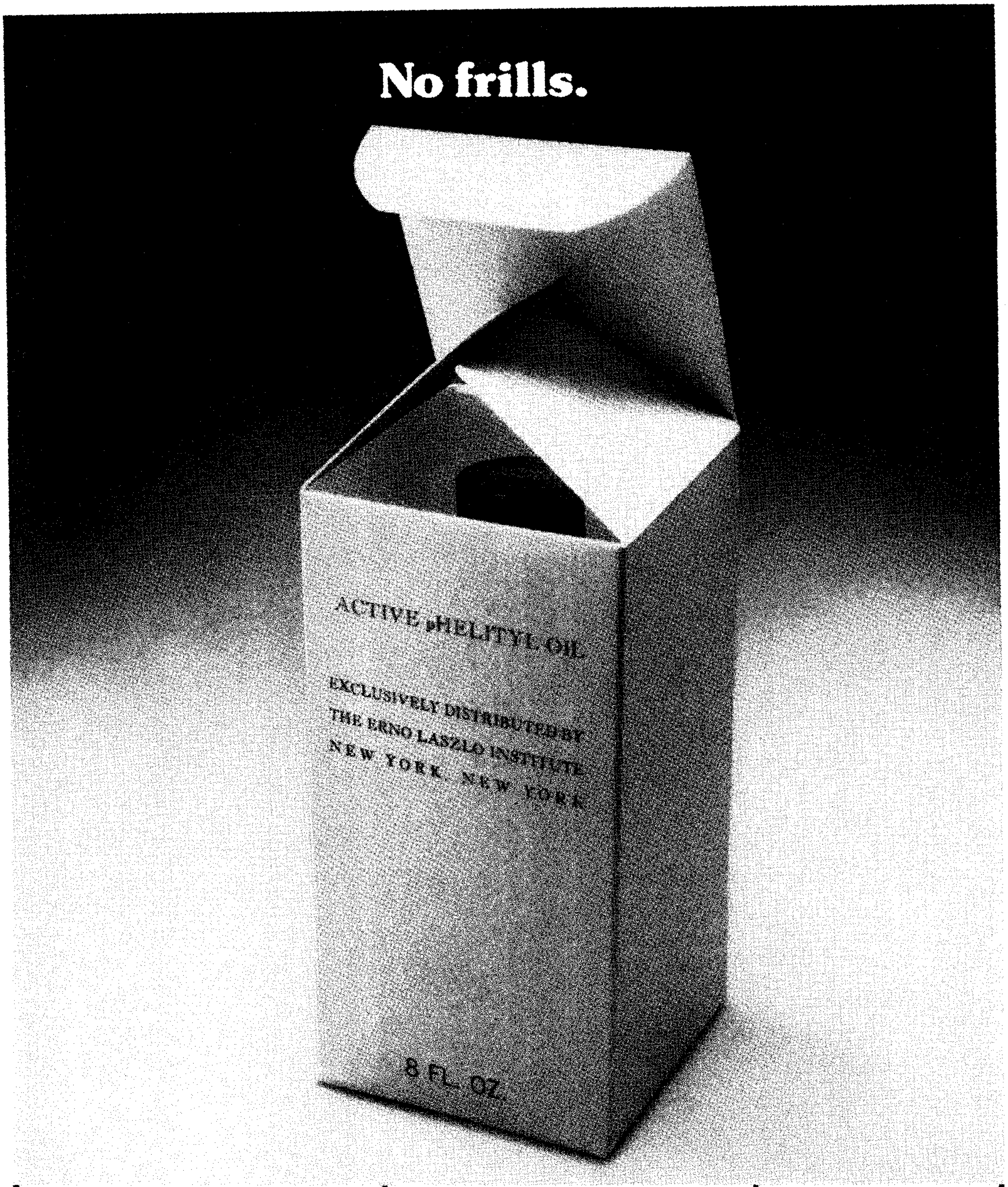
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians—mostly guitarists—who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. (The management is presenting what it calls the Great New York City Guitar Festival for the next several weeks.) Through Sunday, April 18, **JOE PASS** will do some solo guitarwork. **JACK WILKINS** will come in for a Monday through Wednesday (April 19-21) run. Beginning Thursday, April 22, **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** will play duets. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Many different jazz groups in a loose, unconfining, and hassle-free bar. Thursdays, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson plays with a quartet. Fridays through Sundays, trumpeter **TED CURSON** performs with his exciting septet. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate complex is alive and kicking on Friday and Saturday nights. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** and his fivesome share the stage with pianist-singer Nina Sheldon and her trio on April 16-17. On April 23-24, **CHICO HAMILTON** and **PHAROAH SANDERS** and their respective combos will be present. Music from ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but the place is nevertheless worth visiting. Trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** will ride herd on his fiery, impressive young quintet through Sunday, April 18. On Tuesday, April 20, the **CECIL TAYLOR** unit will descend the murky staircase. On Mondays, **THAD JONES**, **MEL LEWIS**, and fifteen or so other of New York's finer studio men blast forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, *pianist* Ram Ramirez, *and* drummer Shelton Gary. On Wednesdays, the Warren Court, an outfit headed by ex-Basie alto saxophonist Earle Warren, moves in. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, **SAMMY PRICE, BUDDY TATE,** Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette get together for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Pianist Ray Bryant and his bassist are the featured duo here through Saturday, April 17. Dick Cone will conduct a seventeen-piece jazz band on Tuesday, April 20. On Wednesday, April 21, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS,** guitarist **SAM BROWN,** and bassist John Beal will take over. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 14, at 5:45: **MIRABAI** and **JOSH WHITE, JR.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 5:45: **JAMES CUNNINGHAM AND THE ACME DANCE COMPANY.**

Weather Report and **John McLaughlin and Shakti**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, April 17, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Shirley MacLaine—With her gypsies. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Monday, April 19, through Saturday, May 1. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Voices of Jazz—Oscar Brown, Jr., and Blossom Dearie. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

Jazz Benefit—Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Joe Venuti, Roland Hanna, Major Holley, Mousey Alexander, Bucky Pizzarelli, Roy Eldridge, and Dick Hyman. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Wednesday, April 21, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Stella Marrs Trio—With the Keno Duke Contemporaries and others. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

The Chieftains—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, April 22, at 8.

David Bromberg Band and **Steve Goodman**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, April 23, at 8.

Supertramp—Beacon Theatre. Friday, April 23, at 8.

Betty Walker—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, April 24, at 8.

Satchmo '76—Lou Rawls, Freddie Hubbard, Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Robin Kenyatta. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Grover Washington, Jr. (with Esther Phillips) and **Donald Byrd & the Blackbirds**—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30 and at midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lennart Anderson—Realist paintings that hark back to Eakins in their organization and old-fashioned craftsmanship. In one, a street scene called "Accident," an instant of confusion is caught forever, reflected in the gestures of the onlookers around the incident itself, whatever it is, which remains hidden in the center of the converging crowd. Through Saturday, April 17. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—It seems odd that these abstract, Constructivist paintings, with their skillfully arranged clockworks of checks and balances, should already have acquired the aura of quaint antique pieces. Through June 15. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

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Nell Blaine—Flower still-lifes, seascapes, and other works in oil and watercolor, and ink on paper. Through May 8. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Bessie Boris—There is a primitive quality about the carefully drawn ladderbacks and cabinets and other appointments in these period interiors, done in acrylics and chalk, each of which is the setting for the lone figure of an elderly woman. Through April 30. (Touchstone, in a new location, at 118 E. 64th St.)

John Chamberlain—The latest models in crushed automobiles. The sculptor, who has staked out this medium for his own, has moved on from cubic floor pieces to elongated wall constructions, which have a vaguely birdlike quality. Through Saturday, April 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Bruno Civitico—Romanesque nudes grouped together and contemporary Italian household dramas, both treated in a classical manner. Through Saturday, April 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Rosemary Cove—Sculptures of reclining female figures in terra-cotta, plaster, and papier-mâché. Through Saturday, April 17. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Recent color-field paintings, which appear to have been achieved with massive swipes of an enormous brush. Through Wednesday, April 21. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

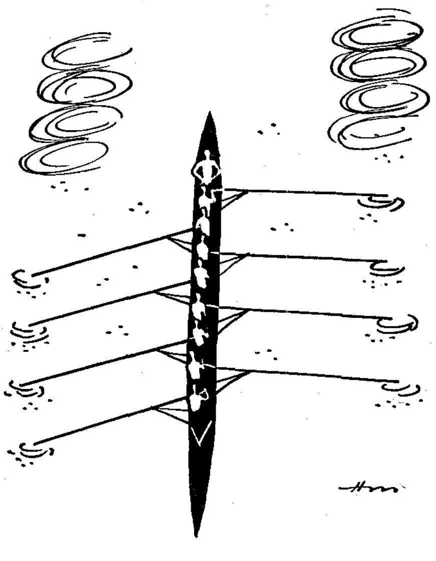
Jimmy Ernst—Large abstract paintings with the textural quality of a tapestry, some of which reflect the artist's impressions of the moon. Through Wednesday, April 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jud Fine—Sentence fragments (sometimes misspelled), fingerprints, triangles, and other cryptic markings applied to sheets of paper (in pencil, mostly) and shown collectively behind glass. Through Saturday, April 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Esther Gentle—Painted steel sculptures from found objects. One, called "Comet and Flower," combines a large can and a pole with an automobile wheel as a base. Through Saturday, April 17. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Jean Hélion—This lively French artist was a friend of both Mondrian and Léger, and in this show, which begins with his early abstract period and moves on to his current representational works, the influences of both men are discernible, as is a pronounced Gallic élan. Through May 22. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Margaret Israel—This sorcerer's apprenticeship has long since ended, and she now applies her special craft to ceramic sculptures, constructions of wood and ceramics, and mural-size wall hangings with a sketched-in black-and-white pattern of everyday people. Some of the constructions incorporate human elements (ceramic heads, arms, and legs strung up like puppets and filled out anatomically with plate-size discs and surprising geometric forms), and some of them are built up in tiers, like Aztec temples. Through May 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)



Carla Lavatelli—Semi-abstract sculptures, all but one of them carved marble. Through Saturday, April 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—An uplifting exhibition of seventeen oils that span the career of this artist, whose colors almost always seem to echo those in the flag of France. Through Saturday, April 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of female nudes, who seem to be molded of some dark, exotic mineral. Also, solid still-lifes of fruits—mainly pears—made of a similar material. Through Saturday, April 24. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Ammi Phillips (1788-1865)—Oil portraits of residents of the Hudson and Housatonic Valleys selected to show the artist's diverse styles. Through May 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Sophy Regensburg (1885-1974) / **Harold Sterner**—A memorial exhibition; mostly vivid still-lifes done in casein on canvas. Through Tuesday, April 20. / Surrealist paintings. Through April 27. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Lyrical landscapes: trees bowing to the wind or heavily laden with blossoms. Done mainly on Cape Cod, with an occasional side excursion to Martha's Vineyard. Through Saturday, April 24. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

George Rickey / Ulfert Wilke—Abstract kinetic sculptures made of a combination of brass, copper, and stainless steel. / Large paintings based on calligraphy, plus drawings. Through Saturday, April 24. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

David Roth—Freestanding painted-string sculptures that have the appearance of columns, plus works on paper. Through April 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ronald Searle—Humorous drawings and watercolors centering on resorts and animals. Through Saturday, April 17. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71) / **Louis Comtois**—Crayon and pencil drawings of words in black-and-white and color. / Paintings composed of panels of muted color. Through May 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—A selection of landscapes, along with paintings of Washington Square Park and Grand Central Station, by one of the leading members of the Ashcan school. Through May 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Tony Smith—Small sculptures in steel and models for outdoor pieces in cast bronze, by a Minimalist. Through Saturday, April 17. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Mark Tobey—Fifty-eight paintings representing every phase of the artist's development. Through May 1. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: American landscape paintings by, among others, Joseph B. O'Sickey, Werner Groshans, and Margit Beck. Through April 28. . . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings from five centuries. Two are a black-and-red chalk drawing by Rubens and a blue-gray brush drawing by Franz Kline. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Picasso, Sheeler, de Chirico, Nevelson, and others, on loan from the alumni of Williams College on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of that college's museum. Through Saturday, April 24. . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures (by Harry Bertoia, Max Bill, and others) predominate in this show, which also has on view paintings by, among others, Enrico Donati and Paul Del-

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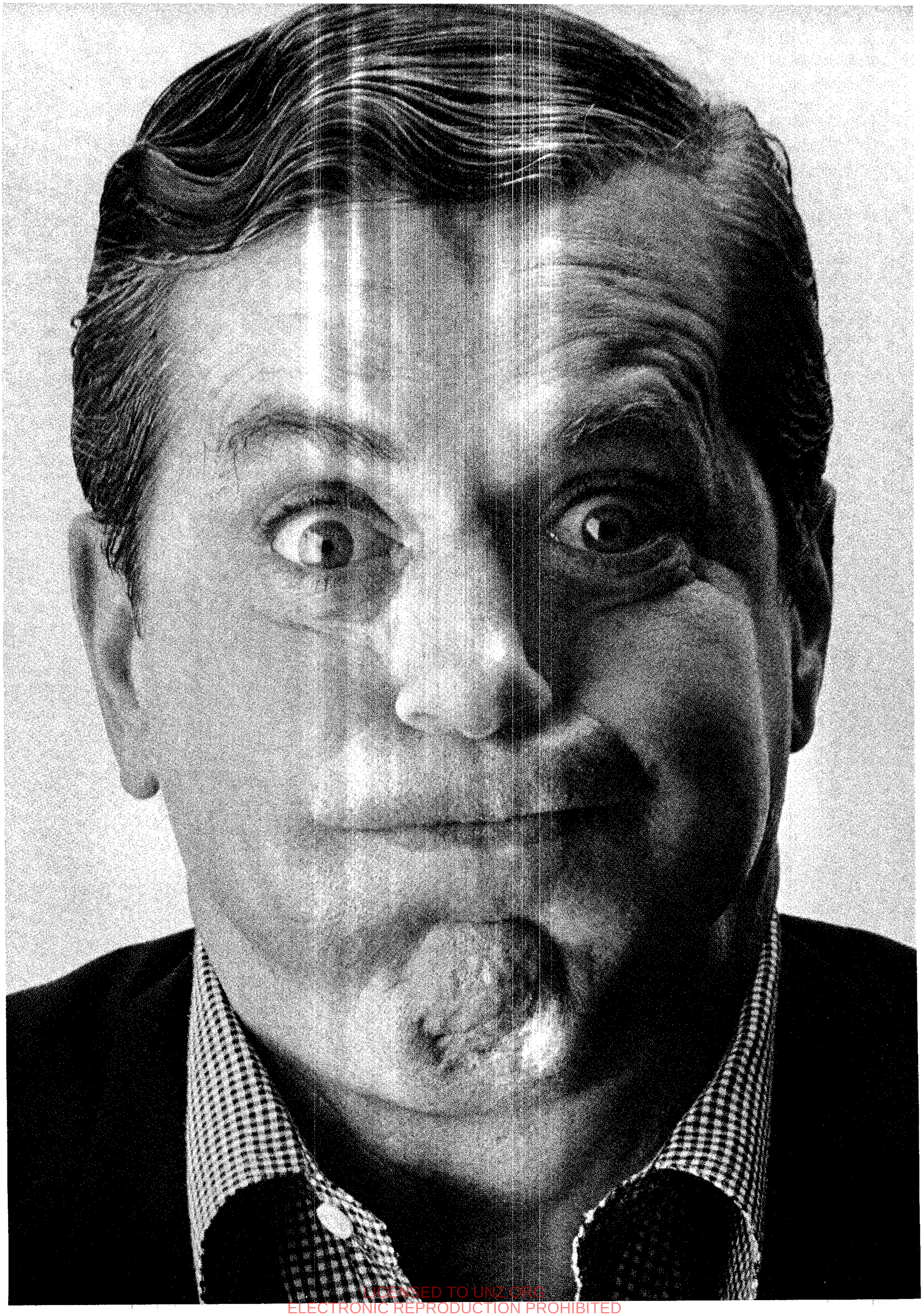

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vaux. Through May 1. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Kathy Calderwood and David McGovern, and sculptures by John Balsley. Through April 29.

SCULPTURE—Helen Beling, Sahl Swarz, and David Burt are contributors to a show of non-objective works in stone, wood, and steel. Through April 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently being shown uptown include: **SHIRLEY BLACK** at Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6); **IDA KOHLMEYER** at Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5); **MARWAN** at Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6); **SUSAN ROTHENBERG** at Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **MIKLOS SUBA** (1880-1944) at Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5); **D.W. TERESHKO** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PETER AGOSTINI—Plaster sculptures of old men that somehow manage to suggest both fleshed-out Giacomettis and three-dimensional translations of Francis Bacon's work, plus a series of superior drawings. Through Saturday, April 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

ANNE ARNOLD—Sculptures of animals, including a nearly life-size cow at rest on the floor. Through May 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

PAUL CADMUS—Ink and crayon drawings (and a single painting) of figures. Through May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ELAINE LUSTIG COHEN—Large geometric abstractions dealing with spatial illusion and consisting of parallel diagonal bars painted on a two-color field. Through Saturday, April 24. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

OYVIND FAHLSTROM—Large sheet-metal cutouts, resembling Rorschach blobs, onto which the artist has attached magnetized movable plastic shapes, which are painted with images inspired by the poetry of Plath, Lorca, and others. Through Saturday, April 17. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES HENRI FORD—A show of more than a hundred postcards sent over the years to this poet-photographer by his friends, among them Gertrude Stein, Robert Indiana, and John Lennon. Through May 1. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—A memorial exhibition of the angular sculptures of this pioneer in welded iron. Through Saturday, April 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Paintings of women dominate this exhibition of works by a veteran social realist. Through Saturday, April 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Paintings and works on paper from the late forties to the early fifties. Through April 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Carved-wood sculptures of figures, the most noticeable of them being a sixteen-foot-high laughing skeleton. Also paintings and drawings. Through May 8. (Dintenfass-Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

MON LEVINSON—Paper works that have been dipped in various coloring agents, including tea and coffee, acrylics and ink, and then encased in Plexiglas frames. They have some of the appealing quality of antique documents, although not a word is written on them. Through May 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOHN MARIN (1870-1953)—A show devoted entirely to watercolors of Maine painted by the artist between 1914 and the year before his death. Through Saturday, April 17. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Recent abstract paintings by an artist who is primarily a colorist. Through April 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

WILLIAM T. WILEY—Drawings, paintings, and constructions with a strong flavor of Wild West fantasies done by a California artist who writes long messages on his works and has a taste for bad puns ("Vague-a-Bond" and "He Ain't My Heavy, He's My Other") and a sort of cowboy disdain for the niceties of craftsmanship. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American printmakers, among them Paul Revere, Mary Cassatt, and Winslow Homer. Through Saturday, April 17. . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: An exhibition marking the thirtieth anniversary of this gallery, where so many recent art movements were first recognized and helped to get off the ground. Included are works by Mark Rothko, Ad Reinhardt, Barnett Newman, Saul Steinberg, and Hedda Sterne. Through Saturday, April 24.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in the 57th St. area include: **ENRICO BAJ** at Arras, 29 W. 57th St. (Through Saturday, April 17. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:30); **ROGER WELCH** at D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

GALLERIES—SoHo

BLYTHE BOHNEN—Graphite-on-paper abstractions. Through Wednesday, April 21. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JACOB DRACHLER / RUTH TALMAN KAZEZ—Abstract paintings of irregular shapes that resemble jigsaw-puzzle pieces. / String-and-canvas collage paintings in monochromatic tones, plus drawings. Through Thursday, April 22. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

CHARLES S. DUBACK—Outsize realist paintings of nudes lolling around in idyllic parks, plus paintings and drawings of huge pine trees. Through Thursday, April 22. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

CHARLES FAHLEN—Hearty wall reliefs and floor pieces whose forms are derived from geometrical shapes, in materials that range from papier-mâché to roof cement. Through May 5. (Duffy, 157 Spring St.)

LIBOR FARA—Wood constructions made from found objects, most of them parts of furniture. Also collages. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 24. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

BARCLAY FERGUSON / ALAIN LEROY / BERNARD AND FRANÇOIS BASCHET—Impeccably detailed paintings of New York building façades, flawed in a couple of instances by the introduction of people who can be seen through open windows and who seem to be the work of a different, inferior hand. / Abstract drawings done with a ballpoint pen and showing mostly unidentifiable organic-looking shapes with an occasional quite recognizable torso thrown in. / Stainless-steel statues that make musical sounds when stroked by viewers; at 6 P.M. this coming Saturday, professional musicians will perform on them. Through Tuesday, April 20. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

AUDREY FLACK / JEROME KIRK—Photo-Realist paintings of fruit, pastry, and personal objects. / Table-size kinetic sculptures. Through May 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

BERNARD KIRSCHENBAUM—Geometric metal sculptures, some of them massive. Through May 29. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—Large-scale paintings on shaped canvases of geometrical forms either alone or in combinations, by a Minimalist. Through Wednesday, April 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

BRICE MARDEN—New paintings in panels, plus drawings. Through Wednesday, April 21. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

BILL MARTIN / PETER PLAGENS—Fantasy landscapes painted in an odd, meticulously detailed style on circular canvases. / Partly eclipsed circles painted on contrasting subdued fields of layered oil and crayon. Through April 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

GORDON MOORE—Vertical abstract canvases; first one-man show in New York. Through Tuesday, April 20. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

DOUG OHLSON—Abstract paintings. Through April 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

PETER PASSUNTINO—Fantasy paintings, most of them depicting people floating downstream on elaborate boats shaped like fish. Through Saturday, April 17. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Marion Ranyak / Rachel Rolon de Clet—Three-dimensional wall pieces formed by pouring cement into wet-sand molds. / Symbolic figurative paintings. Through Wednesday, April 21. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

William Schwedler—Heavily textured abstract paintings. Through May 4. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

Mark Wilson / Robin VanArsdol—Large, intricately colored geometrical abstractions that look like working architectural floor plans. / A new art breakthrough: standard small-arms targets that have been riddled with shotgun pellets and rifle slugs of various sizes, and then framed. Some of the targets were faced with safety glass, which was also shattered by the bullets. Through Saturday, April 17. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Jackie Winsor—Five boxlike sculptures in wood and copper wire. Through May 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **55 mercer street:** Two outsize drawings by Susan Smith; abstract paintings by Judy Waterman; and sculptures by Jean Linder. Through Wednesday, April 21. . . . **o. k. harris,** 383 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by H. N. Han and Lance Richbourg, plus nineteenth-century American stoneware. Through Saturday, April 17.

OTHER GALLERIES

Don Freeman—Paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through June 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Sol LeWitt—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through May 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Henry Moore—An exhibit of sixteen sculptures spanning the last forty years. Through Saturday, April 24. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Ellsworth Kelly, Helen Frankenthaler, and Frank Stella are among the painters in a show titled "American Color 1961-1964." Through Wednesday, April 21. Closed Wednesday through Friday, April 14-16. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Cecil Beaton—Black-and-white portraits of Gloria Swanson, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and other personalities from the thirties. Many of these photographs (all of which belonged to Joseph Cornell) were taken as assignments for Condé Nast. Through April 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Bill Brandt—Works dating from the thirties through the fifties, including landscapes, portraits, and a series taken in London air-raid shelters. Through Saturday, April 17. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Wynn Bullock (1902-75)—Landscapes and figure studies. Through May 2. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Baron De Meyer (1869-1946)—Early photogravures (still-lifes, fashion subjects, and society people), many of them originally published in Stieglitz's *Camera Work*. Through May 1. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Fred Fehl—Three hundred photographs of dancers, actors, and musicians in performance. Through May 29. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. Weekdays, noon to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Robert Fichter / Michael Bishop—Landscapes, interiors, and portraits done in various processes, plus drawings and graphics. / Color photographs of sidewalks and back yards. Through May 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George Zarin—Semi-abstract photographs of New York City scenes. Through Friday, April 16. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through May 16: Exhibitions of works by photographers Clarence John Laughlin, Michael P. Smith, David Plowden, and James Klosty. (Open Sundays.) . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs of mainland China by René Burri, Audrey Topping, and Chinese photographers. Through May 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of an exhibit of work taken from Alfred Stieglitz's quarterly *Camera Work*, including photogravures made by Steichen, the late Paul Strand, and others, as well as drawings by such artists as Rodin and Matisse. Also on view are twelve issues of the magazine *291*. Through May 1. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The World of Franklin and Jefferson," an exhibit of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs dealing with, to no one's surprise, the early history of this country. Through May 2. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A loan show of drawings and etchings by the seventeenth-century court painter Jacques Bellange, plus works by artists who influenced him and whom he influenced. Through May 2. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by Wynn Bullock. Through May 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred Fauvist paintings, whose sunshine-bright, garden-fresh colors still have a tingling shock value seventy years after their first formal showing shook up the art establishment in Paris. Matisse, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Marquet, and van Dongen are among the wild beasts in this engrossing exhibition. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Picasso, Mondrian, and Feininger are among the artists represented in a survey of Cubism and allied movements, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. . . . ¶ Paintings by Morgan Russell drawn from his Synchromist period, along with related drawings, studies, and notebooks. Through May 25. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5. Special hours Monday, April 19, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years. A really big show, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Print Making/New Forms" includes works by Rauschenberg, Marisol, and Jody Shields. Through May 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Nearly sixty hand scrolls and hanging scrolls, the majority of them ink landscapes, by Wen Cheng-ming (1470-1559) and by his teacher, Shen Chou. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-six Japanese swords and their furnishings, including the "Kunimune" blade, dating from the twelfth century through the nineteenth. Through April 25. (Mondays through Thurs-

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days, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the illustrated book in England, covering the years 1790 to 1914. It includes books, drawings, engravers' proofs, autograph letters, and manuscripts, and among the artists on view are Blake, Turner, Beardsley, and Beerbohm. Through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk art on paper, or made with paper, most of it done by New York artists. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts. . . . ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition. . . . ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—"Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through May 7. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ Theatre photographs by Fred Fehl. Through May 20. (Weekdays, noon to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 14: "Fidelio," with Rose Wagemann, Christine Weidinger, Jess Thomas, and William Dooley; conducted by John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, and Matteo Manuguerra; Giuseppe Pantanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, matinée, April 17: "Die Meistersinger," with Arlene Saunders, Marcia Baldwin, Jean Cox, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Alberto Remedios, and William Dooley; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 1.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Richard Kness, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Ruth Welting, Frances Bible, Richard Fredricks, and Richard McKee; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Clamma Dale, Ermanno Mauro, Dominic Cossa, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Gwenlynn Little, Hilda Harris, Robert Hale, and William Justus; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Arlene Randazzo, William McDonald, and David Griffith; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 1: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pané, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 7: "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Johanna Meier, Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 8: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Ruth Welting, Frances Bible, Jane Shaulis, and Richard Fredricks; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8: "Lizzie Borden," with Eileen Schauler, Ellen Faull, Elizabeth Hynes, and Edward Pierson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Elizabeth Haley, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pané, and Sigmund Cowan; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Sung-Sook Lee, and Herman Malamood; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, Puli Toro, and Lando Bartolini, and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Dominic Cossa; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of a double bill: The United States première of Goffredo Petrassi's "Il Cordovano" ("The Tapestry"), in English, directed by Jack O'Brien; and the première of Hugo Weisgall's "The Hundred Nights," directed by John Olon-Scrymgeour. John DeMain will conduct the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra for the first opera, and Bruce Ferden will conduct it for the second one. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, at 8, and Sunday, April 25, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein directing, with Murray Perahia, piano; Donald McInnes, viola; and the Camerata Singers. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30; Friday, April 16, at 2; Saturday, April 17, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 20, at 7:30.)

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Lawrence Foster conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Bonita Glenn, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 20, at 8.)

I Musici—Twelve musicians who perform without a conductor, in the second of two concerts of Italian baroque music, with Pina Carmirelli, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Lili Chookasian, contralto, and Kenneth Riegel, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 3.)

Netherlands Chamber Orchestra—Szymon Goldberg conducting and acting as violin soloist in two all-Bach programs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 8; and Wednesday, April 21, at 8, with Ransom Wilson, flute.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to contemporary Greek composers, with Yuji Takahashi, piano; Spyros Sakkas, baritone; and the Gregg Smith Singers. Iannis Xenakis will be present and will participate in a discussion with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting the final concert of the season, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Henry Schuman, oboe; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty musicians who perform without a conductor, in a Mozart-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 24, at midnight.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Gary Pool and Ray DeVoll, tenors; Richard Anderson, baritone; John West, bass; and a double baroque orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Friday, April 16, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing an all-Mozart program, with Crail Conner, soprano; Anita Darian, mezzo-soprano; Durward McDonnell, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and an orchestra. The last in a series of concerts. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Patricia Wells, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Mal-

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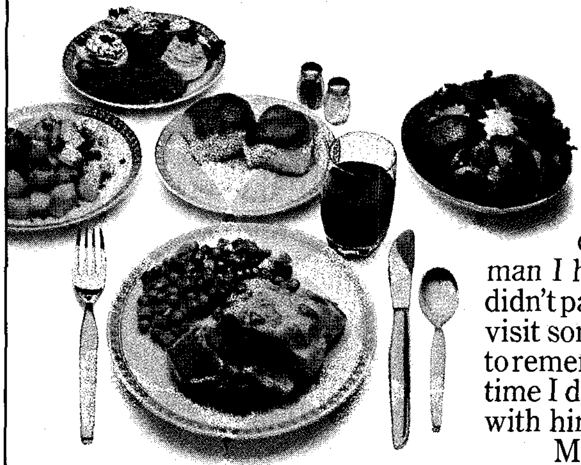

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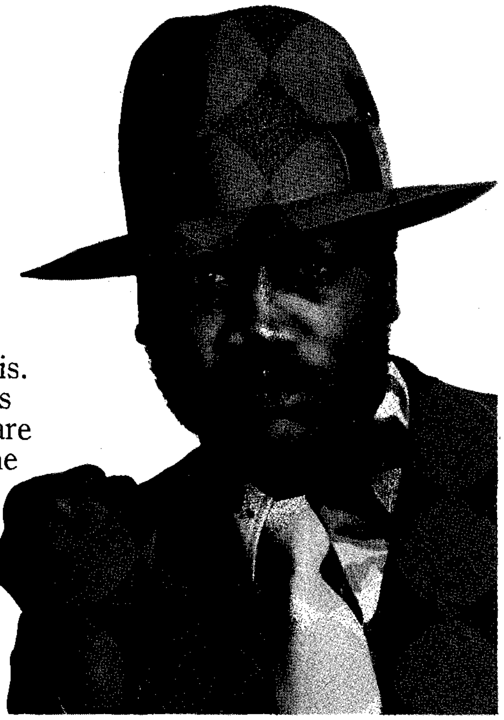

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lory Walker, tenor; and Justino Diaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

Concordia Choir—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 3.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Madrigal Choir—Gregg Smith and Peter Schubert directing a program of music from Colonial times to the present. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of music from the Old World at the time of the first colonies here. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 24, at 8.)

RECITALS

Robert Brandon—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 14, at 8.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 14, at 8.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8.)

Coffee Concert—The Berlin String Quartet will play the last in a series of hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 4.)

Edward Smith—Harpsichord, playing Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier II." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 3:30.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Paul Tobias, cello; and Samuel Baron, flute, in the last in a series of concerts at which composers (in this case Ezra Laderman) comment on their own works. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, April 18, at 5. For information about tickets, call 860-1888.)

Francis Tursi and Barry Snyder—Viola and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 8.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 19, at 8.)

Joanna Simon—Mezzo-soprano, with the Manhattan String Quartet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, April 19, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The third and fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday, April 19, and Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—The last in a series of recitals by small groups drawn from the orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 19, at 8.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 20, at 8.)

James Dick—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 20, at 8.)

Donald Gramm—Bass-baritone, in a recital postponed from Feb. 24. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—The last in a series of concerts of contemporary music, this one with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 21, at 8.)

New and Newer Music—A program performed by Speculum Musicae. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, April 22, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

John Graham—Viola/violin, with Elizabeth Wright, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano, in a program of operatic arias. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Oscar Shumsky, violin; Walter Trampler, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8, and Sunday, April 25, at 5.)

Julius Baker and Paula Robison—Flute. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 24, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Franco Gulli and Enrica Cavallo—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Donald Weilerstein, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Leon Kirchner, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 25, at 2.)

Water Gap Concert—The last in a series of chamber-music concerts. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 24, at midnight. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MISCELLANY

Music with Jens Nygaard—A program entitled "The Young Mozart," performed by Barbara Hendricks, soprano; Jeffrey Gall, counter-tenor; Grayson Hirst, tenor; June LeBell, narrator; and the Westchester Chamber Chorus and Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 19, at 8.)

Percy Grainger Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; the Gail August Dancers; a string quartet; chamber ensembles; solo voices; and the Columbia University Concert Band, conducted by Roger Nierenberg. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 22, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—First league games at the rebuilt Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Minnesota, Thursday, April 15, and Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, April 23, at 8, and Saturday, April 24, at 2.

Professional Basketball—American Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs: Nets vs. San Antonio. (Nassau Coliseum. Monday, April 19, at 8:05, and Sunday, April 25, if necessary.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 24.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres. (Nassau Coliseum. Thursday, April 15; Saturday, April 17; and, if necessary, Thursday, April 22, all at 8:05.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 1. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 17, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 24. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, April 24.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, from Thursday, April 15, through Saturday, Nov. 13.

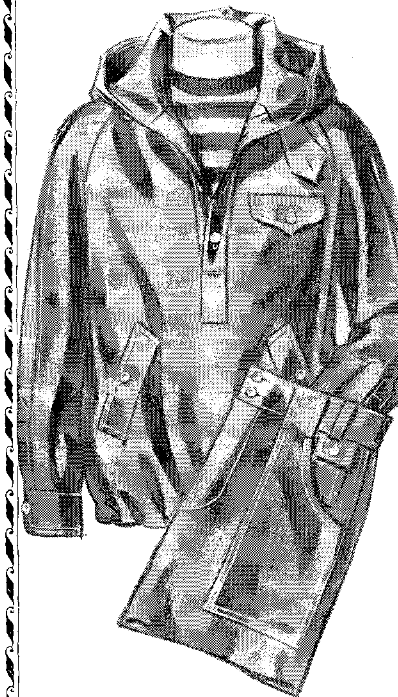
ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Wednesday, April 21, at 8: W. S. Merwin reading from his own works. . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 7:30: Jon Anderson, Louise Glück, and Robert Haas reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the box office on the nights of the readings.)

Flower Show—The April Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Wednesday, April 21, from noon to 6.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 21, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental works of art, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 2: Paintings by Ming and Ch'ing masters, from the Lok Tsai Hsien Collection.



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Story of Adèle H."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through April 20: "The Man Who Would Be King" and "A Brief Vacation."
From April 21: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" and "W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 20: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."
From April 21: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 20: "The Man Who Would Be King."
From April 21: "Barry Lyndon."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through April 20: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From April 21: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Family Plot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"W. C. Fields and Me."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 20: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."
From April 21: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Bad News Bears."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The River Niger."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Seven Beauties."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"W. C. Fields and Me."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mahler."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
April 14: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From April 15: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
April 14: "Seven Beauties."
From April 15: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Taxi Driver." (Evening performances only.)

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Virility."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 20: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."
From April 21: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The River Niger."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Family Plot."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lipstick."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sparkle."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through April 20: "Countdown at Kusini."
From April 21: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Taxi Driver."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through April 20: "A Woman Under the Influence" and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From April 21: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Love and Anarchy" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
Theatre 2: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Where's Poppa?," and "Take the Money and Run."
Theatre 3: April 14: "The Lodger" and "Blackmail." April 15: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Murder." April 16: "The 39 Steps" and "Sabotage." April 17: "Secret Agent" and "Young and Innocent." April 18: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Foreign Correspondent." April 19: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "The Lodger." April 20: "Blackmail" and "The 39 Steps." April 21: "Secret Agent" and "Sabotage." April 22: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Murder."
Theatre 4: Through April 20: "The Magic Flute." From April 21 (tentative): "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin and Marian."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Moses."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 20: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" and "W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings."
From April 21: "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (X-rated) and "WUSA."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Taxi Driver."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Grey Gardens."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Bad News Bears."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 20: "Blazing Saddles" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From April 21: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Crazies."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: "Goodbye Bruce Lee" and "The Arena."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Taxi Driver."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 20: "Three Days of the Condor" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From April 21: "Crime and Passion" and "Hennessy."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 20: "The Man Who Would Be King" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From April 21: "Jaws."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 14: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "In Cold Blood" (1967), directed by Richard Brooks, with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson.
April 15: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Hans Hirschmuller; and "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali" (1974), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Brigitte Mira.
April 16: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti.
April 17: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.
April 18: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (†); and "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
April 19: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (†) and "Picnic on the Grass." (†)
April 20: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; and "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner." (†)
April 21: "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg; and "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.
April 22: "Funny Face" (†) and "Two for the Road." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 14: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
April 15: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.
April 16: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949) and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
April 17: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.
April 18: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "Storm in a Teacup." (†)
April 19: "Bed and Sofa" (†) and "Happiness" (1934), a silent Russian film, directed by Alexandre Medvedkine.
April 20: "Bay of the Angels" (1962), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Jeanne Moreau; and "Banana Peel." (†)
April 21: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "The Lower Depths" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.
April 22: "Lady in the Dark" (†) and "Tom, Dick, and Harry." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 14: "Seven Chances" (1925) and "The

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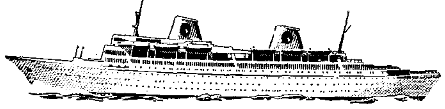

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Three Ages" (1923), both films directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.

April 15: "Our Hospitality" (1923) and "Battling Butler" (1926), both films directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.

April 16: "The General" (†) and "Sherlock Jr." (†)

April 17: "The Navigator" (†) and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†)

April 18: A program of ten Buster Keaton short films.

April 19: "Go West" (†) and "College." (†)

April 20: "The Saphead." (†)

April 21: "Jericho." (†)

From April 22: "She" (1935), directed by Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden, with Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, and Helen Gahagan Douglas; and "The Old Dark House" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through April 17: "They Made Me a Criminal" (1939), directed by Busby Berkeley, with John Garfield, May Robson, Gloria Dickson, and the Dead End Kids; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames.

April 18-20: "Angel on My Shoulder" (†); and "On Borrowed Time" (1939), directed by Harold S. Bucquet, with Lionel Barrymore and Cedric Hardwicke.

From April 21: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 15 at 2: "Zazie" (1960), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: "Don't Bet on Women" (1931), directed by William K. Howard, with Jeanette MacDonald and Edmund Lowe. . . . ¶ April 16 at 2: "Tomorrow" (1972), directed by Joseph Anthony, with Robert Duvall and Olga Bellin. . . . ¶ April 16 at 5:30: "Zazie.". . . ¶ April 17 at noon: "Joey" (1975), directed by Luis San Andres, with Carla Pinza and Jean-Paul Delgardo. . . . ¶ April 17 at 3: "Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (1964), in French, directed by André Cayatte, with Marie-José Nat and Jacques Charrier; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 17 at 5:30: "Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Jean-Marc" (1964), in French, directed by André Cayatte, with Jacques Charrier and Marie-José Nat; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 18 at noon: "Joey.". . . ¶ April 18 at 3: "Tomorrow.". . . ¶ April 18 at 5:30: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), directed by Arthur Penn, with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. . . . ¶ April 19 at 2: "Das Blaue Licht" (1930), in German and Italian, directed by, and with, Leni Riefenstahl; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 19 at 5:30: A program of short animation and live action films by George Griffin. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (1962), in French, directed by Agnès Varda, with Corinne Marchand; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 22 at 2: "Earth" (1930), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 22 at 5:30: "The World Moves On" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: "Camille 2000" (1969), directed by Radley Metzger, with Danièle Gaubert and Nino Castelnuovo; recommended for adults only. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 18: "The Phantom Enthusiast," directed by Andrew Noren. . . . ¶ Starting April 20: A program of eight Felix the Cat cartoons done by Otto Messmer between 1921 and 1928. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Cocteau, Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Flaherty, Cornell, Buñuel, Méliès, Eisenstein, and others. Showings April 14 at 7 and 9; April 15 at 7 and 8:30; April 16 at 7 and 9; April 17 at 2:30, 7, and 9; April 18 at 8; April 20 at 7 and 9; April 21 at 7 and 8:30; and April 22 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 15-18: A program of eleven films by Eliot Noyes, Jr. . . . ¶ Starting April 22: "Boesman and Lena" (1973), a South African film, directed by Ross Devenish. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

THE ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES' SMARTER BROTHER—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (72nd Street East, and Playboy; through April 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting April 21.)

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (1/13/75) (8th St. Playhouse; through April 20.)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Cinema I, and Cinema II; starting April 15.)

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors but perhaps too good-looking for a newsroom. Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press, and it seems especially well tuned to the compact that can develop between the reporter and the apparently reluctant person being questioned. A carefully observant film about the process of catechizing, the manner of political casuistry, and the courage of uncelebrated and endangered people. (4/12/76) (Loews Tower East.)

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER (1946)—Gangster whimsy—which is to say, the very worst kind. Paul Muni is depressingly arch as a tough-talking gangster who is shot, sent to Hell, and there discovered by the Devil (Claude Rains) to be a dead ringer for an upstanding judge who has been saving people and sending them to Heaven. In order to spread evil on earth, the Devil arranges to get the bad guy into the body of the judge; pretty soon the gangster is involved in a political campaign, and with the judge's fiancée (Anne Baxter), too. The picture was a deserved flop. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18-20.)

THE BAD NEWS BEARS—With Walter Matthau and Tatum O'Neal, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

BANANA PEEL (1965)—The plot—about two clever swindlers (Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo)—is perhaps too furiously ingenious, but the performers' pleasure in acting and in each other's company becomes a pleasure to the audience. With Gert Frobe and Claude Brasseur; Marcel Ophuls directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 20.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY (1973)—A fictional story, with very good offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Symphony; through April 20.)

BARRY LYNDON—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Gramercy; starting April 21.)

BED AND SOFA (1927)—An intimate, psychological film dealing with male sexual attitudes toward women, this best-known work of the Soviet director Abram Room was originally considered highly scandalous. Too rarely seen, it's a beautifully structured sex triangle, set during the housing shortage of the New Economic Period, and it's one of the most atypical of Soviet movies. With Nikolai Batalov. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)

BLACKMAIL (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed so that it became a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who doesn't look very different now, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine; with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Quad Cinema; April 14 and 20.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Cinema Studio; through April 20.)

A BRIEF VACATION (1975)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 20.)

BUGS BUNNY SUPERSTAR—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, and Eastside Cinema; through April 20.)

COLLEGE (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (Elgin; April 19.)

COUNTDOWN AT KUSINI—With Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, and Greg Morris; directed by Mr. Davis. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through April 20.)

THE CRAZIES (1973)—With Lane Carroll, directed by George A. Romero. (Regency.)

CRIME AND PASSION—With Omar Sharif, Karen Black, and Joseph Bottoms, directed by Ivan Passer. (Symphony; starting April 21.)

DOG DAY AFTERNOON—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Kips Bay; through April 20.)

THE DUCHESS AND THE DIRTWATER FOX—George Segal, Goldie Hawn, directed by Melvin Frank in what is described as a bawdy comedy-Western. Self-congratulatory, as at an Academy Awards binge. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

THE EARRINGS OF MADAME DE . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinarily romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 18.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through April 20.)

FACE TO FACE—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). Her skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares without falling prey to them herself. Why, then, does she take a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. People are very easily hurt, says this film, which is grief-stricken for its characters but wholly reviving in its command and charity. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

FAMILY PLOT—With Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris, and William Devane; directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Cinema I, and Cinema II; starting April 15.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous finale aboard a transatlantic plane from London on the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Cianelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Quad Cinema; April 18.)

FUNNY FACE (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer, and Audrey Hepburn as a Village intellectual he uses as an offbeat model, in a big Stanley Donen musical that isn't all it should be. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The script is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and whose terrible idea was it to make a Sartre-like thinker into the villain—a philandering phony? Still, the color is lovely, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and Kay Thompson does an agreeable turn as a hardboiled bitch editor. And the familiar Gershwin songs are lighthearted in just the right, summery way. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 22.)

THE GENERAL (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Elgin; April 16.)

GO WEST (1925)—Unique among the Buster Keaton comedies in that it aims for intense pathos; however, it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. Keaton is so unembarrassed and so unself-consciously stoic in adversity that the pathos is never offensive—not even when a dog he tries to pat moves away from him. It's a strange, beautiful movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. There's an extraordinary finale, in which Friendless and Brown Eyes the Cow round up hundreds of steers that are bellowing through the streets of Los Angeles. (Elgin; April 19.)

GREY GARDENS—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris.)

HENNESSY—A thriller of gripping harmlessness, directed by Don Sharp, about the plan of an Ulsterman named Hennessy (Rod Steiger) to blow up the Houses of Parliament at a State Opening. The Home Secretary (Peter Copley) takes the threat with deep-breathing seriousness: "The whole power structure of the nation will be there." So does the I.R.A., which is heavily emphasized as having nothing to do with the scheme. There is a lot of blandly ingenious cutting between the fictional story and the behavior of the Royal Family in a color newsreel of an actual State Opening. The mixture of fiction and reportage is in a special class of frivolous opportunism. There are two bombs involved here: Rod Steiger, draped in gelignite, and the film. (8/4/75) (Symphony; starting April 21.)

JAWS—Don't bite. (Olympia; starting April 21.)

JERICHO (1938; originally called "Dark Sands" in this country)—This English adventure film about a black soldier, Jericho Jackson, who escapes from a court-martial during the First World War and winds up as the king of a desert tribe, stars Paul Robeson, with Henry Wilcoxon, Wallace Ford, and John Laurie also in the cast. Robeson sings a couple of songs stirringly and looks impressive in a burnoose, but the film is very spotty. Thornton Freeland directed. (Elgin; April 21.)

LADY IN THE DARK (1944)—Monstrously overproduced musical about the Oedipal hangups and sexual frustrations of a fashion-magazine editor (Ginger Rogers), whose problems are solved when she stops wearing the pants—i.e., gives up her job to a man (Ray Milland). The content is insulting to women; the form is insulting to audiences of both sexes. It's a real botch. Directed by Mitchell Leisen; adapted from Moss Hart's Broadway show. With Jon Hall, Warner Baxter, Mischa Auer, Barry Sullivan, and Don Loper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 22.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Quad Cinema; April 18 and 22.)

LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Columbia II.)

LIPSTICK—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Ciné.)

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF JEAN RENOIR (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 19.)

The Lodger (1926)—An English silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello. (Quad Cinema; April 14 and 19.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 20.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Quad Cinema; through April 20.)

Mahler—With Robert Powell in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color (same title) this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Quad Cinema; April 15 and 19.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; through April 20.)

Moses—With Burt Lancaster in the title role. Also with Anthony Quayle, Ingrid Thulin, and Irene Papas. Directed by Gianfranco de Bosio. (Ziegfeld.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people; not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to ridicule the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Quad Cinema; April 15 and 22.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girl friend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears at a porthole in a portrait that petrifies the hero. (Elgin; April 17.)

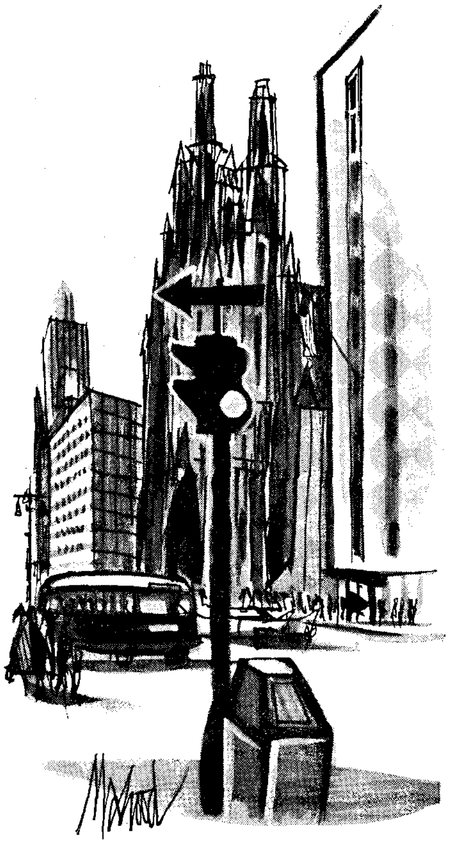
Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I; April 14. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, Kips Bay, 72nd Street East, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting April 21. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 21, tentative.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Thalia.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 19.)

The River Niger—With Cicely Tyson, James Earl Jones, Lou Gossett, Glynn Turman and Jonelle Allen; directed by Krishnah Shah. (Fine Arts, and U.A. East.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the revisionist approach to legends of the scriptwriter, James Goldman, is a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Music Hall.)



Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks that he erred in this one—and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of a Joseph Conrad spy novel may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are the married pair, the Verlocses, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verlocs' younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verlocs, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Quad Cinema; April 16 and 21.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—With Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Coronet.)

The Saphead (1920)—When Buster Keaton was twenty-five, in 1920, he made this first feature, which is a noble comic masterpiece about an immensely rich goof's passion for a girl called Agnes. The film lingered in Keaton's possession, unseen by the public until twenty years ago. Twelve years ago, Raymond Rohauer began to untangle the legal knots that had confined it to obscurity. Now transferred from tinted nitrate stock to Technicolor safety film, it is a joyous movie. The august young Keaton is clearly already a master of his stoic craft. The film includes a balletically timed and persistent knocking off of his hat by wealthy young asses in the Stock Exchange, with Keaton, small and staring in the middle of the joust, dressed in spats, morning coat, elegantly cut trousers, a gleaming top hat, and exquisitely stitched gloves. (Elgin; April 20.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks in a Mexican dialect and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Quad Cinema; April 17 and 21.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Cinema II; April 14.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Elgin; April 16.)

Sparkle—A musical, with Philip M. Thomas, Irene Cara, and Lonette McKee; directed by Sam O'Steen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father is ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone, and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Reisner. (Elgin; April 17.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—Vivien Leigh is the pretty ingénue, and Rex Harrison is the charming juvenile in this quietly pleasant comedy, set in a village called Baikie, on the Western coast of Scotland. It all centers upon the crisis of Mrs. Hegarty's pet dog, Patsy; Mrs. Hegarty is played by Sara Allgood, and this is one of the most charming of all her screen performances. Directed by Victor Saville and Ian Dalrymple. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 18.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Quad Cinema.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Waverly, Little Carnegie, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Columbia I. Evening performances only.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Quad Cinema; April 16 and 20.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, and it's empty, like "The Parallax View," so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Symphony; through April 20.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers, a telephone operator, has three suitors: Alan Marshal is the millionaire of her dreams, George Murphy is a car salesman sure to get on in the world, and Burgess Meredith is a happy-go-lucky mechanic somewhat loose in the head. The movie is a series of sketches, as the heroine, trying to choose among them, dreams of her future life with each. (Her final choice leaves the viewer skeptical.) A nice detail: when she imagines marrying the millionaire, she sees newspaper headlines announcing her marriage; just under the large type there is a small heading, in quite insignificant type, reading, "Adolf Hitler Assassinated." Garson Kanin directed this Cinderella comedy from a script by Paul Jarrico. It's a little too jaunty and much too comfy in its stereotypical assumptions, but a lot of people enjoyed it, and it was remade in 1958 as "The Girl Most Likely." Phil Silvers turns up in a bit. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 22.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Olympia; through April 20.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 22.)

Virility—A comedy, with Turi Ferro, directed by Paolo Cavara. In Italian. (68th St. Playhouse.)

W. C. Fields and Me—Arthur Hiller's poor and humorless film, based on Carlotta Monti's biography of the same name, written with Cy Rice. She lived with the dyspeptic, mumbling, brine-pickled Fields for fourteen years, but the film is such a genteel libel of the man we know from his films that it is best approached with a pair of tongs. Rod Steiger can be a good actor, but not in the part of this Senecan and grandiloquent comic—and not saddled with this immobilizing makeup, which gives him a thin ration of yellowed fake straw for hair, a mouth twisted as if Fields had spent his working life recovering from a stroke, and a nose that looks like a horse's badly darned feed bag. (4/12/76) (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

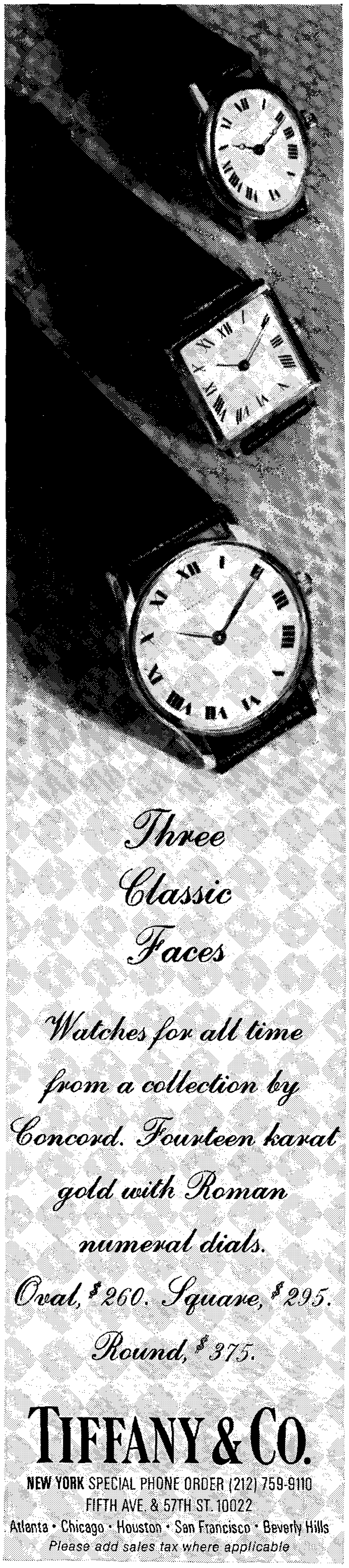
Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema.)

A Woman Under the Influence (1974)—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution; she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through April 20.)

WUSA (1970)—A baroque, hysterical movie about a right-wing radio station in New Orleans; the picture is so overwritten and Stuart Rosenberg directed it so exhibitionistically that Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Tony Perkins, and Laurence Harvey sink without much trace. (Playboy; starting April 21.)

W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings—With Burt Reynolds, directed by John Avildsen. (Playboy; through April 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting April 21.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Quad Cinema; April 17.)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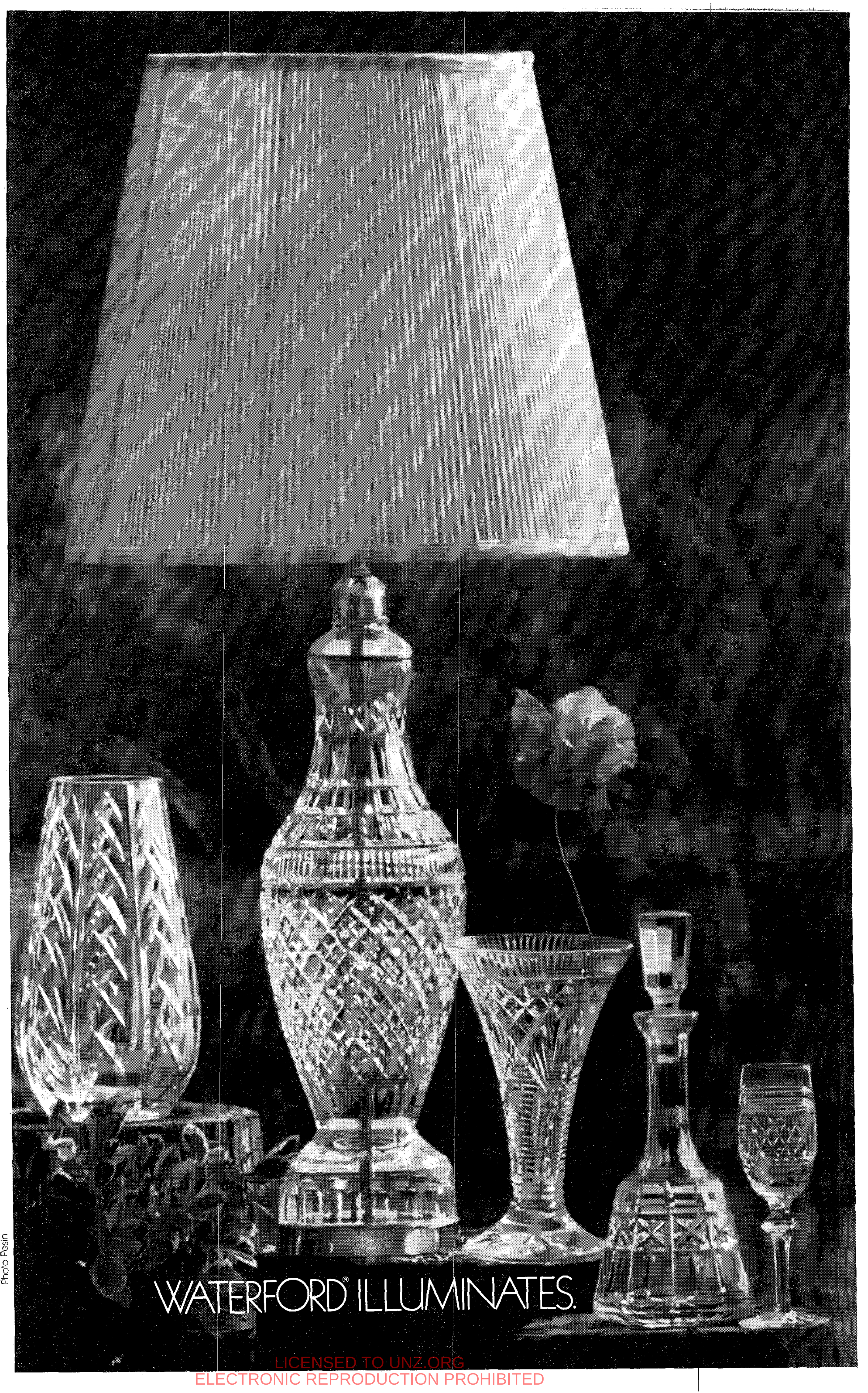
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THE NEW YORKER

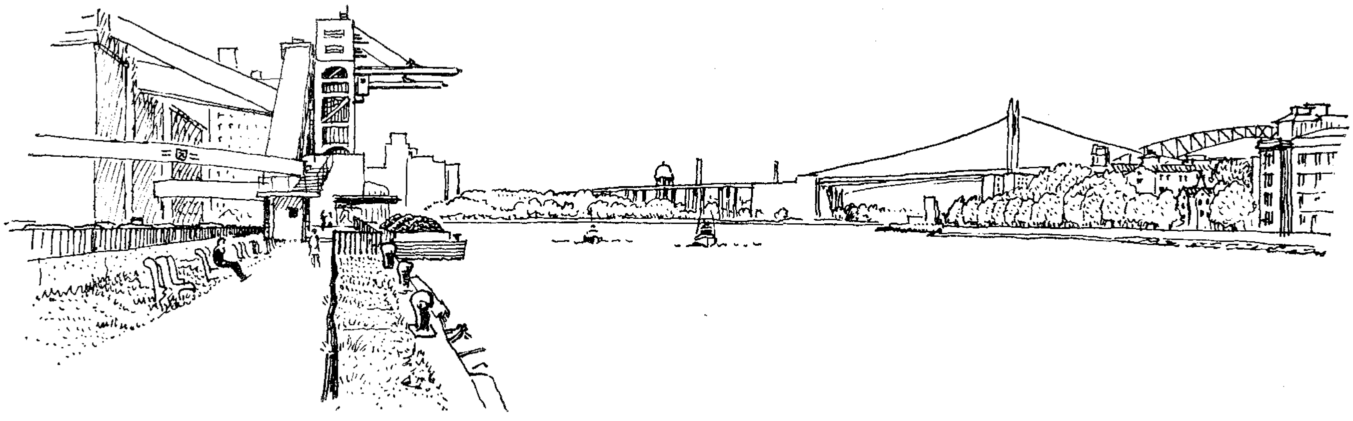
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

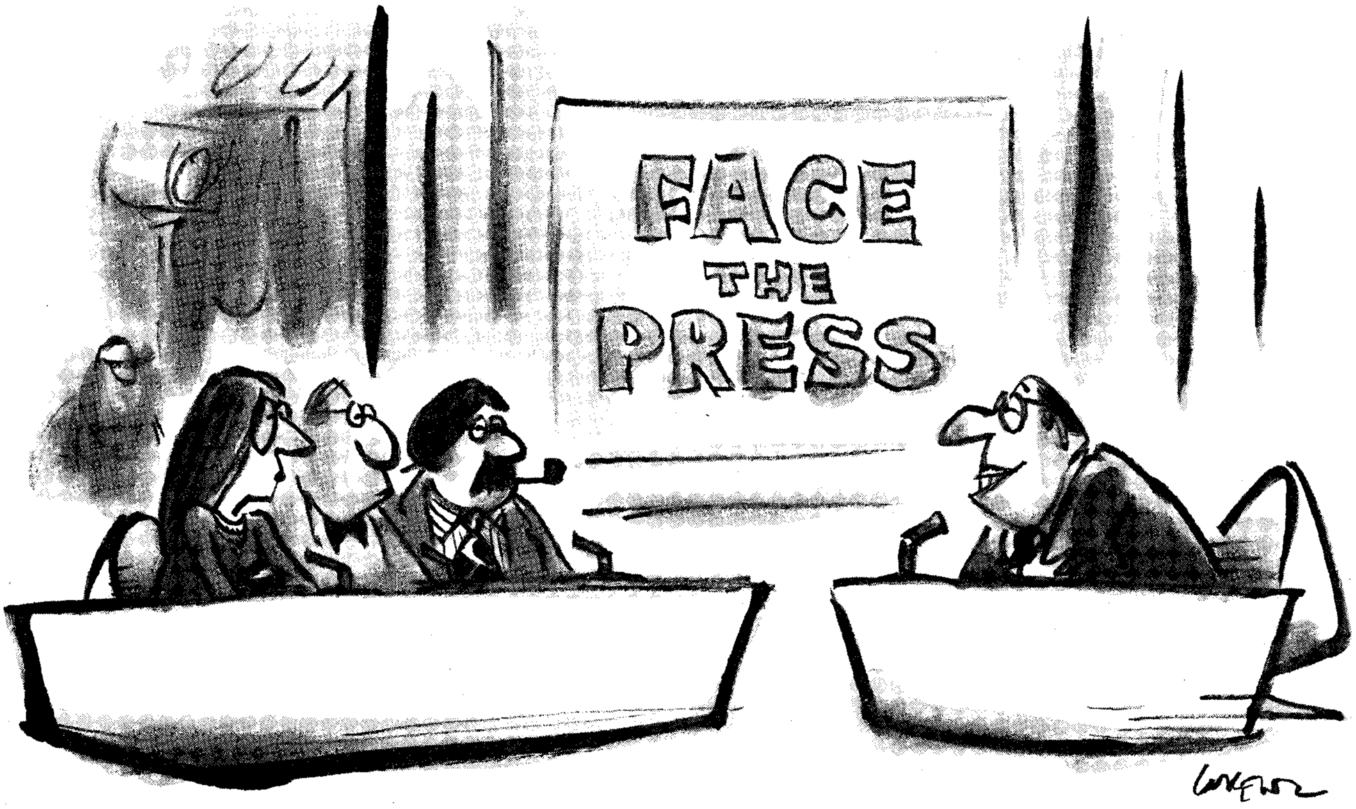
Notes and Comment

ONE of the most striking aspects of the Presidential primaries this year is how little they reflect the events of the country's recent past. This is especially surprising when one considers how startling some of those events—which, after all, include the first resignation of a President—have been. Somehow, the normal practice in an election year of reviewing the record of the last four years has been suspended in precisely the year when the record is more in need of explanation than ever before. In fact, it sometimes seems that the various campaigns are so many scrubbing brushes whose chief purpose is to scour the nation's mind of any recollection of its recent history. The first thing that disappeared was the war in Vietnam. The earliest stage in the process of forgetting came during the war itself, when President Nixon liked to refer to the country as being at peace. The next stage, surely, was the Mayagüez incident, in which President Ford added points to his popularity by doing, symbolically, on a much reduced scale, a number of things that the Vietnam experience had indicated he should not do. That is, he unleashed force unilaterally against a small Asian country without consulting Congress in advance; he risked—and lost—more lives than he "saved;" and he misled the public about what had happened, claiming at first that there had been fewer casualties than there actually had been. The political success of his action seemed to depend more on the blunt fact that the United States had once again found a way to make use of violence in the world—anywhere in the world—than on the specific achievement of releasing the freighter Mayagüez from Cambodian hands; and this showed that the famous "lessons" of Vietnam concerning the danger of interventionism, no matter how valid they might be, were not necessarily very popular. Perhaps because Vietnam failed to yield up any other lessons, it was erased from people's minds when these lessons were rejected. The Congress revived a few dim memories for a moment when it refused to vote funds for a Vietnamlike effort in Angola; but now the candidates' silence on the war has made its disappearance from public debate bipartisan and formal.

Another subject that has abruptly disappeared as a political issue is the Constitutional crisis of the Nixon years. Governor Jimmy Carter seemed to be articulating the tacitly held view of most of the candidates, Democratic and Republican alike, when he said recently, in answer to a newsman's question, "The American people understand Watergate. I think they are sick of it. They are embarrassed by it. I don't ever intend to raise Watergate as an issue." Senator Jackson showed a similarly delicate regard for the voters' feelings about this issue when, campaigning in upstate New York, he said that he would not "resurrect Watergate," because any candidate "who goes around talking about it is going to turn the people off." He added, "We're ashamed of it." The only traces of the crisis in the Presidential campaign are a few highly unspecific references by some of the candidates to a need for "trust" in political figures and "faith" in the country's institutions, and a hazy recollection on their part that something or other went wrong in "Washington" a while back, leaving that city vaguely tainted with suspicion. These candidates make use of the atmosphere of the crisis while suppressing the substance. The revival of the issue as entertainment in the film "All the President's Men" only serves to underscore its absence from the scene as a serious political question.

For Presidential candidates, of course, the removal of the past from public debate can be quite useful. As a group, they would probably prefer that we all keep our gaze trained on


Richard Edes Harrison



"I grant you that corruption in our industry has become 'widespread,' Ms. Breeman. Perhaps even 'pervasive,' if you like. But 'rife'—I hardly think it's come to that."

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the future. With the embarrassing particulars of what has actually happened out of the way, they are free to fill up our minds with hopeful visions of what *may* happen if we vote for them. President Ford gave expression to the new idea about the proper relation of the past to the future when, in a reference to the recent investigations of the intelligence agencies, he said, "We have learned many lessons from this experience, but we must act for the future." Implicit in the President's use of the word "but" is the view that in order to make way for the future the lessons of the past must be pushed aside. Another view would be that only by keeping the lessons of the past firmly in mind can we have any confidence in the splendid future that is promised us by President Ford and his fellow-candidates for high office.

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All-Star

ONE of the boasts of the New York University School of Law, the pride of Washington Square, is that anyone with a truly neat idea can slice right through the academic/bureaucratic red tape that normally snags mere bright ideas. A couple of years ago, Bernard Schwartz, a professor of Constitutional and administrative law at N.Y.U., came up with an idea that sounded so good that none of his colleagues bothered to niggle. In fact, it sounded good enough to make Professor Schwartz that rare bird in the ivory tower—the one-man committee.

When we visited Professor Schwartz in his office the other day, he said, "I found out that in all this Bicentennial celebrating that was being planned no one had any serious thoughts about examining American law as a two-hundred-year-old institution. The point, of course, is, what was the American Revolution but a test of legality? What was the Declaration of Independence? A legal document. What about the Constitution? A legal document."

Since no one else had taken the initiative, Professor Schwartz launched an effort to bring together big-name legal authorities and big-name laymen to spend four days in a public forum at N.Y.U. exploring the topic "American Law: The Third Century," and the event will take place later this month. As a one-man committee, Professor Schwartz was invested with the power to pluck stars from the intellectual firmament until he had assembled what would be regarded in a different context as a strong lineup. His team has turned out to be pretty impressive: the Chief Justice of the United States is on the pitcher's mound; the Lord Chief Justice of England crouches behind the plate; Ralph Nader occupies the "hot corner," at third base; Dean Rusk plays shortstop; the president of the American Bar Association is at second base; and the general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union holds down first. Add to all that an outfield of federal judges and a benchload of veteran legal scholars.

"The standard for whom to invite to come to N.Y.U. to speak about different issues in the law was who was the best person available to represent torts, judicial administration, codification, and on down the line," Professor Schwartz explained. "For instance, really the only person I thought of when I considered criminal law was Norval Morris, the Dean of the University of Chicago Law School. For contracts, it was Robert Braucher, who taught at Harvard before he joined the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court. They'll both be here. If you want the expert on public-interest law, whom do you get but Ralph Nader? I got him." Professor Schwartz held up a manila folder to suggest the volume of his correspondence on the conference.

It was one of many manila folders in the office, which isn't exactly an orderly workplace. The main features are administrative-law tomes scattered here and there, an oil portrait of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes on one wall, and a copy of Canova's bust of Napoleon on the desk. The Professor himself is a small man with brushed-back gray hair and thick-lensed, black-framed eyeglasses. He dresses in the grays and light blues of legal pedagogy, and, altogether, looks like a respectable committee.

"When it came to choosing the laymen—people who were asked to offer perspectives on the law in a larger context—the same criterion of expertise was used that was applied to lawyers," said Professor Schwartz. "There are more topics that the forum would like to discuss than we have room for—we'll be editing the proceedings of the conference into a commemorative book—so we had to limit it somehow. Given the fact that the honorarium N.Y.U. has to offer is relatively small, I think we've done rather well. Just about everyone we asked has accepted."

The laymen on hand for "American Law: The Third Century" will include, among others, Richard B. Morris, the historian; Robert Packwood, the junior senator from Oregon; A. M. Rosenthal, the managing editor of the *Times;* Wassily Leontief, the Nobel-laureate economist; Barry Commoner, the ecologist; Ralph Ellison, the writer; Daniel Bell, the sociologist; and Isaac Asimov, the science writer, who will offer his thoughts on the law and outer space.

After we had read through the list of names and contemplated the star-studded extravaganza that he has orchestrated, Professor Schwartz, who will moderate most of the forum's discussions, smiled and said, "If a *big* committee had been involved in this, you know, we would have found ourselves planning for the Tercentennial."

We asked him just what the members of the forum would talk about.

Professor Schwartz said, "I have absolutely no idea. We're dealing with freethinkers."

Pickles

WHEN Lou Lichter, the manager of Guss Pickles, Inc., remarked recently that he used to buy a thousand bushels of fresh cucumbers for pickling each week but now orders only eight hundred, a troubling notion occurred to us: Lou might be mellowing out. Guss Pickles, Inc., has survived on Hester Street, on the lower East Side, for almost fifty years. Lou Lichter has been there for the last sixteen—ever since he married the daughter of the founder, the late Isadore Guss—which is certainly long enough to assimilate the unarguable proposition that a mouthful of healthy sarcasm is an indispensable element of any proper commercial transaction in that part of town. Another unarguable proposition is that the sour kosher pickles, half-sours, pickled plum tomatoes, pickled sweet peppers, pickled hot peppers, and sauerkraut that Guss Pickles sells from large plastic and wooden barrels on the Hester Street sidewalk taste incredibly good. This makes all the more disturbing the prospect that Mr. Lichter might start treating his customers too solicitously, which could cause them to assume, wrongly, that he was trying to compensate for some unseen defect in the product, which could, in turn, unleash a chain of misapprehensions and mishaps that would doom Guss Pickles, Inc.

However, we spent some time with Mr. Lichter the other day and overheard enough of his conversation to realize that, no matter how business goes, he can still hurl a quick, benevolent gibe. Behind the counter at the Guss Pickles stand, there are some drawings of happy, dancing pickles and a couple of signs that entreat the gullible to "Eat Guss Pickles and stay Young & Beautiful," but there is also the posted warning:

THIS MEANS YOU
DON'T
AGGRAVATE ME

This caveat is a tipoff that Mr. Lichter isn't too bashful to tell a customer who urges him to hurry, "If you wanna be in a hurry, ya gotta get here earlier," or to ask someone who wants to know if it's true that barrel-cured pickles age while sitting in a jar in the refrigerator, "Don't you age when you're just sitting around?" The most heartening of the encounters we observed the other day occurred when an elderly man in a beige raincoat and a knitted brown wool beret inquired, in earnest innocence, whether the sauerkraut contained any sugar.

"No sugar," said Mr. Lichter.

"You sure?" the man asked.

"Mister, why would I want to hurt you?" Mr. Lichter snapped.

"I just have to make sure," the man said. "How about salt in the peppers?"

"Mister, you can't make those kinds of peppers without salt. If you don't want salt, you shouldn't come here."

"No, salt's O.K.," the man said, continuing to retreat. "Just no sugar."

"No sugar," Mr. Lichter promised. "Sugar costs extra."

Of course, none of the duels at the Guss Pickle stand involve genuine malice, and not all of them are necessarily verbal. Shortly after the sauerkraut inquisitor left (with peppers but without sauerkraut), a young man drove up and parked in front of the pickle stand. His wife and two children were with him, but they stayed in the car, because it was raining. As he got out and ran around to take shelter underneath Guss's canvas awning, he shouted, "Grinding horseradish fresh?"

"Nope," said Mr. Lichter. "Not for a couple more weeks. But we've got horseradish here today."

"Is it hot?"

Without answering, Mr. Lichter opened a jar, took a small brown-paper bag, dipped a corner of it in the red horseradish, and leaned across the counter with the sample. The customer tried to nibble a small bit, but Mr. Lichter pushed the whole thing into his mouth. For a moment, the man seemed to lose his breath; his eyes reddened; and then he croaked, "Good." After he had calmed down, he bought some of the horseradish and two quarts of pickles.

Another contretemps took place when a woman with frosted blond hair and an Eastern European accent came by and said, "I want a quart of half-sours and you should pick me ah good one. Last time, you give me ah jar with three pickles no good. They were soft, spoiled. I had to throw them out."

"So what's the problem with those?" Mr. Lichter asked. "Those kind go down easier, don't they?"

"No good," said the woman.

"You should be grateful to me," said Mr. Lichter. "If it's soft, it means you don't have to strain your teeth."

"No, no, no," she insisted. "Pick me ah good one."

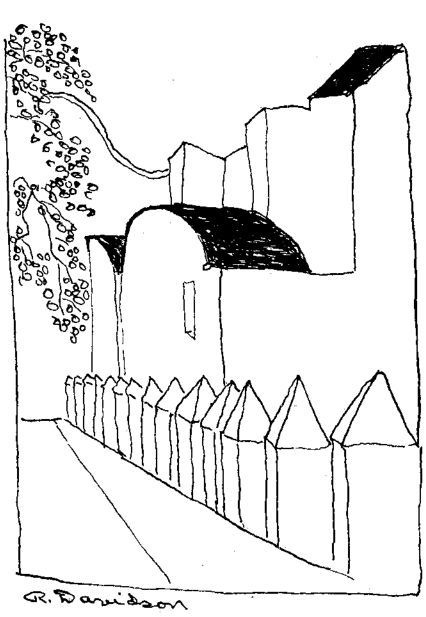
After the woman left, we asked Mr. Lichter if he used the same rejoinders again and again.

"I've got my own material," he said. "Probably I should write some of these things down. Actually, I have a photographic memory, which is useful because it helps to remember who I owe what, who owes me what, and what's in every barrel around this place. That line about the soft pickle I've used before. These guys working with me here, they pick it up. They know what to say."

"These guys" are Mr. Lichter's helpers—two regulars and two part-timers. The regulars are Johnny Pashnick and Benny Guss, Isadore Guss's brother. The part-timers are Sol Kaplan, who operated his own pickle stand on Orchard Street for forty years and has worked at Guss Pickles for the last three years, and a young man who goes by the nickname Fish. "I used to come here when I was *this* tall," Fish told us, indicating someone not very tall. "I'd steal a pickle, and then Guss, the old man, would start to chase me around the block with a stick. When I ran back by here again, I'd steal another one. I miss him a lot. He was a nice man."

Benny has worked at the pickle stand, off and on, for almost fifty years, doing odd jobs and making wholesale deliveries in one of the firm's two panel trucks. Along with Mr. Lichter, who is in his early forties and has a solid build, Johnny and Fish handle most of the heavy chores. They spend a lot of their time loading trucks, and moving barrels from the small storage building next door into the room behind the counter, where the contents are inspected before they are sold. The inspection is known as "pickle-picking," and Sol Kaplan, who has a meticulous touch and steadfast patience, excels at it. Sol paces himself by telling jokes. At one point, while we were talking to Mr. Lichter, he looked up from his pickle-picking and said to us, "You know, you're not a very good student. Everything he knows you should have learned in two minutes."

Pickle-picking requires four containers—the barrel being inspected, the barrel being filled with the pickles that pass muster, a third barrel, for discards, and a tray on which to do the actual picking. When Sol works, he wears a butcher's white apron, a fold-down wool cap, an old suit, and, most important, waterproof boots. He rests a large stainless-steel tray on the edges of the first two barrels, and, using a long-handled net, fishes a bunch of pickles out of the first barrel and dumps them on the tray. He fingers each pickle, checks it for soft spots, throws it into either the second or the third barrel, and keeps going until the first barrel is empty, whereupon he tips it over on the floor and finds himself standing in a slowly receding pool of green brine on which float coriander, bay leaves, black pepper, dill, and garlic.



There are three three-hundred-gallon stainless-steel vats in the room behind the counter, for making brine, and they won't rust, but, with the help of the brine, just about everything else does—quickly. In the front, where the salt has combined with the pickle stand's open-air northern exposure, the cardboard price lists have puckered, and so have the letters from rabbis certifying the kosherness of Guss's products, and the many photographs of Izzy Guss that have been taped along the shelves behind the counter. Mr. Guss moved to Florida a couple of years ago and died there last year. He actually eased into retirement over a period of years, during which Mr. Lichter, even though he had been divorced from the Gusses' daughter, began to run the business. Now his former mother-in-law owns the whole operation, but Mr. Lichter properly regards himself as the Guss Pickles Brain Trust, and he takes credit for such big decisions as the gradual move from wooden to plastic barrels, and the plan to stock certain products that Guss Pickles, Inc., doesn't actually make itself: olives, pickled watermelon, pickled apples, pickled cauliflower, pickled eggplants, pickled okra, pickled pimentos, hot relish, sweet relish, *gefüllte fisch*, salami, chopped liver, and even maraschino cherries. He regularly rotates the contents of the half-sours barrels (so that the store can actually offer a range of half-sours from half-half-sour to pretty-sour-half-sour); he handles the shipping orders; he talks on the phone.

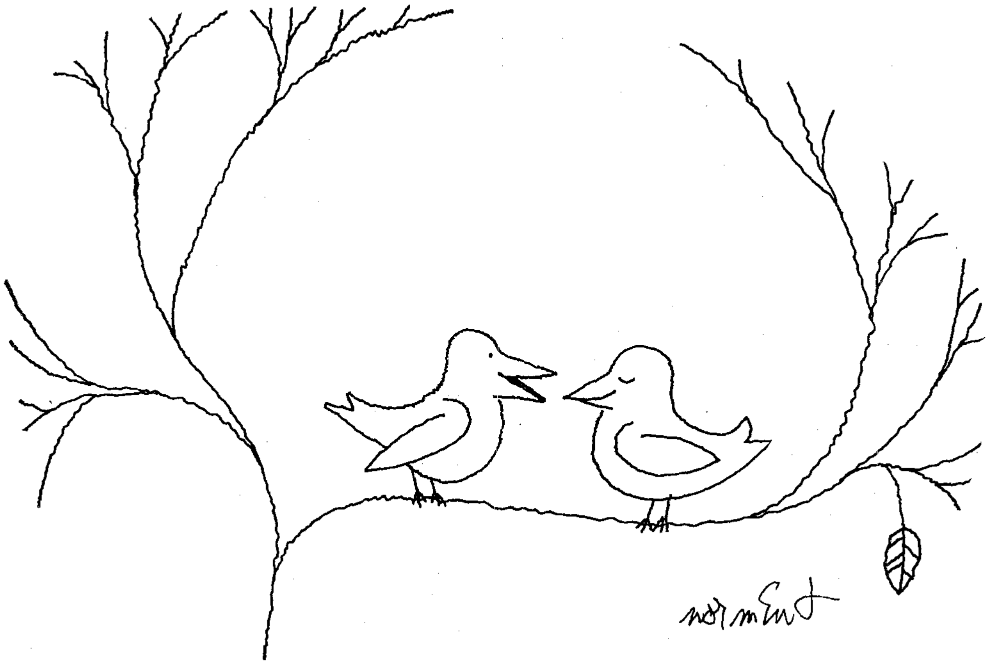
There is another pickle stand around the corner, on Essex Street, but Mr. Lichter claims that he doesn't have any competitors. "We're big and we're small," he told us. "We're the biggest retail pickle stand in the city, but because the store is only twenty feet wide and twenty feet long we're physically the smallest wholesaler. The business splits about fifty-fifty between retail and wholesale. We can't compete trying to sell to big supermarkets in town, so we don't try. I ship all over—the Catskills, Jersey, New

England. I used to send our own trucks to Connecticut and the mountains, but no more. Business is down some. People don't eat out as much as they used to, so that hurts the restaurant and delicatessen trade. Everyone should eat more pickles. I can't afford to lose any customers.”

As if to underline this point, a man in a black trenchcoat and a fedora walked up to the stand a few minutes later and announced, “You lost one of your customers. My mother died two weeks ago.”

“I'm sorry to hear that,” said Mr. Lichter.

“I don't know how long she used to come here—with your original family, I'm sure of that,” the man said. “Give me a couple of quarts of half-sours and a quart of sours. She was eighty, but it was still a blow. And make sure you wrap that good. First she lived here, then she moved to Brooklyn, but she still came for the pickles. For me, they aren't such a big deal, but my kids are coming home



"I love you, and I want you to be my bird."

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for a visit. Yeah, quite a blow. It's getting tough to get older, you know? Is that wrapped really good? I've got a long ride home."

This conversation naturally left Mr. Lichter a bit sombre, but he was soon diverted by the arrival of a group of Chinese schoolchildren. They came from P.S. 42, a block west on Hester Street, and most of them carried nickels. As a rule, the children have very little to say, and they ask no questions, but they share an implicit understanding with Mr. Lichter. "This is the 'nickel-ah pickle-ah' crowd," he explained as he collected nickels and doled out pickles. "Actually, the nickel-ah pickle-ah went out with the nickel carfare—they should cost at least a dime—but the children are an exception. I start 'em out at a discount, and then they'll work their way up to the big time. These are my future customers. In fact, these are my future."

Gunplay

THE other night, the Federation of Greater New York Rifle and Pistol Clubs, Inc. (which includes the Doctors' Gun Club, the Lawyers' Gun Club, and the *News* Gun Club, among others), held a meeting at the Beacon Theatre which the Federation handout billed as "A Salute to Bill Jordan and the United States of America—A Bicentennial Spectacular Celebrating Over 200 Years of Lawfully Armed Citizenry Helping to Preserve Freedom." Bill Jordan was being saluted because he is a recently retired top field representative of the National Rifle Association, a Marine veteran of the Second World War and Korea, a veteran of thirty years' service with the United States Border Patrol in Texas, a holder of the trophy for Outstanding American Handgunner, a developer of Smith & Wesson's Model 19 Combat Magnum revolver and the owner of Serial No. 1, the designer of the quick-draw Jordan holster and Jordan grip now used by many police officers, and author of the widely read book on handgun shooting titled "No Second Place Winner." Mr. Jordan is also something of a trick shot, and this was to be his last public demonstration of his hip-shooting and quick-draw techniques.

In the lobby of the theatre, before the show, we saw some eight hundred Federation members; a display of nine target rifles; flags saying "Don't Tread on Me;" a display of historic arms contributed by the New York State Police, including an original 1886 Winchester .36-.30 repeating rifle, two .38 pistols, a service Colt .45, and a Thompson submachine gun, all guarded by two smooth-faced, blue-eyed state policemen in gray uniforms; four shiny-helmeted members of the New York National Guard, three with M-16 rifles, arriving in an armored jeep pulling a howitzer; five men dressed as British Army regulars of the eighteenth century, with .757-calibre antique Brown Bess muskets; and one man dressed as a Colonial soldier, who would have looked plausible in his tricorne hat and assorted animal furs if he had not also been wearing lavender-tinted aviator glasses. When Mr. Jordan arrived, the people in the lobby parted before him. He was wearing blue pants and a blue shirt-jacket with white stitching. He was tall and slope-shouldered, and his face looked like a less exaggerated version of Buddy Ebsen's. He moved slowly, and he smiled and blinked a lot, and he shied away when one of the public-relations men leaned up to kiss him on the cheek.

Inside the theatre, we sat behind a man wearing a red blazer and an ankle holster. The Reverend William G. Kalaidjian, a New York City police chaplain, opened the meeting with a prayer. Then a color guard brought Bill Jordan to the stage, and everybody recited the Pledge of Allegiance. Then Jerry Preiser, a clothing manufacturer and president of the Federation, gave a one-hundred-dollar Courageous Citizen Award to a camera-store owner who last February shot and killed an armed robber in his store. People applauded and cheered loudly, and the camera-store owner smiled and waved back as he accepted the check. Then Dr. Richard Drooz, a Manhattan psychiatrist, who is vice-president of the Federation, made a speech introducing Bill Jordan, which ended, "He has an articulate and beautiful way of relating to people. He has a beautiful sense of humor. And tonight he brings together under one roof the best of the military, the best of law enforcement, the best of humanity."

Bill Jordan used paraffin bullets for his demonstration. He has a very fast draw, and he shot a number of balloons from the hands of his old Marine buddy Ray Heatherton, TV's Merry Mailman. Firing from the hip, he hit a white Life Saver and then an aspirin on a table ten feet away. He told the audience one of his favorite sayings from the Border Patrol: "Speed is fine, but accuracy is final." Then he made a speech about ways in which the National Rifle Association could increase its membership. He encouraged people to tell their hunting companions to join, and he said that he thought Citizens Band radio might also be effective in enlisting new members.

After Representative Mario Biaggi made a speech, the meeting broke up. As we were leaving, we heard a Federation member say to the man who had been sitting in front of us, "Hey, there, Paul. Don't go running off with my handcuffs. Or my bullets." They both laughed.

PRINCE PHILIP WILL NOT BE STEREOTYPED

Prince Philip, tired of what he calls the "secondhand fame" he enjoys as the husband of one of the world's most talked-about royal personages, is searching once again for a way to express his own unique style. This time, he says, he's found it—in the tiny new interior-decorating firm he's started with Valerian Gwathmy, the popular barber. The firm, as yet unnamed, has offices tucked away just upstairs from Gwathmy's Mayfair shop and has "one or two commissions" already, according to the Prince. "We're doing the new Multipromo Corporate Headquarters, in Dallas," Prince Philip says, looking relaxed and confident in his small work space. "And we've got a contract to redo every single Kwik Shoppe on the Indiana Toll Road." The Kwik Shoppes, Prince Philip says, are a special challenge. "Those Kwik Shoppes have interiors you wouldn't wish on an airport," he says grimly. "We're going to have to redo those Kwik Shoppes *from scratch*." The Prince is confident he can succeed in what is, after all, a highly competitive business. "I have flair," the Prince says, calmly but firmly, "and, let's face it, I have some pretty good connections."

Connections or not, earlier attempts by the Prince to carve a career for himself met with mixed success. He had acting ambitions and brought a production of "The Tender Trap" to the Nanuet Circle Theatre-Go-Round. That, he admits now, was a mistake. "I walked out onstage and there were hundreds of people eating dinners of chicken à la king. I found it difficult to continue. I have always disliked that dish, chicken à la king," he says ruefully. In any case, the reviews were discouraging, and the proprietor of the Circle Theatre-Go-Round shut the play down after one performance, even though it was scheduled for a ten-day engagement. "They filled out our run with old films of 'The Lucy Show,'" the Prince remembers. "That hurt."

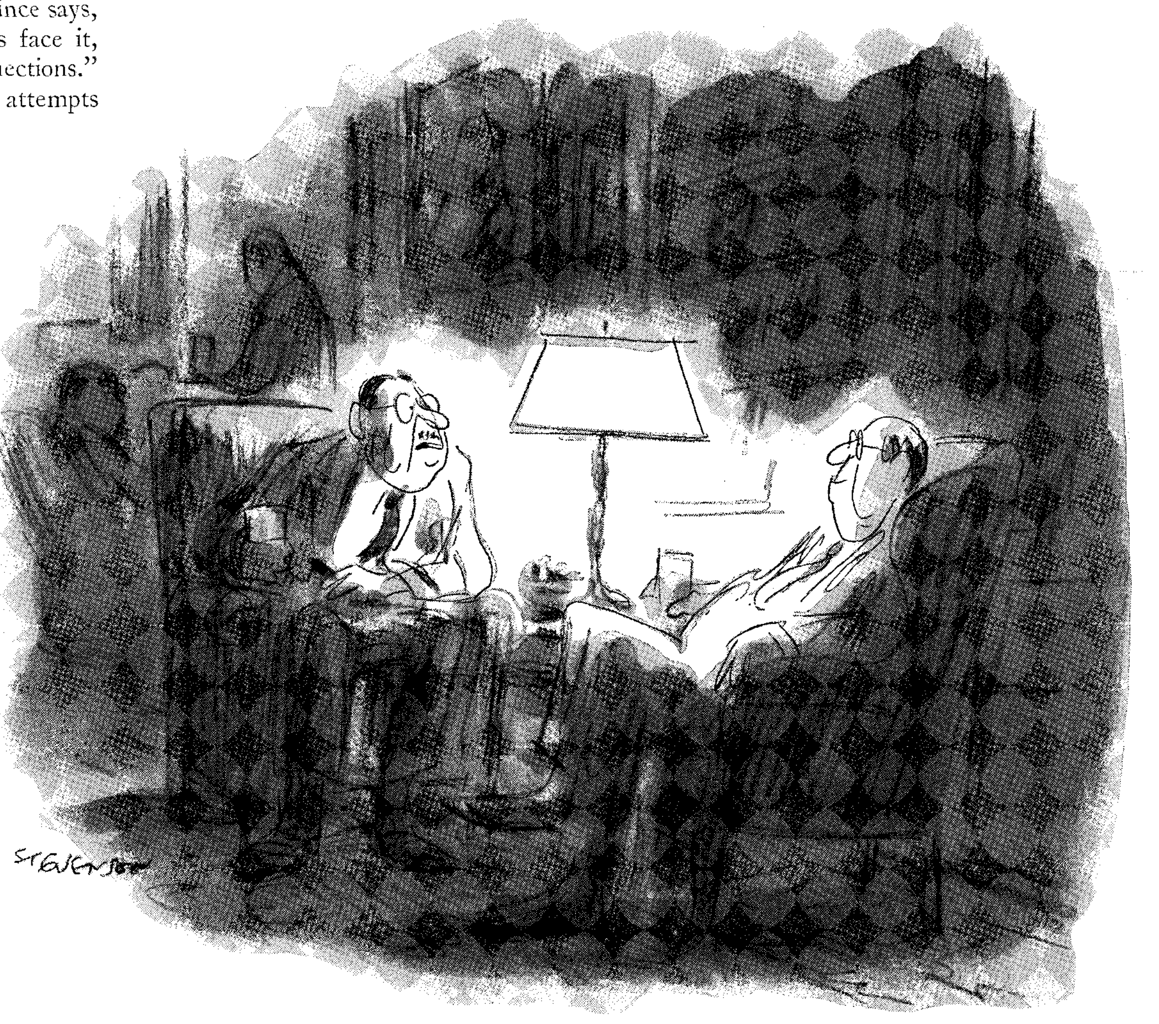
A late-night television program, "Back-Chat," where commoners were encouraged to speak "frankly" to the Prince and other guest royalty, met with no better success. "I thought we were on to something," the Prince says of this effort. "Bernhard, Constantine, Juan Carlos—we all thought it was going places. We saw ourselves opening a dialogue. They axed us because of ratings, but two million people watched that program. That's a lot of people. More people than were at Agincourt, for instance."

Morty Mann, the packager of "Back-Chat," who claims to have lost "a small fortune" in the enterprise, says that the program failed because the Prince just couldn't "relate." "You'd get a transvestite or a Puerto Rican activist on the program and His Royal Highness'd just clam up," Mann says. "Didn't have a word to say." The Prince disputes this assessment. "I was always very open," he says. "I remember once during the Commonwealth Games I was a little *tired*, but I always tried to relate."

But the Prince does admit that he feels most at home in the interior-decorating field. "After all," he says, "I've had firsthand experience in the greatest interiors in the world. Precious fabrics, fabulous furniture, priceless paintings—you name it, I've seen it. No, no, no, I'm not going to turn everything into a palace. I want to decorate for *now*. I will not be stereotyped.

"I've learned a lot over the last few years," the Prince says thoughtfully. "I've gotten very deeply into the Human Potential movement, for instance. I've learned to get into my own royalty—my own royalness. I'm learning to express myself as a royal person. I'm very confident about the future now. Of course, I'll continue to play polo, and so forth, but in the end I may even decide to get into the resort business or the condominium boom. I've been talking to some very interesting people, for instance, who want to put up hundreds of thousands of holiday villas under my guidance. They've suggested the name Crown Colony Holiday Villas, which has a nice ring, I think. I haven't given them the go-ahead, but it's nice to know the chance is there. So many doors are opening."

—George W. S. Trow



"When I go, I'll be taking an awful lot of expertise on secondary-oil-recovery steam generators and phosphoric-acid crystallizers with me."

ESTELLE

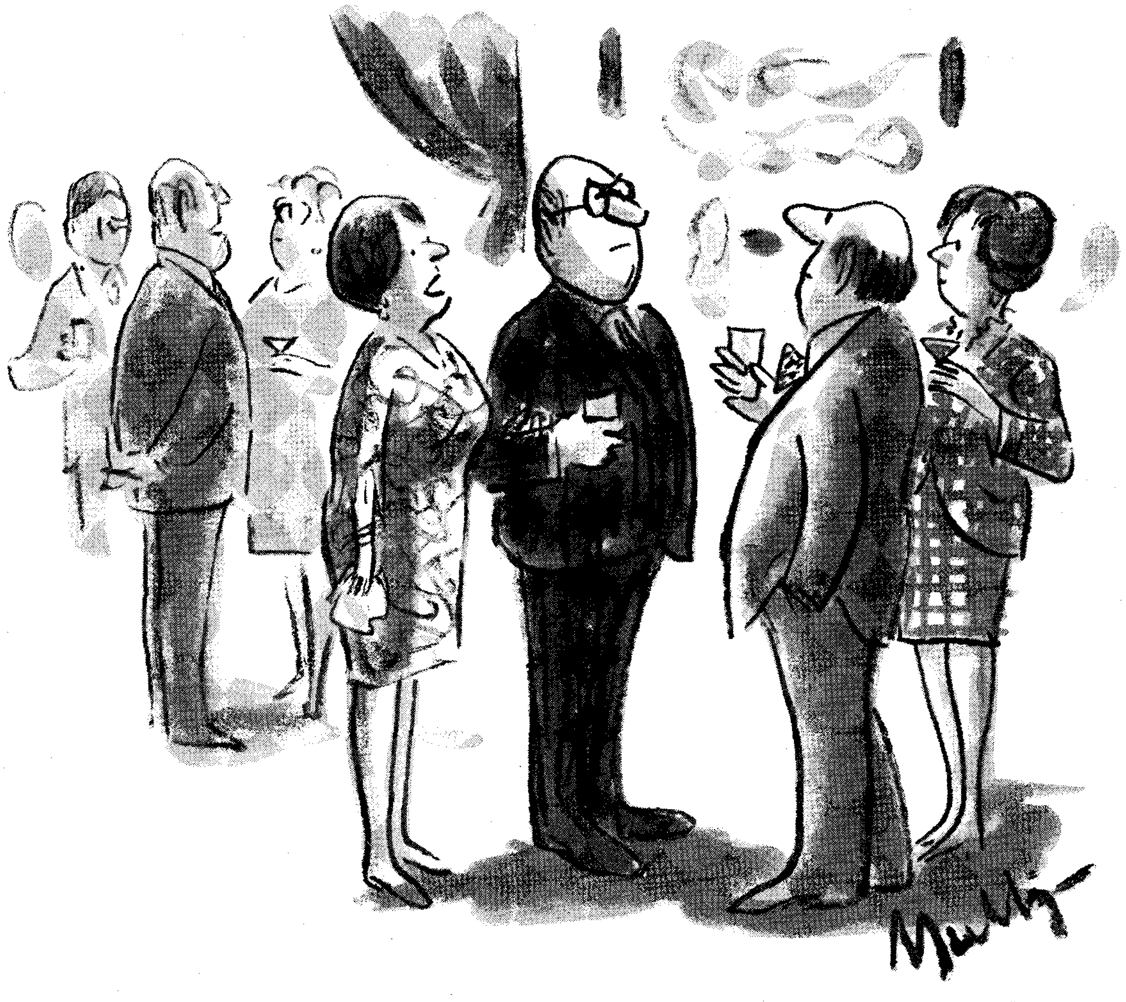
MY name has a calm, deliberate sound—Margaret—but from the start I was called Peggy, and a Peggy I strove to become, though in living up to my nickname I ended up being untrue to myself. Peggys are lively, gregarious, independent, a little unpredictable, whereas I'm naturally reserved and rather serious-minded.

I was named after my father's mother, and as a child I felt this to be both an asset and a liability. My father's family, the Fishers, were prosperous, but my mother's, the Norrises, had charm and good looks. Mother had seven brothers and only two sisters, whose names went to my older sisters, Alice and Ann. I didn't mind so much missing out on those names. Both my Norris aunts became nuns, and in the process their identities got dangerously confused, partly because for some reason Aunt Alice elected to become Sister Ann Marie, and Aunt Ann to become Sister Alice Ann. I say "for some reason" though I know my grandmother had a hand in the decisions, and my Grandmother Norris's hand was a heavy one.

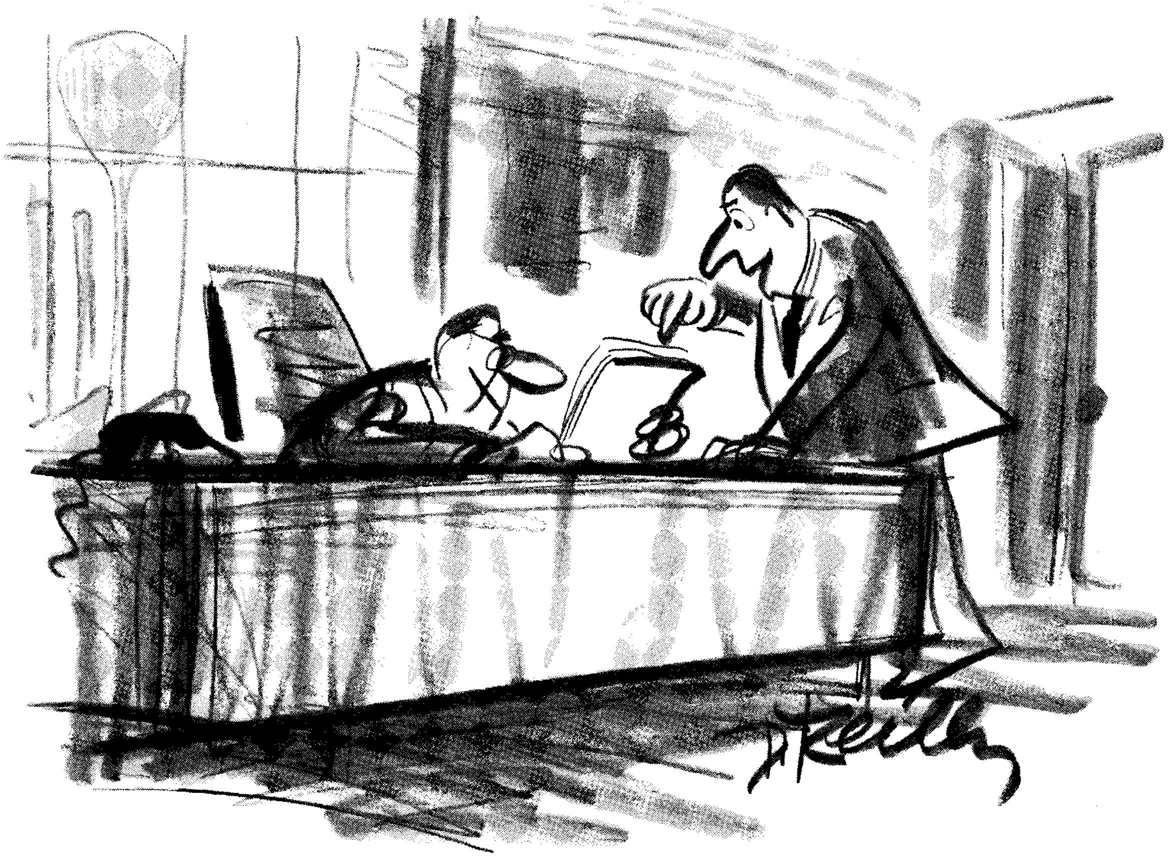
My father has three sisters; his brother, my Uncle Bill, died before I was born. My Fisher aunts are aggressive, worldly women—or they were in the days when we saw them regularly; twenty-five years ago a quarrel to end all quarrels severed our relations with that side of the family. I was fifteen at the time and I didn't see my Grandmother Fisher till ten years later, when my sisters and I paid a visit to what proved to be her deathbed. She was eighty-three and had broken her hip and was living with my Aunt Molly, who served us small glasses of purple wine that tasted like plain grape juice and that said all there was to say about what Aunt Molly took it for granted the three of us had turned out to be, though grape juice was in no way indicative of her own style, which impressed me. She wore a long-sleeved black wool dress, used a cigarette holder, and addressed her mother affectionately as "Ma." Her living room was done in shades of gray.

My Grandmother Fisher didn't know what to make of the three lost granddaughters who suddenly turned up that evening. "Tom's girls," she kept saying, shaking her head. She was a mild woman who gave the impression, even at the end of her life, of being generally amused by things—by all things equally—and this bothered me when I was a child. As her namesake, I felt I should have been singled out, but she hadn't the turn of heart that needs to play favorites. At least that's how I see it now, though at the time I blamed my failure to attract her attention on the fact that I was the living image of my mother, who was eternally at odds with the Fisher sisters. They had an Irish way of endlessly and pointlessly finding fault and they made my mother miserable. As the sixth in a family of ten, she hadn't had much chance to find herself, or even to begin to look. Instead, she simply took as her own the Norris family image of fun-loving extroversion, but in fact my mother is as reticent as I am and no match for her sisters-in-law, who were, from all accounts, merciless in their teasing. All this seemed to stand in the way of my endearing myself to my father's mother, and though I understood that it wasn't my fault, I minded. I was a Peggy and I expected to be preferred, but that's something I've managed only to a limited degree, and in the matter of supreme preference I've failed altogether. I've never been married.

My mother likes to talk of all the boyfriends I've had, and though she exaggerates, I've had my fair share. But I've never really come close to marrying any of the men I've loved. They've all been more or less the same type—wayward men, in need of a Peggy to make them toe the line, men who are thrown off when instead of making demands I accept whatever I get in the way of love. What I've generally got has been a kind of grudging attachment that somehow precludes, though it can also outlast, love itself. I lack the authority that I see other people call on in themselves as naturally as they call on their eyes for sight or their lungs for breath. I never cease to be amazed by the ease with which someone will single-mindedly lay claim to and possess someone else. I my-



"Franklin can't discuss that—he's under constant electronic surveillance."



"The way our pricing guys cost this out, we still come in with a bundle on the bottom line even figuring in ten per cent for atonement."

• •

self invariably see both sides of the situation, which is fatal in love, where to admit the other's doubts is to set that person free. The result is that I've never even been able to picture myself married except once, and the man in question was someone I didn't love. For that matter, Robert Patch didn't love me—we were in love with other people—but we'd been introduced in the hope that we'd hit it off and we did, famously but not passionately, though had the timing been better we might have ended up together, maybe even been happy. I remember thinking, This is what you do; you marry a Robert Patch and have a pleasant life and a house full of possessions. Robert was an art dealer, and we used to spend Saturdays at the Parke-Bernet Galleries. He had an acquisitive nature and my qualms with respect to ownership extend even to objects, but in other ways we were a lot alike, both of us much gentler than the characters we were involved with. We made what amounted to a study of ourselves, and once he gave me a kind of test, one of those psychological-game quizzes, of which I remember only the first question: "Who are you?"

Without hesitation, I said, "Margaret Fisher." Had I answered, say, "Tom Fisher's daughter," I'd have been revealed as overly dependent, just as the answer "I'm a lawyer"—or a doctor, or a teacher—would have indicated maturity, a sense of purpose, etc. By simply giving my name I avoided the issue, at least in Robert's eyes.

"Who's Margaret Fisher?" he asked.

"Margaret Fisher," I repeated.

He was nonplussed, and so was I. I hadn't realized that other people's names aren't necessarily as important to them as mine is to me.

AT the parochial grammar school I went to, my mother was on the best of terms with the nuns, who considered her, on account of her two sisters, one of them. In fact, Mother herself almost became a nun. I think she must have wanted desperately not to enter the convent to have overcome the prejudice in favor of religious life that prevailed in her family, where it represented the one sure road to success. But Mother was much prettier than her two sisters. She also had a talent: she played the piano. Work as a music teacher opened up for her, and through her teaching she saw a little of the world, but the idea that she should be a nun—that it was the best thing to be—overshadowed her youth, and she seems never to have taken the young men she knew seriously, except for a fellow who, ironically, left her for the priesthood. It was shortly after this that my father appeared on the scene, even more ironically, for he was an ex-seminarian, which of course looked to my mother like destiny, and so she married him. But her glimpses of life on Central Park West and Riverside Drive had given her expectations that Tom Fisher was neither equal to nor interested in. My father is like his mother, mild and humorous, with no great ambitions in life, no lofty dreams. My parents made each other unhappy, and Mother often said she was sorry she hadn't joined the convent.

She was also sorry she hadn't named me Estelle, after herself. That she didn't was because the name had come to her arbitrarily. She was the third daughter, and my grandmother's mother-in-law, a Julia, had decreed that this girl must also be a Julia. My grandmother refused, but her defiance stopped short of picking a name that belonged to some other relative, and so she named my mother after a suffragette she happened to read about one day in the newspaper. When it came to her own daughters, Mother was reluctant to commit any one of them to a name that brought with it no great family fortune of love, but as time went on, as her relations with the Fishers deteriorated and as I grew to look more and more like her, I constantly heard her say, "I was never so sorry about anything as I am that you weren't named after me." I had no such regrets. I worshipped my mother, but the name Estelle never appealed to me. It's too emphatic; it calls to mind the kind of face that stands out without being beautiful, a face with a sharp nose, or lips that are too thick or too thin. But even now that my mother is old her face is pretty and her expression is open and loving, and it makes me sad to think that her own mother

CANCER: A DREAM

1. INT.

After the morning shooting, I repair
To my makeshamble dressing room between
The stage and the backstage and the machine
For life support just outside, called a street
And also a location. Inside, air
Is fumed and darkened from a sightless age
Of cave-fish audiences goggling at
Alarms from the direction of the stage,
Now tarnished and festooned with cables. Rage,
Now torn to dated tatters, is replaced
By decorous muttering of a host of crews.
My blacked-out dressing room: a Bernhardt bed,
Swaddled in grubby cloth of gold, holds a
Late *levée* for a rabble of old props—
Drapes, swags, flats, hassocks, bunting, a malign
And lame old vanity with one short leg,
An easel with a bogus portrait of
Some doe-faced buck or beau, a cellarette
Dwarfed by a tottering stack of film cans—
Reclaimed to servitude as furniture.
I feel ungodly weak and sick for noon;
I undress shakily and lie me down
In dust on the vast desert of the bed.

2. INT.

Sound is a kind of pain to which all pain
Responds, as when the prompt boy knocks and calls,
And my insides reply in pain, and I
Sit up in my pyjamas and then stand
And make my way toward the toilet, and,
Returning through a ruinous anteroom
With sand upon the floor and masons' tools,
A length of cast-iron pipe, a dwarf sawhorse,
Discover on the floor, all befouled,
My blue-and-white pyjamas, the immemorial
Stench the pilots smelt in closed cockpits
Over the killing ground above Berlin.
I wash and dress. I walk like a whole man—
The captain on the bridge—to the next scene.

3. EXT.

A visiting fireman. The woman is introduced
By the second-unit man. I miss her name.
She looks familiar. Smokes her cigarette
In a long holder. Waves her hands a lot.
Talks in an accent. Russian. Sixty. Tall.
Not fat but solid. Some kind of beauty once.
Long catlike jawline under jowls. Stiff white
Straight hair tinted a shocking green. Green eyes,
And those not older than before. Nice legs.
Her character comes back. The wife of an
American avant-garde little-magazine
Editor, once a big bug, now passé.
Herself not quite passé—the author of
One book of verse that, less than moribund,
Keeps a fierce toehold on its shelf. Her name
Is Olga Verushkova, and she's here
(Returning to the moment) to research
A piece on movies. Walls of urban air
Weave a small room, made out of light and noise,
Around us and our small talk, which grows dark
And meaning. And, if I were still a man
Of any age, I'd know precisely what
To do when she quite lightly kisses me
Upon the lips and I respond by rote,
And she responds, and I, as if I had
A backbone for my keelson, and were not
Just a façade, a shield upon a stick,
Feel her electric zone impinge on mine
And hear her say, "I am obsessed with you,"
To her amazement, as I break the field
Of force forever, and turn soft away,
One stiffening hand left on her shoulder, and,
Shaking my head to throw the tears away,
Excuse the lateness of the shining hour.

4. EXT.

Dissolve. A rank of crew approaches me.
One tall girl, quite superb in her neat skirt
And modest sweater, looks up from her clip-
Board with gray eyes that will not ever age
And smiles professionally straight at me.
"You're wanted on Stage R. We're running late."
I turn to face the music. I awake.

5 INT.

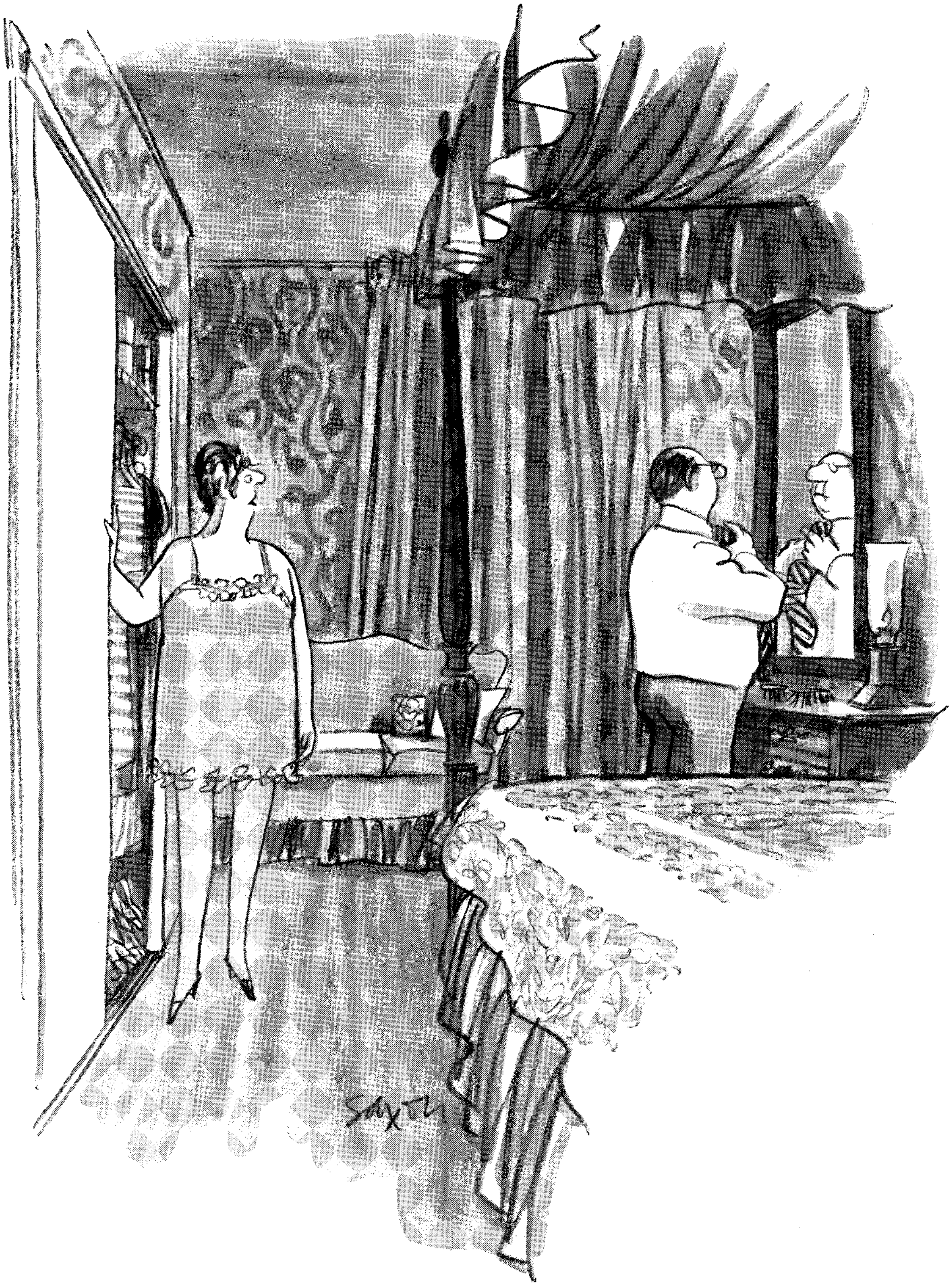
And go now to the center of the stage
To execute a solo *pas de deux*—
The crab dance—on the black-and-white parquet
Under all eyes and lenses. Partner mine,
With your pink carapace coterminous
With mine, your hard two-fingered hands contained
In mine, your long legs telescoped inside
My legs, your entire *Geist* the work of my
Own brain, why do you lead me such a dance,
So painfully and clumsily drawn out
Of step with the macabre music of
The tiny chamber orchestra that winds,
Diminuendo, down to the last scratch
Of gut, like an old gramophone, leaving
The *premier*—and the only—*danseur* there,
Alone, supine upon the checkered floor,
Where lights—undamped, undimmed—burn on and on,
And eyes—undamped, undimmed—and lenses turn
To other scenes, fresh fields and pastures new,
As I sink into union with you?

—L. E. Sissman (1928–1976)

* * *

was so indiscriminate in putting a name to that face.

My parents and my sisters and I lived in a suburb of New York with Grandmother Norris, whose house was across the street from the parish church, St. John the Apostle. In its day, thirty or so years before I was born, the house had been comfortable enough and the street picturesquely rural, but in my day the house, the street, and the neighborhood were a step removed from squalor. And majestically arrayed on that crucial step was St. John's. My grandmother more than basked in the church's reflected glory, she traded on it. She was an admirable woman in many ways, but having raised a large family on very little money and very high ideals she felt entitled in her old age to put her own interests ahead of the interests of anyone else, even those she depended on, and this was her policy with respect to the house where we all lived—in dissatisfaction, sometimes in despair. She wanted to end her days there,



"Leonard, what do my clothes say about me?"

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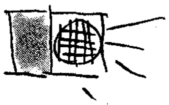
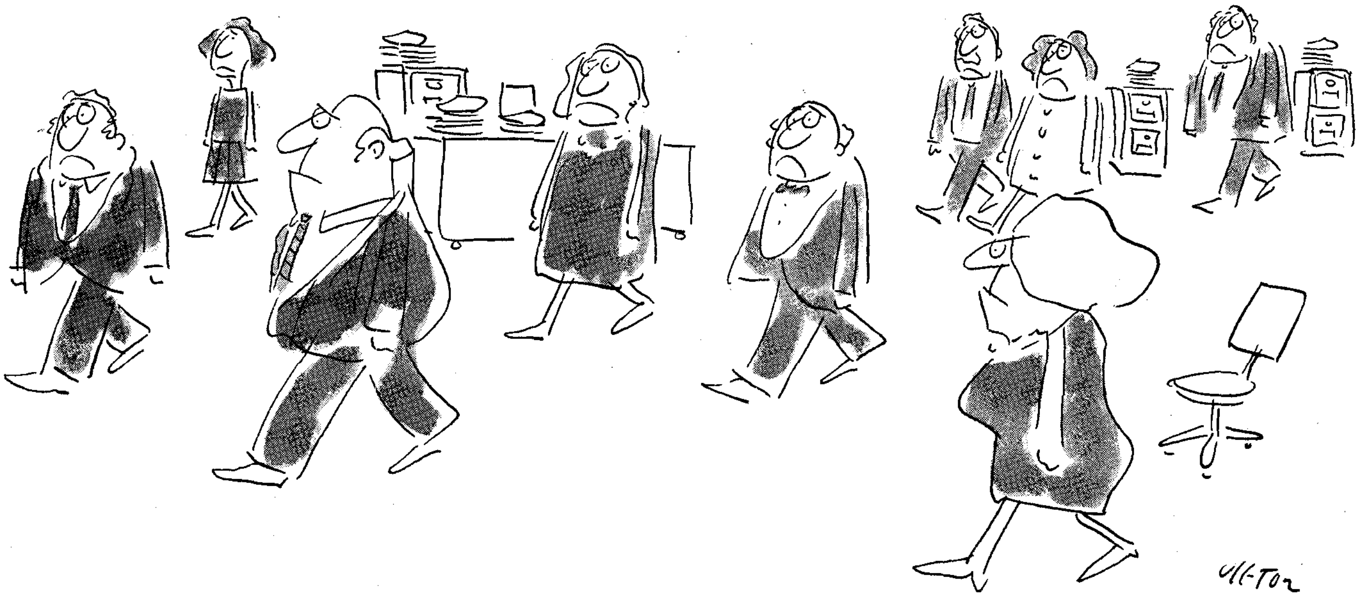
which was understandable, and she wanted us to stay with her, which was unfair, but stay there we did, in the shadow of the church, which was supposed to compensate for the beauty and order that were missing from our lives. To an extent, I suppose it did. It was a magnificent Gothic building with twin steeples, high bronze doors, and broad, immaculately kept lawns, and every Monday after school the children of St. John's were marched over there for perpetual-novena devotions. I looked forward to Mondays. My mother made the novena, too, and afterwards we usually went shopping—to the five-and-ten for thread, or buttons, or hooks and eyes; to the knitting store for yarn or instructions; to the butcher for a pound of round steak chopped; to the bakery for a cake. Sometimes these errands produced a coloring book or an ice-cream soda for me, but my mother's company was the real attraction. I usually had her to myself, and even if my sisters came along, my prerogative as youngest was recognized, and I clung to it; I clung to Mother.

Before we went anywhere after novena, she always had to discuss my sisters and me with our teachers, and the churchyard, which had swarmed with children, would be empty before Sister Hildegarde or Sister Veronica let her go. And I'd be uneasy, for those talks often had repercussions. Out of a clear blue sky, Sister might say to me one day, "I hear you're quite a musician," when in fact I hated the piano and never practiced. Or if I wasn't raising my hand often enough in class I'd be asked, "Where's that chatterbox I've been told about?" With all my heart I wished my mother had kept my confidence, and the depth of my trust, though not my love, began to ebb as a result of her indiscretion. A barely perceptible but dangerous breach opened up between us. And into the breach walked Sister Ambrosine.

She was an affected nun who later taught high-school French, but she was principal of St. John's for six of the eight years I spent there. She liked to keep an eye on everything and to do this by surprising us, but on the afternoon I have in mind, or for that matter on any afternoon, we must have been glad enough to have her throw open the classroom door and stand before us. Sister Ambrosine was unpopular but she was better than geography or spelling or arithmetic. She swept into the room and over to the desk for a word with Sister Dorothy, the fourth-grade teacher; then Sister Dorothy stepped down and Sister Ambrosine stepped up onto the platform. "Will Peggy Fisher please stand?" she said. I did. Sister Ambrosine said, "I have an announcement to make." I was an obedient child and seldom got into real trouble, but much was expected of me, and my most innocent





"All hands in Conference Room C! All hands in Conference Room C! This is not—repeat, not—a drill!"

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acts were sometimes construed by the nuns as unworthy of my connections. I stood there searching my soul, but there was no way I could have anticipated or protected myself against what Sister Ambrosine was up to. She said, "Peggy's mother has always been sorry she didn't name her little girl after herself, and so from now on Peggy Fisher is going to be called Estelle Fisher."

Had I been stood up and stripped of my clothes I believe the shock and panic would have been less. Naked I'd still have been myself—maybe all the more so—but without my name I was rendered null and void.

"What's Peggy's new name?" Sister Ambrosine asked the class.

"Estelle," they shouted back.

"Be seated, Estelle," Sister Ambrosine said. I marvel now at that child who quietly sat down in answer to the name that wasn't hers. "Good afternoon, class," Sister Ambrosine said. She stepped from the platform and swept out of the room again. Sister Dorothy once more took her place at the desk. The geography or the arithmetic was resumed. But children are notoriously cruel, and from all sides I was taunted by the whispered "Estelle!" It followed me for days.

"Hello, Estelle!"

"Hello, Estelle Fisher!"

"Estelle, Estelle, go to hell!"

But children are also notoriously forgetful. And blessedly obstinate—I refused to answer to the new name or to write it on my homework papers, and I didn't mention the incident at home, probably for fear of provoking something irrevocable, some measure that would be legal and binding. Neither did my mother bring up the subject. I realize now that Sister Ambrosine must have picked up a chance remark and taken it on herself to set things straight—and instead put a bend in my life that I've never succeeded in eliminating. As for Sister Dorothy, either she saw my side, or she didn't care, or she felt Sister Ambrosine had overstepped the mark—they might not have got along; feuds flourish in convents. In any case, she never made an issue of the change of name. As far as my classmates were concerned, the novelty soon wore off—probably they had second thoughts, too, about lining themselves up with Sister Ambrosine. Eventually, everyone reverted to Peggy, and Peggy I was for the rest of my time in school.

After I finished college, I worked for a while as a typist. We were rather high-class typists, the four other girls in the office and myself—all college graduates, all artistically inclined, and, as typists, all amateurs. That was an office where good looks and nice manners were excellent credentials, and years of dealing with pretty girls and their typographical errors—years, too, I think, of private disappointment and bad luck—had taken their toll on old Miss Foster, the woman in charge of us. She was full of idiosyncracies, and soon after she hired me she took exception to the name Peggy. "I think you should be called Margaret," she said. "It sounds much better."

At first my full name made me a little uncomfortable, but then it began to grow on me, even to ring truer than Peggy, and so I've more or less stuck to it. When I'm asked to introduce myself now I usually say, "I'm Margaret Fisher," and, by the same token, with people I'm close to I tend to abandon nicknames after a while. Names are the primary images we receive of ourselves, and faulty though the images, inappropriate though the names may be, I take them seriously.

—Elizabeth Cullinan

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WAUKESHA, WIS.—Despite the objections of Waukesha County Coroner Donald J. Eggum, the county will keep Dr. Helen Young as a $15,000 a year consulting pathologist, a county official said Monday.

Eggum was quoted last week as saying he would fire Dr. Young, but Corporation Counsel Willis J. Zick questioned whether Eggum could fire her since technically she is a consultant for the county rather than an employe.

Ha. —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Just give the news, please.

A PLACE IN ITALY

THE place exists. I see it, high over the valley, one of the highest points on the horizon—a jagged relevance, blue in the distance. We are in the car, going away from it, about ten miles off. I catch one last glimpse of it. Then it is gone.

"No, it isn't practical for you," the architect's wife says—as if that would cross it out of my mind forever. But it won't be crossed out. I continue to see it, though it is no longer in view. "It's beautiful, but it's not practical," she says, and the others agree. The architect himself, who is driving, has already had his say. He didn't approve of it, said that it should cost only half as much as it did, and that the extensive repairs it needed would double its price. In short, he made me feel as though I had flunked an exam. But the place keeps smiling to me, as though we had a secret entente, as though it were a new friend whom all my old ones were critical of, but whom, despite their adverse criticism, I continued to like. I like it more and more.

Even the children didn't take to it, the way I thought they would. I expected them to be on my side, to stare at it with marvel in their eyes, and shout, "Oh, let's buy it, Daddy." But they didn't. The little girl was feeling carsick from the many turns in the road going up to it, and the little boy was overwhelmed by the tall grass, the sheer loneliness of it. As for my wife, she said exactly what I might have foreseen she would say: "Someone's gone to the bathroom there." Those were her first words. I laughed to myself—there were no bathrooms, but what she saw plainly wasn't of human origin, and, glancing to one side, I saw a flock of sheep huddled against a wall, afraid of us. "It's the sheep," the architect's wife said to her sternly. My older girl wasn't there. I wonder what she would have thought of it.

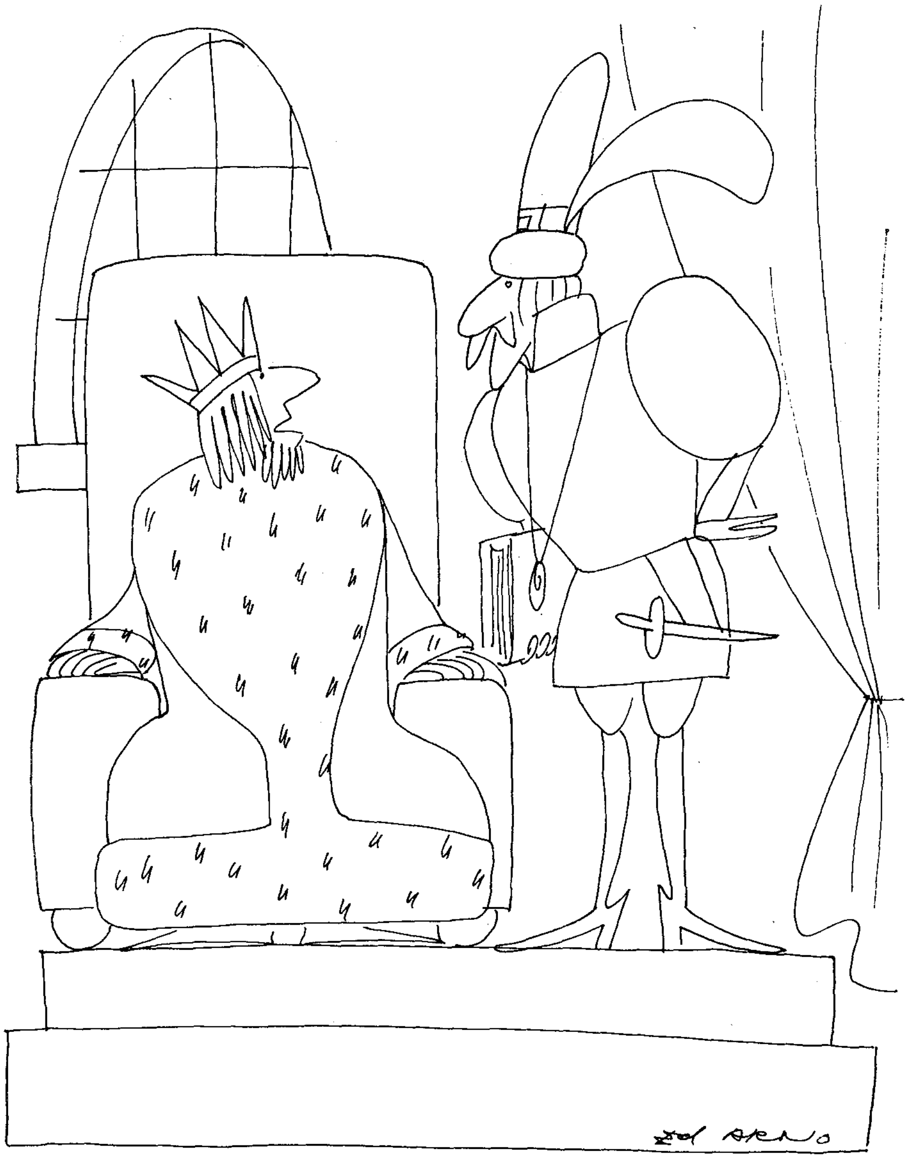
Coming up to it, we had left the country road for a narrow, stony, curving track that led up around the steep, wooded hill to the house. Halfway up, we had to stop for a small tree that had fallen across the way. "Let's just leave the car here and walk," the architect said, and so we did. "Smell the broom, the *ginestra*," I said, elated to get out of the car. It was May, the sun hot, and the heat seemed to express from the flowers all of their scent and disperse it in the warm air. I took great breaths of it and started up the little road, hardly able to walk, because in my eagerness I felt an urge to run. But I contained my enthusiasm, and kept at only a short distance ahead of the others.

"Are you sure this is the right road?" my wife said.

"Yes, of course."

I had been there a few weeks before with a real-estate man from Orvieto, a kindly old fellow with a sparse gray mustache, a pipe, a narrow-brimmed soft sage-green hat, and a pair of binoculars—a handy thing for him to have, given the setting of the place. Orvieto is perhaps the most unusual town in Italy after Venice, being built high over the plain on a table mountain, an Italian mesa. The cliffs on all sides make it impregnable, or almost. A town with an aerial feel, it has been pictured as standing on the palm of a hand raised over the valley. A small town—about thirty thousand people—with an immense cathedral, possibly the finest in the country. The other buildings are of gray stone or brown tufa; the sides of the cathedral are striped like a zebra with white and black marble. Its windows are of stained glass or thin, transparent alabaster, and much of the façade is finely carved or laden with mosaics. One has the impression of having come upon an outsized jewel among the common stones. The town has a very large number of palaces and churches for its size, and—so that the people wouldn't go thirsty in case of siege, when the Roman aqueduct that fed it could be easily cut off—a well that is at least as deep as the cliffs around the town are high. Dug into the tufaceous rock, it has two spiral stairways down around the shaft. There is an old saying that if you looked up at the sky at twilight from the bottom, you could see the stars before you could see them from the surface.

Coming to the south edge of the town, the real-estate man showed me, through the binoculars, two farmhouses in the distance. Without having to go there, I decided they weren't for



"Quick! Am I the King of Burger or the Burger King?"

me. Not unusual enough, too close to a road.

“I’ll take you to a farmhouse with a tower, near Castel Viscardo,” he said.

On the way, we stopped at an old house he had bought for himself. It was set on a rocky mound, once an Etruscan burial ground. The outlines of some of the tombs, opened and filled in again, were still visible in the tufa. He said he was an amateur sculptor, and planned to carve the rocks, leaving them in place. I wondered if their original form could be improved upon. From his house we went to “mine.” Rain was threatening. The sky was leaden and silver. It was near sunset. There was a strange light—eerie, ecliptic. And though the sky was overcast, the clouds were high, the visibility quite good. We went up the little road through the wood. The way was clear then; the tree hadn’t fallen. Beyond the wood we came to a grove of olive trees that hadn’t been pruned for a long time and had a wild, untended look, then to a row of mulberry and cherry trees leading up to the house. This was even better than his, I thought—grander, higher, more isolated. On the right was the old tower, of stone and with a roof. It had a beautiful arched doorway, framed, like the windows, by slabs of a darker, gray-blue stone. The door was locked and he didn’t have the key. But, going round the back, I found that a ground-floor window gave when I pushed it, and we both clambered through. The room, empty of all furniture, had a large stone fireplace and an inviting stairway up. This branched—one branch led to the house and its two bedrooms, the other to the second and third, or top, floor of the tower. The room on the top floor was under the rafters of the roof. One of these was supported by a pole. The room had no windows, only narrow openings at each corner, and, set into the walls, many round, widemouthed, empty earthen vases—nests for pigeons. There were no pigeons anymore. The place had been uninhabited for years. On the ground floor of the house were two stables, one with a long and handsome terra-cotta manger. At a right angle to them were more stables and barns and a porch. There, under the porch roof, I saw for a moment a table, set, with family and friends around it, wine on the table, a white tablecloth . . . a scene out of the past, or in the future? Desperately I wished that it might come to be. Dug into the rock of the steep slope some fifty feet back of the house was the wine cellar. You had the feeling that on a very clear day you could see for a hundred miles in all directions—a vast, almost limitless view of dawn and sunset. Below, to the east, a river valley; to the west, ridges, ranges, woods. And here and there in the wide landscape a distant village, a castle, an isolated farmhouse. Orvieto, too, lay below, eight miles away. Nearer, the roofs of the old village of Castel Viscardo. Nothing ugly in sight. The house’s steep hill, or mound, was really the highest point of a grassy ridge. The yard extended southward into a broad sweep of grass combed by the wind. It was Italy as it might have looked a hundred years ago, pastoral, bucolic. Yes, I was enthusiastic about the place. That the roofs and some of the walls, doors, and windows needed extensive repairs, that there was no running water or bathrooms, that the electric wiring would all have to be redone meant little to me. There was a spring nearby. I would build an aqueduct. I had always wanted to build one. I would get a mason and a carpenter to come and help me with the repairs, perhaps give work to someone unemployed. I would get to know the villagers this way. For a moment nothing daunted me. “Yes, I would like to buy it,” I said. “I like it. I like it very much.”

THE EVENING PLANE TO BRIDGEPORT

It’s as if you’d taken the roof
off everybody’s lives:
the tennis players running,
white on green,
the baseball game below, its process
slow and deliberate as chewing gum,
the houses
that would flake if you
fell on them, or thought
so; mothers
calling you homeward,
dusky end of day;
through estuaries, harbors
packed with boats, the bright
green marshes leaving
you behind
and flying, flying
into the setting shine.

—Kathleen Spivack

• •

“It certainly is an original place,” he said.

“Yes. My family had a country house near Siena which, unfortunately, we sold three years ago, after my parents died. It was a foolish thing to do, and I constantly regret it. This place would make up for it in part. It has some of its good qualities and none of its defects. Oh, I wouldn’t live here all the time. Maybe a few months a year. I live in America, but I am free—I paint—and I would come. Do you think it might be broken into while I was away?”

He tilted his head, not in a nod or a denial but as if to say that it could happen. “The worst are the hunters,” he said. “You’d have to get someone to keep an eye on it. One of these shepherds maybe. And put a fence around it.”

No, not a fence, I thought. It would interrupt the sweep of the landscape. But a neighbor to look after it, yes.

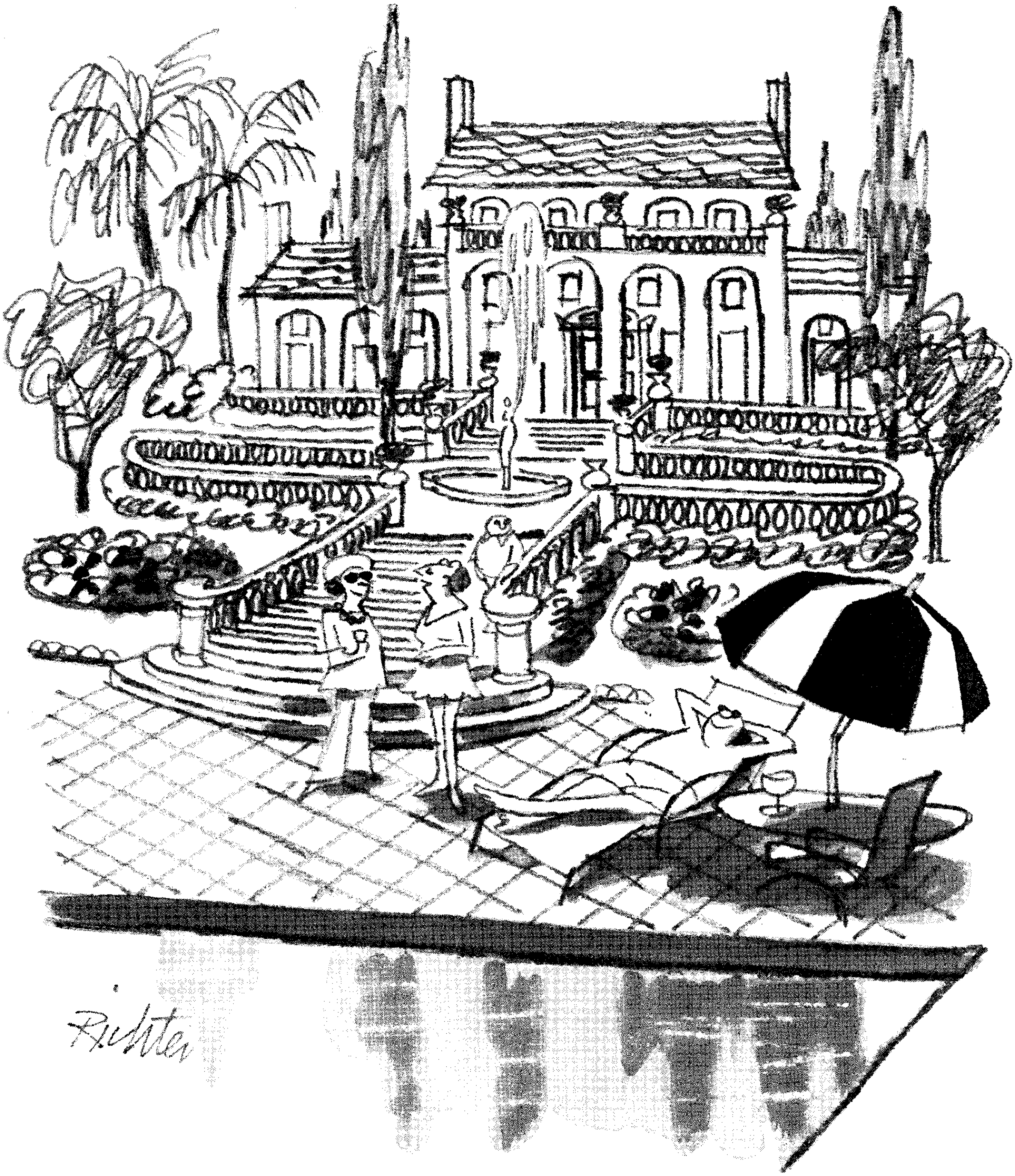
“Well, I’d certainly like to buy it, but first I’ll have to show it to my wife,” I said. And I left in buoyant spirits.

All the way to Rome, I felt euphoric, the way one feels when one has discovered something after a long search.

Why, I thought, the place was so beautiful one would want to travel miles to see it, come and watch the sunset from it, have a picnic at the foot of the old tower under the cherry and olive trees. I could see myself returning with the car, the children cheering, and, all at the same time, the cherries ripe, friends sitting at the dinner table, the stables made into comfortable rooms, the fireplace in the tower lit, paintings and books around me, and music, the top room and every other room furnished, the garden blossoming. Yet no major changes made in the structure of the place, nothing demolished or torn down, everything left standing.

BUT it wasn’t to be. Impractical.

“I want to buy it,” I tell my wife again and again, and she replies,



"Harold feels comfortable with Ford, Wallace, Carter, Udall, Jackson, Reagan . . ."

• •

"All right, go ahead, but you'll never get me there."

And I haven't the heart to do it alone. What is property to me anyway? Can you really own a piece of land, a house? Aren't we all sojourners, tenants in this world? And yet the place attracts me. I am almost on the point of going to Orvieto with my checkbook. The world is mine. I am in the driver's seat. But only for a moment. The words ring in my ear: "you'll never get me there." And I withdraw to my room and slump on the bed and pull the bedspread over my head and lie still as a mummy until, short of air, I am forced to uncover my nose.

WE have some money in the bank—the sale of the old family house. Inflation bites into it. The lira dips. We should invest it somehow. We've seen dozens of houses and apartments, and inquired about a hundred more. In this year in which I am in Italy, that's all I seem to do. But in Rome, where we are staying, what's for sale is either too expensive or too small, and none of the places we've seen outside of Rome can compare with that one near Orvieto. Oh, yes, there was a place on the Argentario I took my wife to. It had a full view of the sea, of the island of Giglio, of Montecristo, even of Corsica on the clearest days, but she said it was too small, and it wasn't a whole house, just a half house. It had its own garden, though, lemon trees, a portico. There was an old mill, too, between Pisa and Lucca, that we went to see. But that was too large, needed too much work, the view wasn't to her liking. She has seen several one- or two-room apartments in Rome. These you could rent, she says. But we could never live in one—not the five of us, I say. And so the weeks pass and the months, and our stay in Italy is almost at an end. But I won't give up.

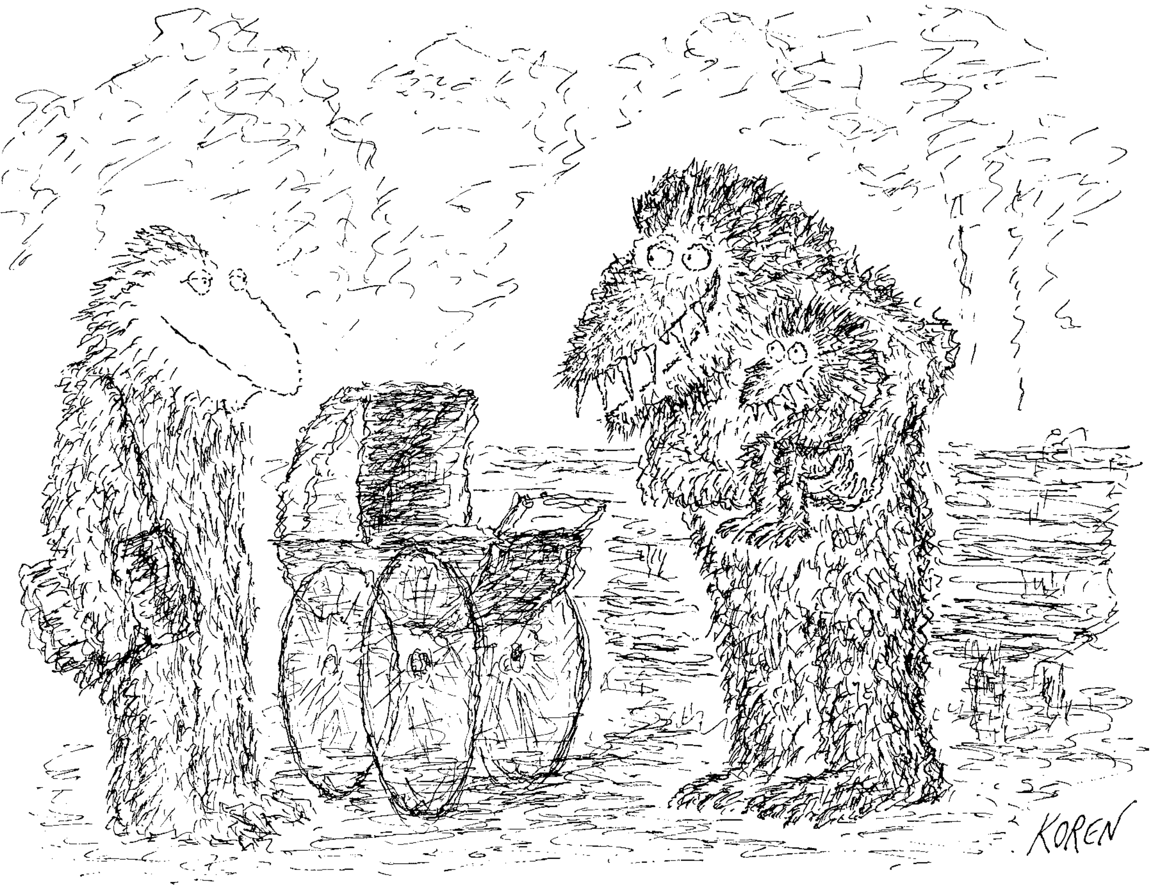
On weekends I sally forth into the country, sometimes alone, sometimes with wife and children. Besides the places mentioned, I have been to Venice, Florence, Narni, Todi, Spoleto, the Circeo, the mountains of Tolfa, Subiaco, the Sabine Mountains, Viterbo, Arezzo, Bagnaia, Lake Trasimeno, San Gimignano, Bolsena. I have seen places I would never have seen otherwise, and met some unusual people in the process. In the Sabine Mountains, a parish priest, and real-estate agent in his spare time, showed us, among other things, what he described as a "terrific" buy—a onetime convent that was now an abandoned ruin. The cracks in the walls were indeed terrific; there were floors missing; through the roof not only would it rain in but you would see the stars. Might as well try to restore the Colosseum. In Subiaco, I saw a tiny house, unreachable by car, a tremendous walk from the main street. Perhaps when I was young . . . Near Lake Trasimeno, I was shown an old farmhouse, fully restored, well worth its price. But every tile, door, window, step spoke out the owner's taste—it would remain his even after I had finished paying for it. Yet by going to see it I came across the pretty town of Panicale. On its outskirts there is the little Church of St. Sebastian. It was closed, but a boy came to unlock the door for me, and there, at one end, taking up the whole wall, was Perugino's fresco "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"—the calm faces of the archers and of the saint, the faded gentle colors, the serene Umbrian countryside. In Spoleto, a real-estate lady who quoted Leopardi and Horace showed me around. Near the Lake of Bolsena, a count drove me down an incredibly steep road in the woods to a little farmhouse he wanted to sell. The farmer and his wife were there. The man was ill, and told us his sad story. Toward the end of our visit, the wife went to get a bottle of wine from their cave cellar. She uncorked it. It fizzed almost like champagne, and like champagne it was light and very dry—and cold, having been "cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth." In Bagnaia, it was market day, and a comedy atmosphere pervaded the little town. In the main square, I felt as if I were on a stage, an actor among actors, *all perfectly unaware*.

And still no house.

"Sold!"

WE have only ten days before we have to board a plane for Boston. It seems too late to try to buy anything now. A friend says, "It's mad for you to leave your money in the bank."

Money in the bank. In my youth, we were always short of money—lots of land, a big house, but very little cash. Therefore, keeping money in the bank doesn't seem mad to me. Not mad to have ready access to it, especially since I have no job, no salary, but only do free-lance work. But another consideration makes me go on one last errand for a house: I don't want to leave Italy without owning something in it, a place to repair to in case hotels and the houses of friends and relatives should suddenly all seem inhospitable to me, a place where I can leave a few of my things—some of my books, a desk, a chair, a bed, pots and pans and dishes, something familiar to return to. And so I rent a car and venture out again, in my pocket an address from a classified ad in the *Messaggero*. It's one that I saw weeks ago but ignored because the price seemed ridiculously low: twen-



"We still can't decide whether she's more a Hillary or an Allison."

• •

ty-three hundred dollars. A barn, I thought, or storeroom—no place that I could live in. But on the telephone I asked if it might be suitable as a studio, and the man said yes, it was, and he gave me good directions and the name of the caretaker. "His real name," he said, "is Anselmo Remi, but you'd better ask for Cimitella or you won't find him. Everyone knows him as Cimitella."

I follow the Autostrada del Sole up the Tiber Valley toward Orte. Here the Tiber isn't tawny, as in Rome, but green-blue. I know the valley well. Up to the right in the fields, below a hamlet, I see what from the road seems a speck but is a little farmhouse that an English writer friend of mine bought long ago. I am sure he is there typing, while his Italian wife is quietly painting in the room below. I won't go to see them this trip. I have no time. I go on up the river ten more miles, take a left, follow a stream along its gorge, then gradually drive up a craggy hillside. It's good to leave the expressway and be here on this curving, narrow road. I feel at home amid the olives and the vines. Up high, on top of a hill, across the stream, is a cluster of stone houses the color of the rocks below. Everything blends delightfully. It is the hand of time that makes it so. My village is the next one, on this side of the stream, and higher than that one. I come to the first houses and then to a central little square.

"Where can I find Cimitella?" I ask.

"Ah, Cimitella? Eh, you go up there, up to the very top, beyond the arch."

On up I drive. Just before the arch the road bends so sharply that my car, though it is a small Fiat, gets by only after some maneuvering. On my right I skirt a wall below which is a sheer drop, and I come to another square and a church and a castle. Here I leave the car and ask for Cimitella again. Somebody smiles and directs me higher still. I go up a lane in a zigzag. A bunch of small children peek and hide behind a corner and laugh uproariously. A dog barks playfully. I come to Cimitella's house. Everything is little here, except the castle and the church. Cimitella's wife—a pleasant, smiling, middle-aged woman—appears at the doorway, and calls her husband for me. He's talking to some neighbors in a lane. Spare, with an expressive, friendly face and bright eyes, he comes over, and down we go to see the "studio." It turns out that it's on the first little square I stopped at on arriving. The studio is on the second floor of a small house that juts out into the square. It has a medieval aspect. It's made of stone. It has an outside staircase, and it is buttressed by two chimneys. It must be seven or eight hundred years old. Yet it's not dilapidated. Simply worn. The stone steps are hollowed out by use through the centuries. On top of the staircase is a little terrace. Cimitella unlocks the door. There is a room with a beautiful ancient fireplace, and another little room. It has running water and a light. From two of the windows you can see the countryside; another window looks onto the square. Yes, it's much better than I expected. And the floor below, too, is for sale, for less than the second—for about a thousand dollars—so that by buying both I can have a little house.

I return to Rome quite enthusiastic about my find. But my wife won't go to see it. I am determined to buy it, though. And so, a few days before our departure, I sign a contract. Then I make one last visit to it, alone, for no one will come with me. I meet Cimitella again, and a mason. He is going to restore it for me—mend the floor and roof, put in a bathroom, replaster the inside walls. And I'll have our things moved in. Someday, I hope, my children will laugh with the children of the village, and my wife will sleep there with me. Nearby is Monte Cimino, and a lake, and the old town of Viterbo, and the villages on the tops of hills. Cimitella points them out: "Orte, Attigliano, Chia, Giove," he says. One of them is actually called Giove—Jupiter—and it is as if he were pointing at the planets and the stars, naming them one by one.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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Bison 2 Definition: for "roams" read "formerly roamed."—*Additions and Emendations of the Oxford English Dictionary.*

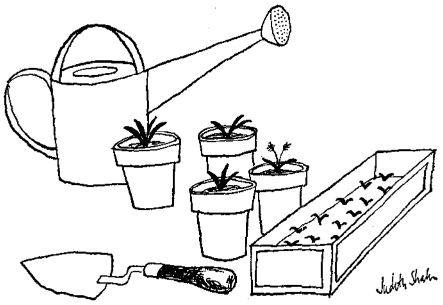
And shed one quiet tear.

ANNALS OF LAW

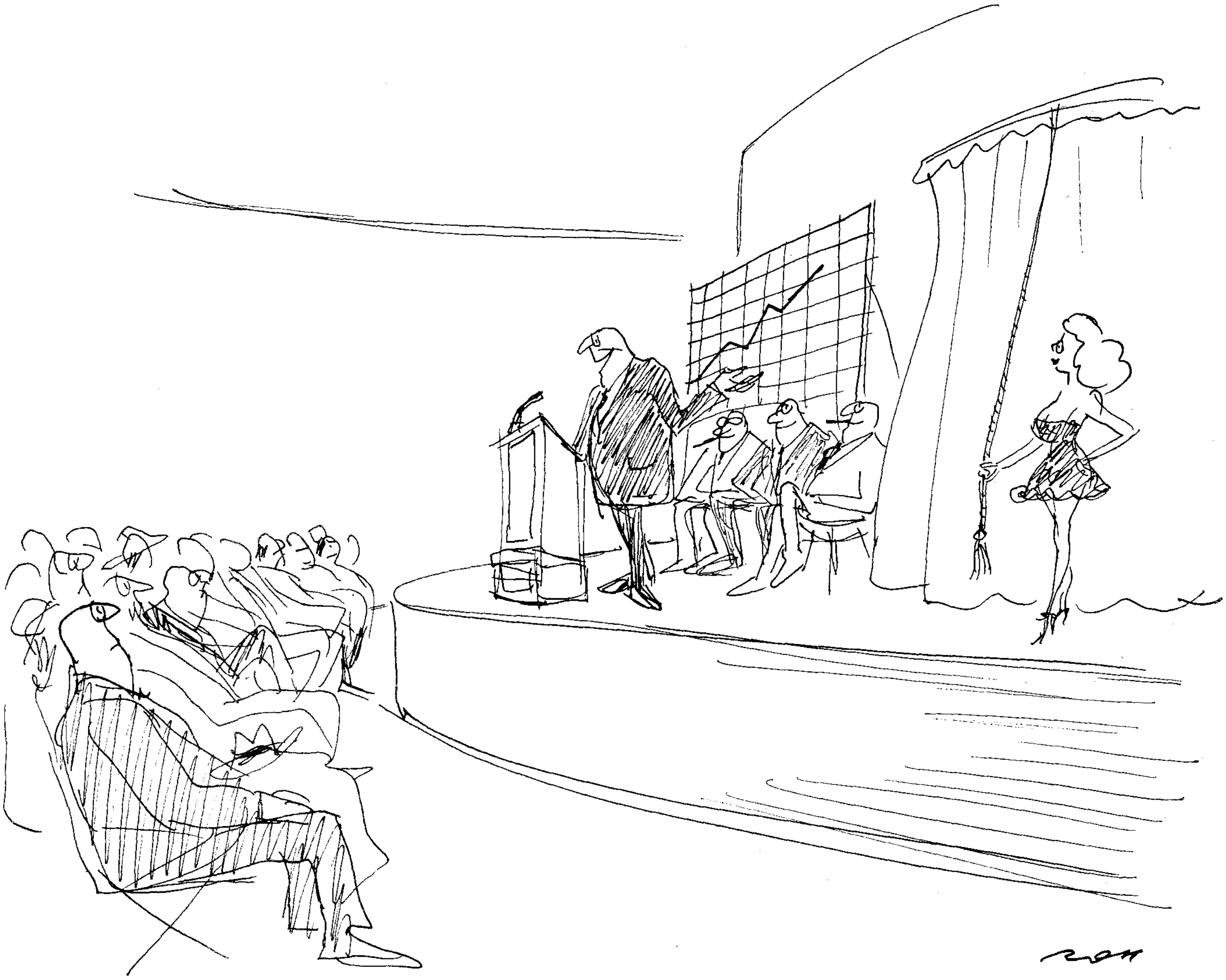
TAKING THE FIFTH—III

"LET me assure you that as long as the F.B.I. has a legal mandate to protect the American people from terrorism we will use all the legal weapons at our command to accomplish this task," Clarence Kelley, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, told the Veterans of Foreign Wars at a convention in the early spring of 1975. Subsequent revelations about the F.B.I.'s widespread use of illegal surveillance, its practices of burglarizing suspects' homes and offices and of opening and reading citizens' private mail, and its harassment of people who were not accused of any misdeed other than holding unpopular political views have made it clear that the F.B.I. has not always been faithful to the rule of law. On the basis of the Bureau's own recent admissions of its lawless behavior, it appears that the arena in which it has been most culpably active is the political arena. It also appears that politics is the subject F.B.I. men know least about. That is hardly surprising, for the Bureau's job is supposed to be law enforcement, and law-enforcement officers traditionally have a rather narrow, and often cynical, view of society in general. Their task is to find criminals. It has been said that a good cop sees everybody as a potential criminal, and Kelley, who is reportedly a very good cop, must keep tabs on every potential threat to society he sees if he is to be faithful to his duty as he conceives it. The difficulty lies in the fact that the Bureau has been allowed by every Administration in the past several decades to determine, almost entirely on its own, who and what are threats to society. Given the Bureau's long-standing belief in the dire peril posed by left-wing conspiracies—a specialty of J. Edgar Hoover's—it is also not surprising that F.B.I. men are inclined to view anybody whose politics don't square with the average Rotarian's as a threat to the survival of the Republic. Since the executive and legislative branches have rarely stood in the F.B.I.'s way, only the judiciary remains as a check on the Bureau's abuses of its self-delegated authority. But the courts have done little to stop it from bending and breaking the law, because the courts cannot act fully until the agents who have broken the law are prosecuted. So far, despite reports about many hundreds of illegal acts committed by F.B.I. agents, not one of them has been tried for any of these crimes. In the end, this multiple failure of all three branches of the government has given the Bureau not merely an implicit right but implicit encouragement to go on snooping into the private affairs of anyone whose political views, expressions, or associates seem unorthodox to F.B.I. men.

Hoover repeatedly tried to persuade Congress to give the F.B.I. the power to issue subpoenas, but Congress, which gave him just about everything else he asked for, turned him down on this score. Such power, it was felt in Congress, was too great to hand over to a national police agency; even the Bureau's bureaucratic parent, the Department of Justice, was denied subpoena power, because it was held that no executive department should possess what was essentially a judicial function. But when the Nixon Administration took over, Attorney General John N. Mitchell soon came up with a simple way of helping Hoover over this barricade—by instructing the Justice Department's ninety-three United States Attorneys' offices around the country, most of which were headed by Nixon appointees, to coöperate with the F.B.I. The specific way in which they coöperated was by directing the federal grand juries under their control to subpoena those who refused to talk to the F.B.I.—as anyone has the right to do—and to force them to divulge whatever the Bureau's men wanted to know or face prison for contempt of court. Then, less than two years after the Administration took office, it persuaded a compliant Democratic and largely liberal Congress to enact a new law providing for what is called "use immunity." Under the laws previously on the books, no one could be compelled to testify before a grand jury, a court, or a legislative body unless given total immunity against prosecution for the act or transaction testified about. Only total immunity, the Supreme Court had held since 1892, could be a proper substitute for the Fifth Amendment stricture "No person shall be . . . compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." Under the use-immunity law, however, people who were compelled to testify could later be prosecuted as long as the government did not base its case against them, directly or indirectly, on their own testimony. The new law was so obviously open to abuse by unscrupulous prosecutors—who could easily conceal tracks leading from compelled testimony to "independent" evidence, and could then concentrate their immense prosecutorial resources on targets whom they knew to be guilty—that most legal scholars assumed the Supreme Court would find use immunity flagrantly unconstitutional on the ground that it wiped out the Fifth Amendment. But no one anticipated at the time that President Nixon would end up with four appointees on the Court, including Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, who had frequently and publicly questioned the inviolability of the Fifth Amendment right against involuntary self-incrimination. A year and a half after the use-immunity law was enacted, the Burger Court upheld it. The Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, which had been virtually moribund until Mitchell gave it the job of locating "enemies" of the Administration and helping the F.B.I. gather evidence against them by way of grand-jury investigations, began relying on the new law in thousands of cases. In fact, over the eighteen-month period following the Court's approval of this law, the Department of Justice received requests for grants of immunity for more than five thousand witnesses. In many of these cases, the Administration employed the grand-jury technique and the use-immunity law to devastatingly repressive ends. Scores of people who were accused of no crime except refusing to testify about some political conspiracy concocted by the Nixon Administration went to jail.



With the end of the Nixon Administration, it was generally assumed that the repressive practices it had employed were at an end. But the use-immunity law is still on the books and is more widely employed than ever, since many states have copied the federal model; many of the officials in the Justice Department and the F.B.I. and U.S. Attorneys' offices who abetted the Nixon Administration's attempts to destroy its political opposition are still in office; and grand juries are still being used, in effect, as instruments of government by inquisition. The Ford Administra-



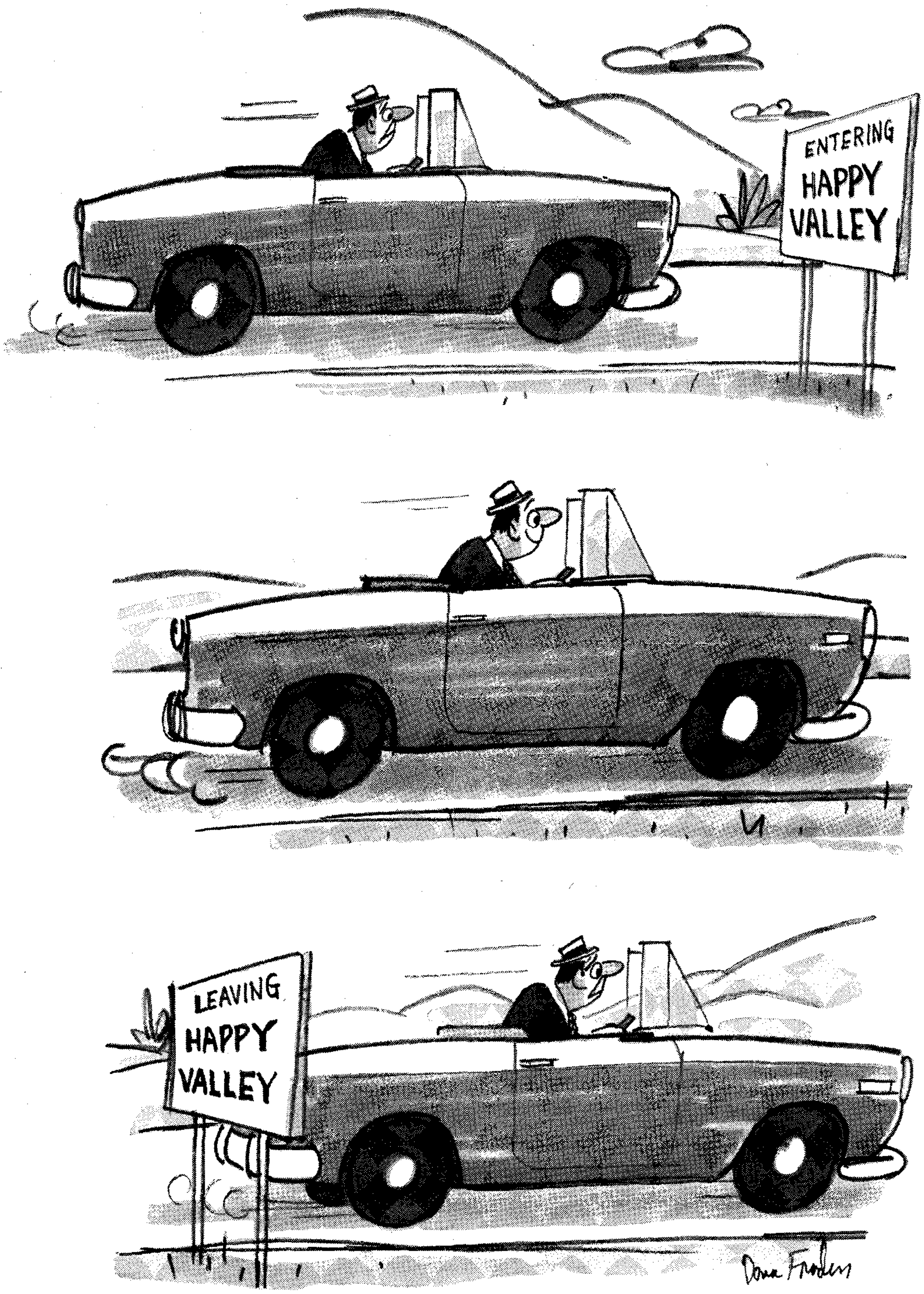
"The choice is yours, ladies and gentlemen. Will you take the regular dividend or will you take whatever is behind that curtain?"

tion may be unaware on the highest level that these practices are continuing, for today they seem to be used not to serve the political purposes of a particular Administration but to control the enemies of society as agencies like the F.B.I. define them. Of all the abuses that are still going on, perhaps the most serious one is the abuse of the grand-jury system to help the F.B.I. do the jobs that it has failed to do on its own. When the F.B.I. couldn't find Patricia Hearst, for instance, it fell back on the old Mitchell tactic by getting U.S. Attorneys to subpoena various people who might have known something of her whereabouts (including her mother, who was compelled to tell what she knew, even though that could have endangered the life of her daughter). And when the F.B.I. couldn't find any trace of Jimmy Hoffa, it got a federal grand jury in Michigan to call scores of people on the off-chance that they might know something that the F.B.I. could use.

"Historically, [the grand jury] has been regarded as a primary security for the innocent against hasty, malicious, and oppressive prosecution," the Supreme Court declared a few years ago. Although this view has been shared by laymen, lawyers, and judges alike for more than eight centuries, it is a myth. From the time that the earliest form of the grand jury was established in England, in 1164, until the system was abolished there, in 1948, there were only two significant occasions when "the people's panel," as it was called in ancient days, stood up for the people against the English government. In the American Colonies, grand juries were widely admired, but only because they invariably absolved those who opposed the British (for instance, a number of colonists who burned British property, some of whom sat on the grand jury that considered their offense) and indicted those who sympathized with the British (including four innocent Tory civilians who were charged with murder after the Boston Massacre). By the time the Constitution was adopted, the myth of the grand jury as one of the individual's mightiest shields against tyranny was so embedded in the public mind that the grand-jury system was officially established under the Constitution by way of the Fifth Amendment, which states:

> No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor shall property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

After adoption of the Bill of Rights, in 1791, the grand-jury system was much honored rhetorically and endlessly abused in practice. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, state grand juries occasionally asserted themselves to root out corrupt



political machines. But on the federal level grand juries have almost always been rubber stamps in criminal prosecutions and in political persecutions. During periods of national strife or popular hysteria, even the most liberal Administrations have allowed or encouraged grand juries to be used in the most nakedly oppressive ways—the Lincoln Administration to silence critics of the Union cause, the Wilson Administration to illegally imprison and deport several hundred innocent radicals to Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution, the Franklin Roosevelt Administration to harass Nazi sympathizers, and the Truman Administration to permit the anti-liberal vendetta waged by Representative Richard M. Nixon and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. In the end, the Supreme Court's view of the grand jury as "a primary security for the innocent" is wholly unrealistic. A more accurate view was recently expressed by federal District Court Judge William Campbell, who said of the grand jury in general, "Today, it is but a convenient tool for the prosecutor. . . . Any experienced prosecutor will admit that he can indict anybody at any time for almost anything."

AT a little after nine o'clock on the morning of February 13, 1975, Ellen Grusse and Terri Turgeon appeared before Judge Jon O. Newman of the federal District Court in New Haven, Connecticut, to be officially notified that the court had granted each of them use immunity, and that they were now obliged to answer all questions asked by a federal grand jury, which they had been subpoenaed to appear before at ten o'clock that morning. The two women had been subpoenaed by the same grand jury a couple of weeks earlier, after they had refused to talk to F.B.I. agents about two fugitives whom the Bureau had been looking for, with almost no success, for four and a half years. The fugitives were two young radicals named Susan Edith Saxe and Katherine Ann Power, who had been charged, together with three male confederates, with participating in a bank robbery in Massachusetts in September, 1970, during which a policeman had been killed; according to the authorities, the five had robbed the bank of twenty-six thousand dollars to finance an anti-war, anti-government terrorist campaign. After the robbery, the three men had quickly been captured, and had been tried, convicted, and imprisoned. But the women had disappeared. At some stage in their flight, they had purportedly hidden out in several lesbian and heterosexual feminist communities, in one of which, the F.B.I. apparently believed, they had met and become friendly with Grusse and Turgeon. Grusse and Turgeon had refused to testify before the grand jury, and whether or not they had actually met the fugitives, whether they had known the fugitives as Saxe and Power or by the aliases they were said to have used, and whether or not Grusse and Turgeon had known that the fugitives were being sought for bank robbery and murder was, and still is, unclear to everyone outside the case.

Obviously, though, the F.B.I. officials in charge of the case and the government prosecutor who was directing the inquiry of the New Haven grand jury believed that the two women knew something that might help the government catch Saxe and Power. The prosecutor, Assistant U.S. Attorney William Dow III, vehemently denied that catching fugitives was the government's purpose in subpoenaing the women or in granting them use immunity, and insisted that the grand jury was looking into the question of whether any federal crimes had been committed by Saxe and Power if they had lived for a time in Connecticut, as reported, or by others who might have known them and helped them hide out there or escape to another state. If the fugitives had even entered Connecti-

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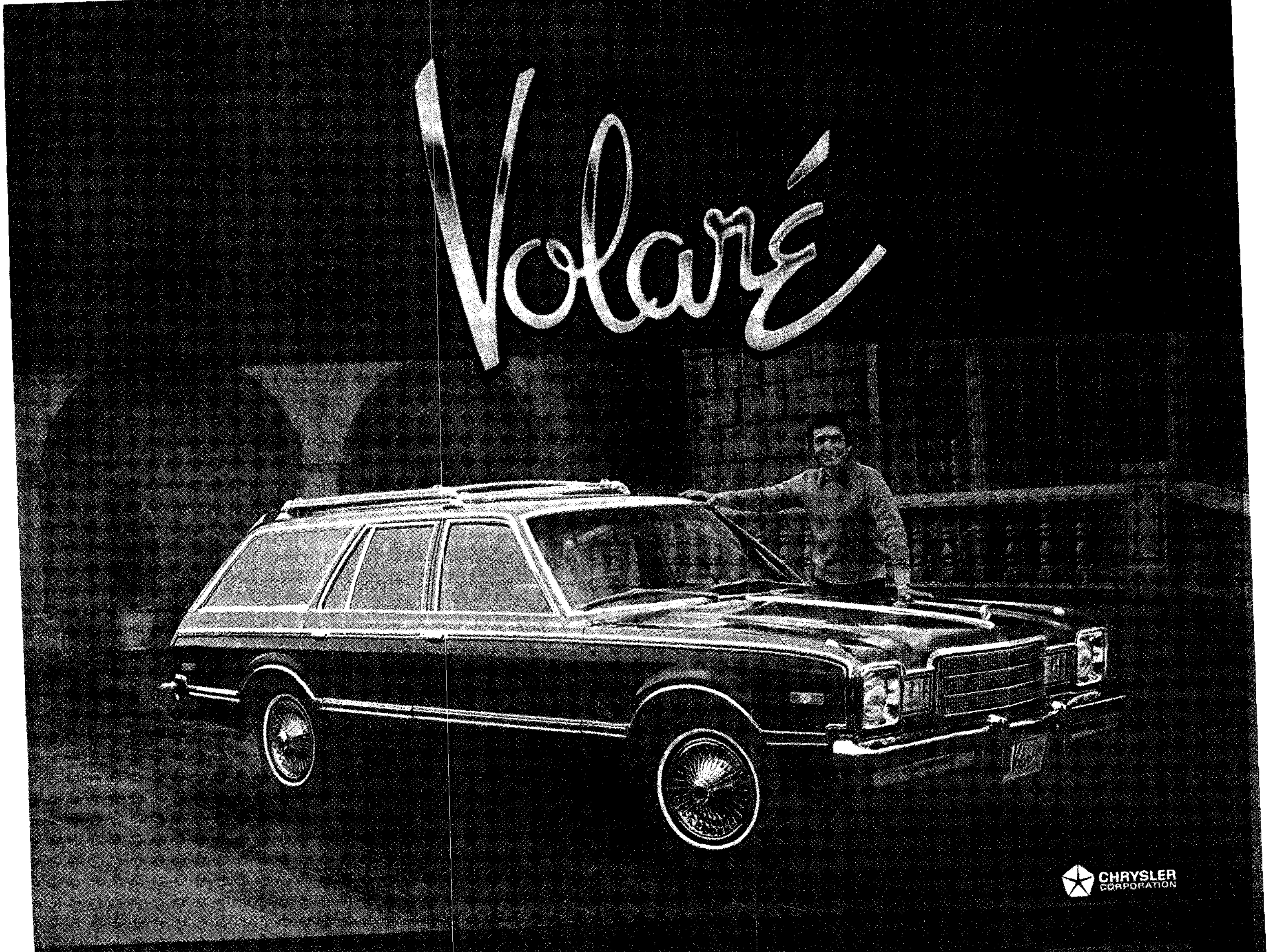

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cut, that made them guilty of interstate flight to escape prosecution, a federal crime, and if others had knowingly assisted them, that made *them* guilty of harboring fugitives and of failing to notify the police of a known felony, which is misprision of felony, another federal crime under the circumstances.

Dow's denial that his purpose was to obtain information on the whereabouts of the two fugitives was essential for the government, because harboring fugitives and misprision were the only kinds of criminal acts in the case at hand that the New Haven grand jury had jurisdiction over, since under the law it could not investigate crimes committed in other jurisdictions than its own, which was limited to the federal judicial district encompassing Connecticut. Also, it could not legally investigate crimes simply to help the government capture or build a case against someone who had already been indicted, and Saxe and Power had been indicted by both state and federal grand juries in Massachusetts back in the fall of 1970. In a motion to quash the subpoenas, the lawyer representing Turgeon and Grusse in court that February morning charged that the grand jury had two improper purposes: to help the F.B.I. find the fugitives and to help the Department of Justice prepare for its prosecution of them when they were caught. Judge Newman, who had been U.S. Attorney in Hartford for five years before going on the bench in New Haven, dismissed the arguments on these points and denied the motion.

As the two women left the courtroom, their lawyer, a young man by the name of Michael Avery, told them that their situation looked nearly hopeless. He had warned them earlier that if they were granted immunity and still refused to testify, they would probably be found in contempt of court and imprisoned until they talked or the term of the current grand jury ran out, as provided under the use-immunity statute. Federal grand juries normally sit for eighteen months, and the one in New Haven had only a little over six weeks remaining in its term. However, Avery had told his clients, Dow had vowed to have the women subpoenaed again before a new grand jury when they got out of prison; if they refused to answer his questions once more, they could be sent back to prison for the full term of the second grand jury, and the procedure could be repeated until they had served the statutory maximum imprisonment under the use-immunity law. That part of the law is unclear, but Avery believed that under it his clients couldn't be imprisoned for more than eighteen months altogether.

"I had never been so frightened in my life," Grusse said later. "We had brought our suitcases, because we thought we'd be taken off to prison that very day. I was sure I was going to prison, and the mere thought of it terrified me almost beyond control." Turgeon was equally frightened. "I was near hysteria," she said later.

Despite the consequences facing them, the two women were determined to remain silent, for they believed that the only way they could preserve their personal integrity—the essence of their humanity and individuality, as they saw it—was by refusing to talk to anyone connected with the government about their private lives. In their public statements at the time, they said that they were basing their refusal to coöperate with the government on the right to "confidentiality in human relationships." While this suggested that they had indeed had some contact with the fugitives or at least with someone who had known them, Grusse and Turgeon contended that such confidentiality, where it existed, was as inviolable as the confidences exchanged between patient and doctor, penitent and priest, or spouse and spouse. Unfortunately for their legal defense, this concept of confidentiality was not protected by law. The two women also stated that they were innocent of any criminal acts and possessed an inalienable right to be left alone. The government disagreed on all counts, and demanded *its* right—to be told what they knew about suspected crimes. There could be no doubt that the government had that right, legally speaking. Now that the Fifth Amendment right against involuntary self-incrimination, which had been originally designed to protect the individual's integrity, had been eliminated by the use-immunity law, the government possessed the kind of power it had never had before—the power to decide what the *size* of any individual's integrity would be.

WHEN Avery was retained by Grusse and Turgeon, a couple of weeks earlier, he had known little about grand-jury procedures. "I had never done any grand-jury work before, so I had to do a crash study program," he said. "The first thing I learned was that the whole system is amazingly unjust. To begin with, it is based on the judicial fiction that grand-jury proceedings are not entirely criminal in nature until indictments are

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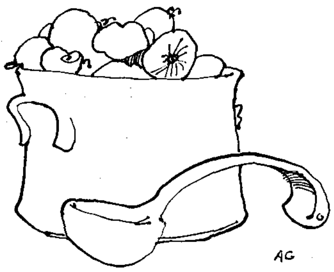
returned. The reason for this fiction appears to be that if the proceedings were criminal they would have to be governed by the ordinary due-process-of-law rules that govern trials—things like the right to confront one's accusers, to cross-examine witnesses, to summon witnesses on one's own behalf—and that would turn grand-jury hearings into miniature trials. In other words, some people would have to be tried twice—once by a grand jury when it questions prospective defendants and once by a petit jury when it tries them. That would take a lot of time, and the courts seem far more interested in improving efficiency in our grossly inefficient legal system than they are in the quality of justice. Anyway, it's absurd to claim that grand-jury proceedings are not criminal proceedings, since witnesses may be indicted for crimes that the grand jury is investigating, and since they can be imprisoned if they refuse to talk after being granted immunity. While someone who has never been tried or convicted of any crime can spend as much as eighteen months in prison for civil contempt, someone who faces a criminal-contempt charge that could lead to imprisonment for six months or more has a right to a jury trial and can never be imprisoned again for the same contempt because of the double-jeopardy clause in the Fifth Amendment. So under our grand-jury system those who have been found guilty can be treated more fairly and leniently than those who are innocent under the law."

The denial of due process that troubled Avery the most that morning as he and his clients left Judge Newman's courtroom was that grand-jury witnesses are not allowed to have lawyers present when they are interrogated. Usually they are permitted to have lawyers waiting outside the grand-jury room and are permitted to go out and consult with them before answering questions. But that, too, has drawbacks. "The only justification for not giving grand-jury witnesses the Sixth Amendment right to have a lawyer at their side is that the lawyer may advise them in a way that the prosecutor doesn't want them to be advised," Avery has explained. "But the basis for the right to counsel is precisely to allow the individual to have that kind of advice when confronted by all the immense powers of government." Moreover, he went on, the awkward and time-consuming practice of allowing witnesses to leave the grand-jury room to consult with their lawyers makes what should be a *right* to counsel seem to grand jurors to be a *privilege*, and if that privilege is requested very often they are bound to become annoyed and perhaps prejudiced against the witness. And, of course, a frightened and ignorant witness may not even assert the privilege when asked a seemingly innocent question that is actually a legal trap. Among the other drawbacks of the system, Avery said, is that since a grand jury is under no obligation to tell witnesses what the subject of the inquiry is, they often don't know whether they are suspects, whether they have committed some crime that they were unaware of and now may inadvertently confess to, or whether they are being questioned about the activities of others. Under these uncertain circumstances, a witness who answers *anything* asked by a grand jury may be taking a grave risk. Ordinarily, prosecutors don't tell witnesses whether or not they are "targets" of the grand jury's investigation, that whatever they say may be used against them, that they can remain silent unless they are given immunity, or that they may be prosecuted for perjury if they testify and lie. In addition, if one answers *any* question asked by a prosecutor (or, rarely, a grand juror) before a grand jury—apart from one's name—one may automatically waive the right to refuse to answer any other question. (Called "opening the door" by lawyers, this kind of waiver was established by only one federal-court case, and has not been fully tested judicially.) Witnesses who go before grand juries without consulting a lawyer, as many do, are unlikely to be aware of this rule—or snare—and may end up being forced to testify against themselves without having even the slender advantage of being given use immunity beforehand.



Grand jurors are themselves rarely aware that the elementary principles of fair play—or "fundamental fairness," which the Supreme Court requires of all government practice in criminal cases—are suspended during their hearings, because when new grand juries are convened judges rarely tell the members anything about their supposed "historic function," or much of anything beyond their duty to indict those who seem guilty. Accordingly, grand jurors are usually the uninformed assistants of the prosecutor rather than

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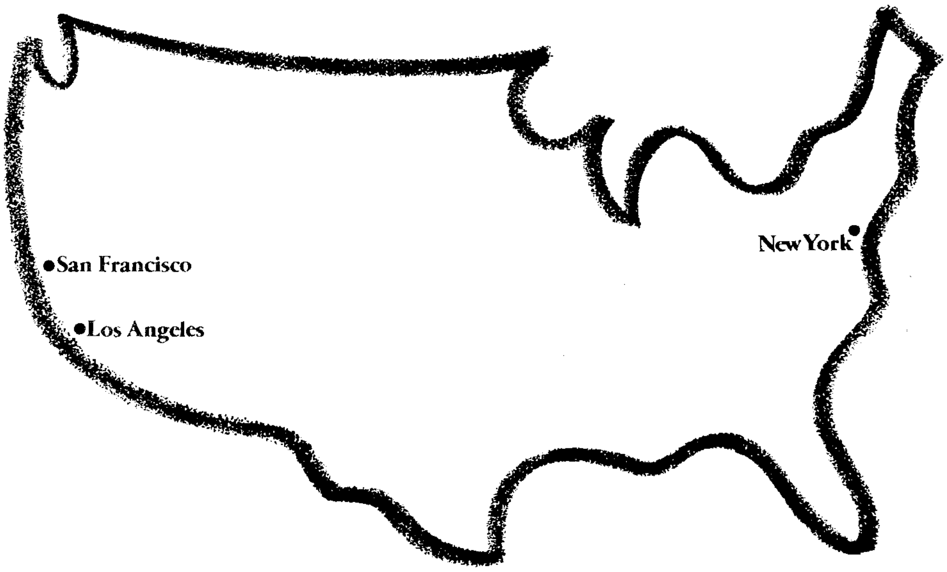
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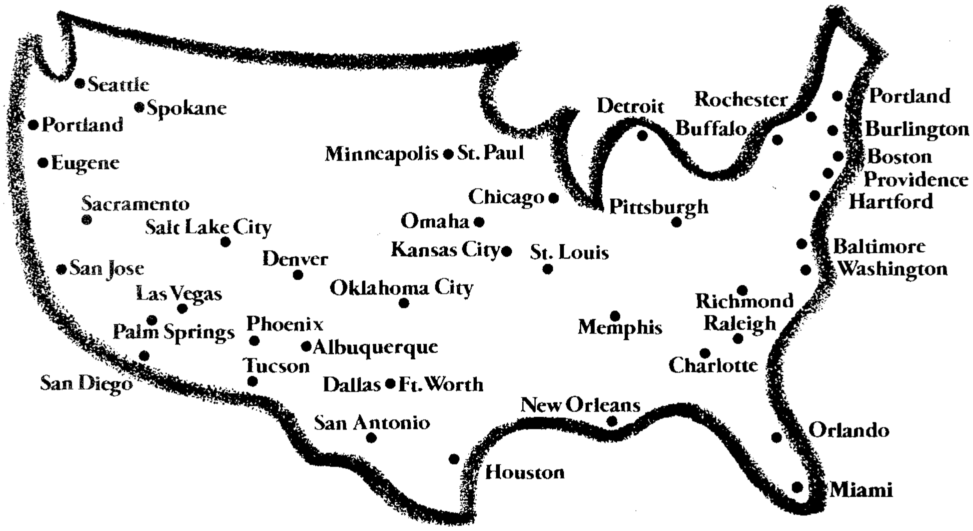
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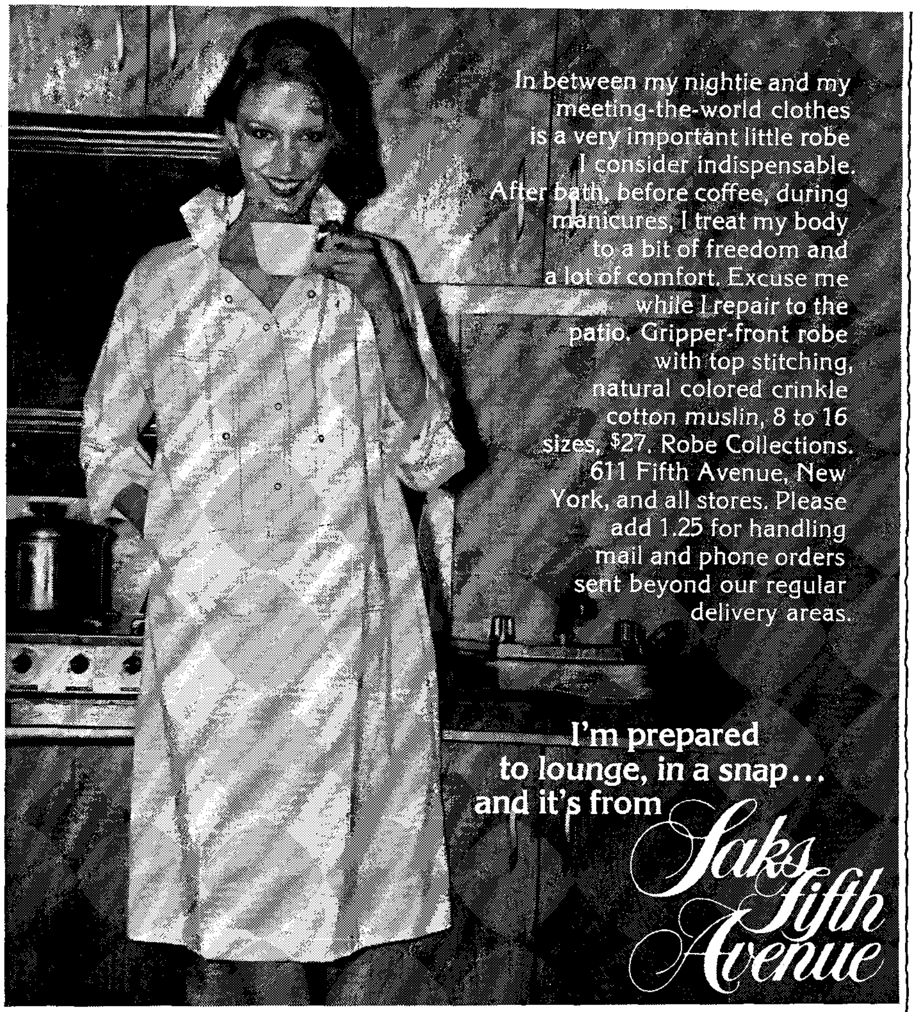
members of a people's panel, and he can manipulate them more or less as he pleases. An unscrupulous prosecutor, for instance, can easily make a witness who tries to assert his exceedingly limited rights look guilty merely for asserting them. If a prosecutor asks a witness a seemingly innocuous leadoff question such as "What newspapers do you read?" or "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" and the witness refuses to answer on the ground that his response may tend to incriminate him—meaning, of course, that if he waives his right to silence by answering that harmless question he will have to answer a lot of possibly incriminating ones—the grand jurors are apt to conclude that the witness is simply obstructing justice. Also, prosecutors can easily browbeat witnesses by embarrassing them. Shortly after Turgeon and Grusse had been questioned by the New Haven grand jury the first time, a federal grand jury in Lexington, Kentucky, which was looking into reports that Saxe and Power had hidden out in a lesbian community there, allowed the U.S. Attorney in charge to ask several women who were subpoenaed and put under oath, "What is your sexual preference?" For refusing to answer this question, among others, the women were found in contempt and sent to prison. And, as Avery had warned his clients, once they were both given immunity each of them could be forced to testify against the other, and thereby provide the government with "independent" evidence—if such existed—against both of them.

Assistant U.S. Attorney Dow impressed Turgeon and Grusse as being anything but vindictive or ruthless in their case. When they first appeared before the grand jury, he went out of his way to warn them of various matters that he was under no obligation to reveal—that they were not targets of the grand jury's investigation, that they could still be prosecuted if they revealed any crimes they had committed, that they had the right to plead the Fifth Amendment and remain silent unless they were granted immunity, and that they could be prosecuted for perjury if they testified and lied. Of course, he must have known that Avery had already told his clients about these matters. Even so, the women regarded Dow with sympathy and even fondness. "He's a decent man—very personable and affable," Grusse said. "I think he really believes that what he's doing is right. But what he believes is right is that he should do everything in his power to catch a couple of people who are accused of bank robbery and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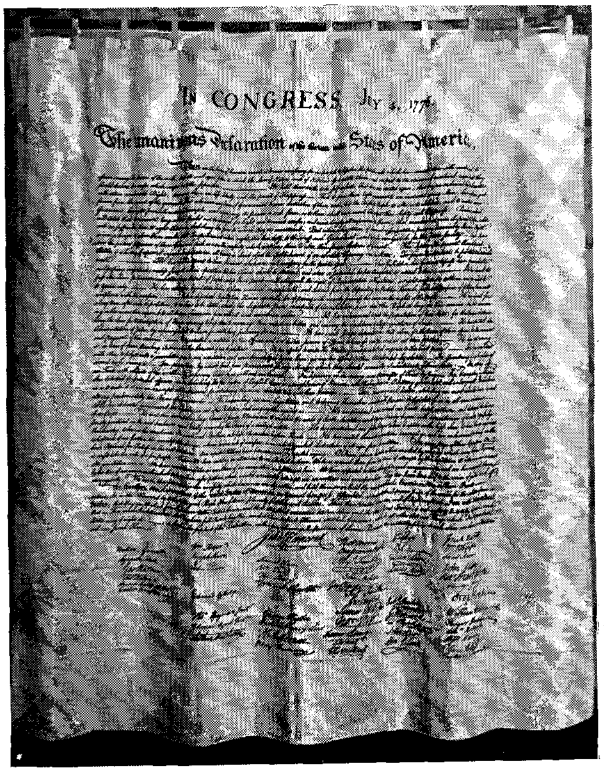
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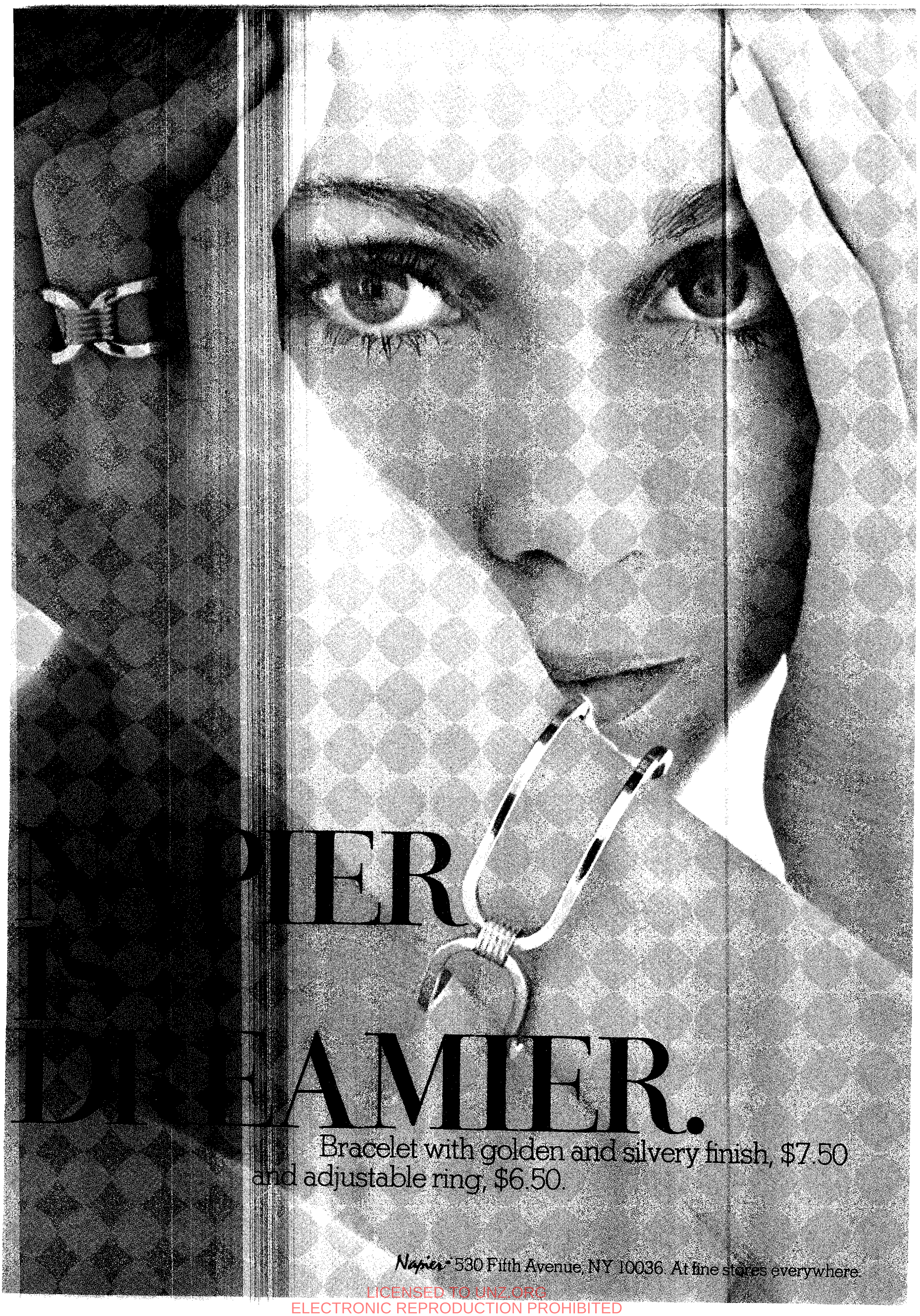
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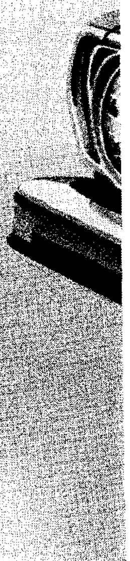

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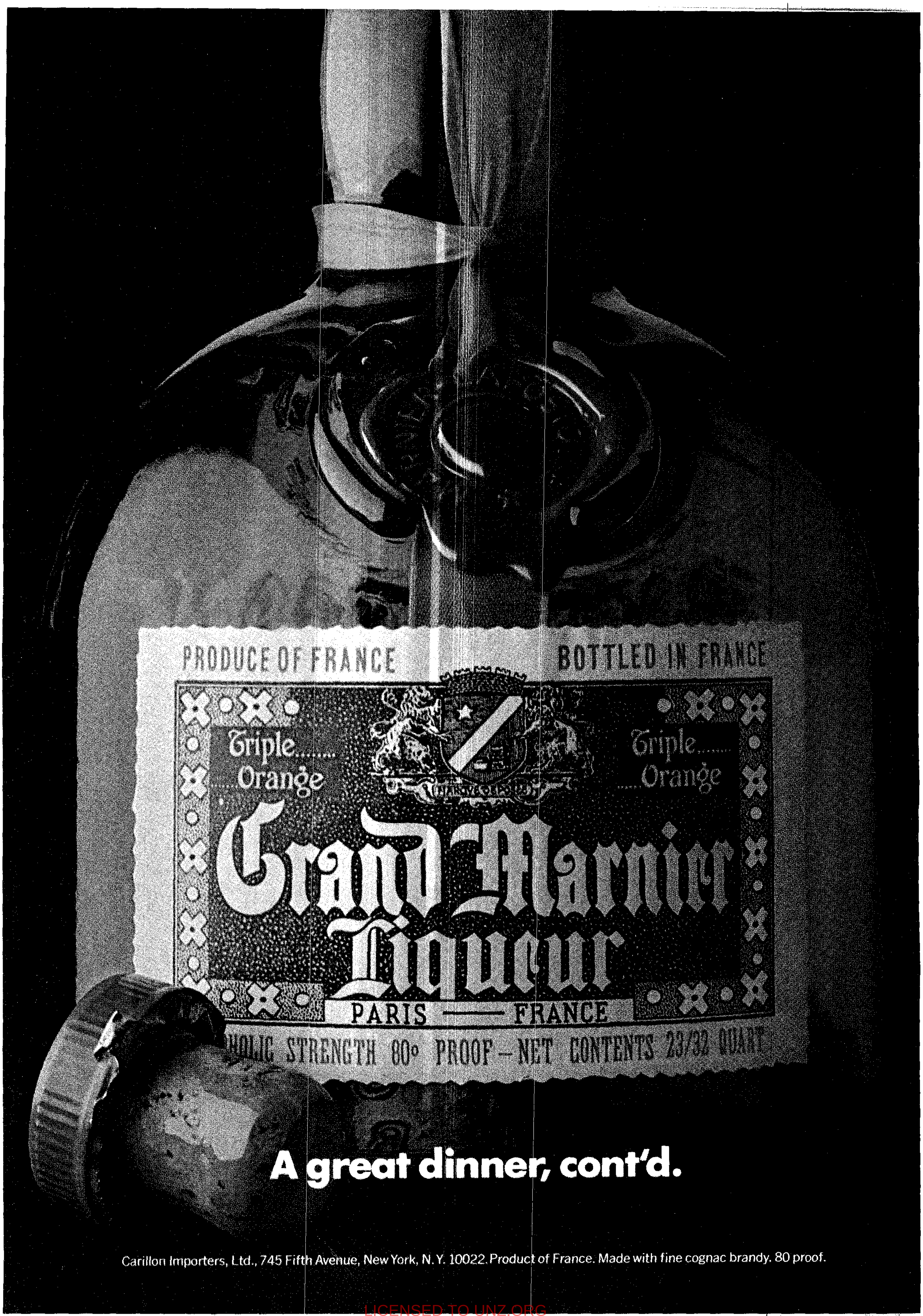
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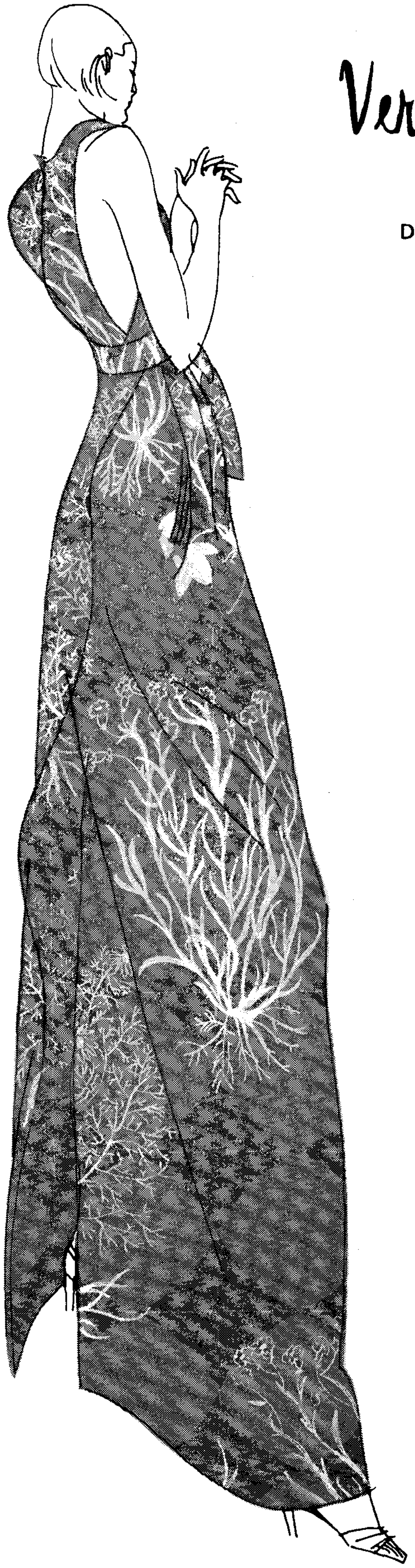
murder. And to do that he will close his eyes to the real problems in this case—the political and legal issues involved and the personal rights being sacrificed. Our individual rights, our sense of our own integrity, our duty to ourselves mean nothing to him. All he can talk about is that dead policeman who left nine kids. I'm sorry about that, too, but I had nothing to do with it, and I have nothing to say now that Dow has any right to know."

Both she and Turgeon felt that although Dow was fair to them, he might as well have been unfair, since his purpose was to force them to betray themselves or go to prison. In Turgeon's view, Dow was also a victim of the F.B.I.'s frantic search for Saxe and Power. "I don't think he set out to do this to us," she explained. "In fact, I don't think the F.B.I. set out to do it, either. I think the Bureau was really embarrassed at not being able to catch two little women for all that time. The whole thing just got out of hand for the F.B.I. and in the end for Dow, too. Because we stood up to the system, they came to see us not as a couple of helpless individuals but as two tough radicals, maybe even criminals, who were nearly as bad as Saxe and Power. When the search for them began, the F.B.I. had no idea of how broad and deep the women's movement was. I don't mean the women's-libbers, the bra-burners, and the equal-pay advocates. I mean the serious revolutionaries who believe that society has to be turned upside down before there can be any true equality for women and any real justice. I think this discovery really scared the F.B.I., and then it saw the Saxe-Power investigation as a cover for finding out more about this radical 'network,' as they call it. So all we are—and maybe all Dow is—are tools in this investigation of the women's movement."

AFTER Judge Newman gave Grusse and Turgeon immunity on February 13th, the two women, together with Avery and Diane Polan, his legal assistant who did most of the research for the case, left the courtroom—on the second floor of the New Haven post-office building—and headed down the broad, marble-floored corridor toward the grand-jury room around the corner. When they got there, Avery held Grusse and Turgeon in a huddle with his arms around their shoulders and whispered some last-minute instructions to them. He had little encouragement to offer, because he had been convinced by his study of the grand-jury system that his clients'



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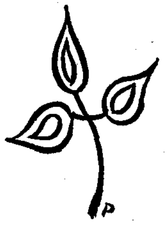
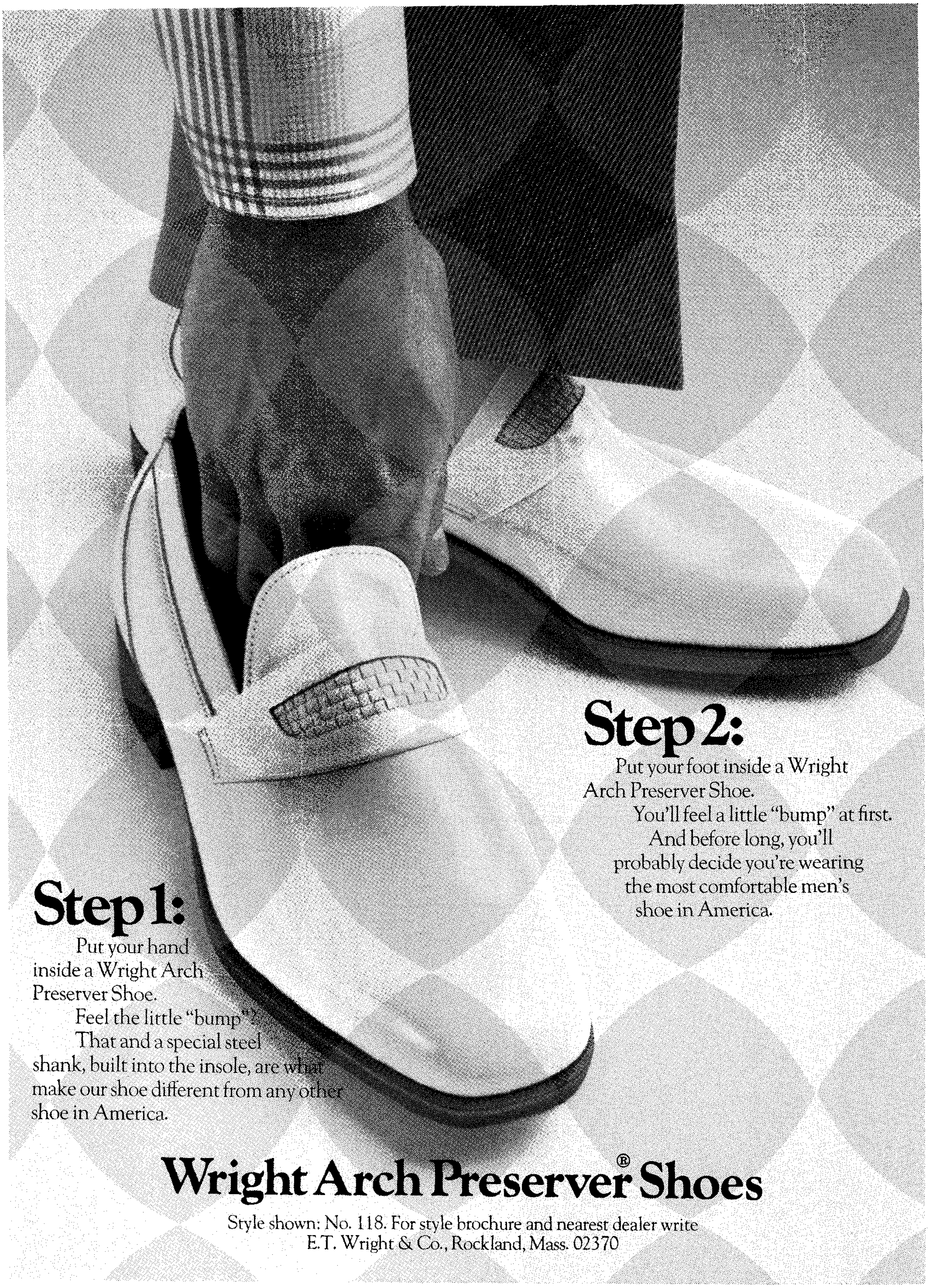
chances of remaining both silent and free were slight. "I knew that I was legally helpless," he said afterward. "It was the most frustrating and discouraging experience I'd had so far in practicing law. It's terrible for a lawyer to have to stand there and not be able to do anything for a client—really nothing at all except go through the motions and hope that the other side will make a mistake. A lawyer shouldn't get too emotionally involved with clients, because it destroys his objectivity and effectiveness, but I couldn't help being involved with these women. I really sympathized with them."



Dow summoned Turgeon before the grand jury first, put her under oath, and asked if she understood that the grant of immunity supplanted her Fifth Amendment right to remain silent, and that if she testified and lied she might be prosecuted for perjury. Turgeon nodded, and Dow put his first question to her: Had she appeared before this same grand jury on January 28th? At first, Turgeon assumed that this was one of those seemingly inoffensive questions designed to trap her into waiving her right to silence, but then she realized that the grant of use immunity had deprived her of that right. Following the plan she and Grusse had drawn up with Avery, she wrote down the question, then asked if she could consult her lawyer. The foreman of the grand jury gave her permission—after a glance at Dow, who nodded, almost imperceptibly—and Turgeon left the room and returned in a few minutes carrying a slip of paper on which Avery had written her answer, which she read to the grand jury: "Upon the advice of counsel, I respectfully refuse to answer the question on the grounds that it and these proceedings violate my rights under the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth, Ninth, and Fourteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution, and under the United States Code, and for the reason that I believe I have been the object of illegal electronic and personal surveillance by the government, and for the reason that this proceeding and this question constitute an abuse of the grand-jury process." It was a constitutional mouthful, but it was largely irrelevant, since courts have generally treated grand-jury proceedings as being exempt from the ordinary constitutional protections. Still, the statement contained the two legal issues that were to end up being at the heart of the case: whether or not there had been illegal eavesdropping, and whether or not there had been abuse of the grand jury. The first point was a new one, and Avery raised it both because he and his associates in the case believed there was a strong possibility that the government had illegally kept them or their clients under surveillance and because the Supreme Court had ruled in 1972, by way of Gelbard v. United States, that when the government is asked by grand-jury witnesses about its use of illegal surveillance as a basis for the questions asked them, the failure to deny the use of such eavesdropping relieves the witnesses of all obligation to testify. (This ruling, which was opposed by all four of Nixon's appointees to the Court, was based not on constitutional grounds but on statutory grounds—that is, on the intent of Congress as expressed in a 1968 act governing electronic surveillance.)

Dow then asked Turgeon if she knew Saxe and Power; she again requested permission to see her lawyer, went outside, came back into the room, and gave the same response. Dow went on to describe the crimes that Saxe and Power had been charged with, and said, "It is believed that either or both Power and Saxe lived for a period of time in Connecticut, and that you knew them, and that you may have information as to other people who knew them who might have assisted or aided them while they were in this state, and [who] might otherwise be guilty of some criminal involvement with them. That is the purpose of this grand-jury inquiry. I'd like to know when you last saw either [of them], where that was, when that was, who they were with." After going through the same routine, Turgeon gave the same answer. This time, Dow warned her that she faced contempt-of-court charges, and then asked several more questions that were slight variations on the main question, all of which Turgeon responded to with the same answer. Finally, she was dismissed.

Dow asked Grusse somewhat different questions about Saxe, Power, and anyone who might have known them in Connecticut. Grusse gave the same answers as Turgeon had, but then added a long statement at the end: "Furthermore, I firmly believe that I have been called before the grand jury because I have chosen to exercise my right not to speak with the F.B.I. My decision not to speak to them is based on the moral belief that the investigation the government is engaged in will violate my basic constitutional and hu-



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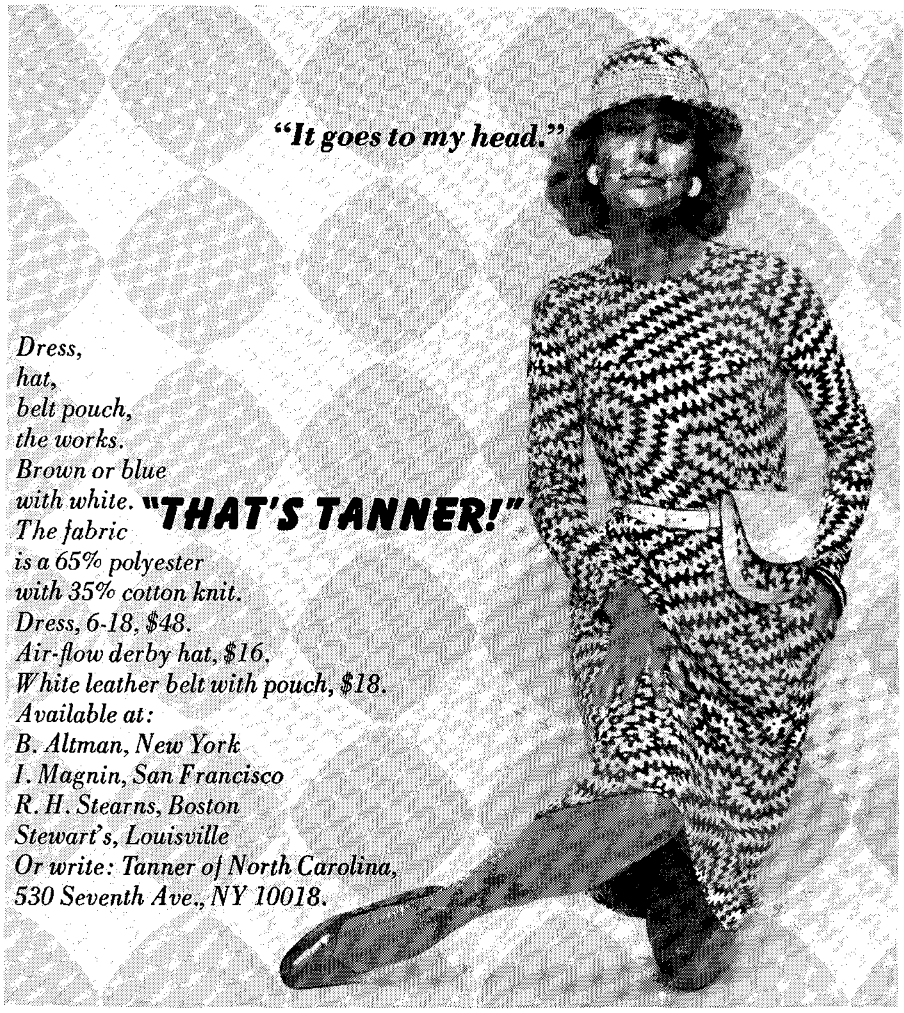
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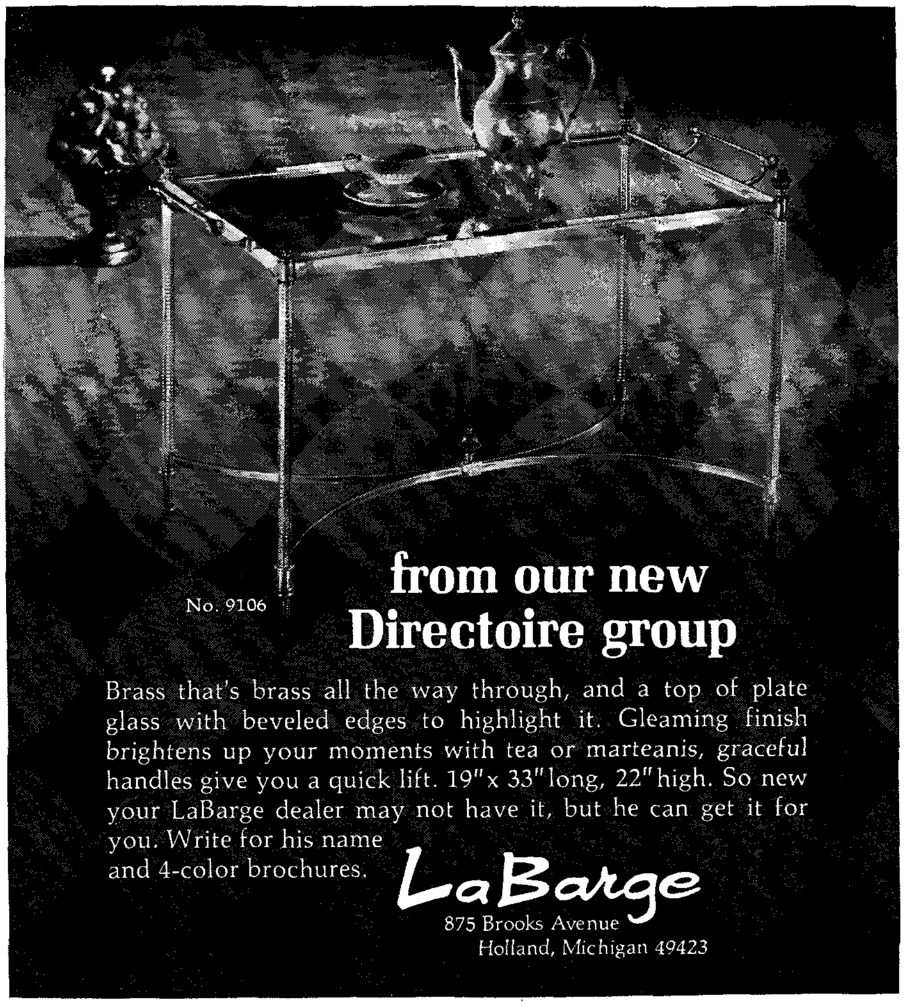
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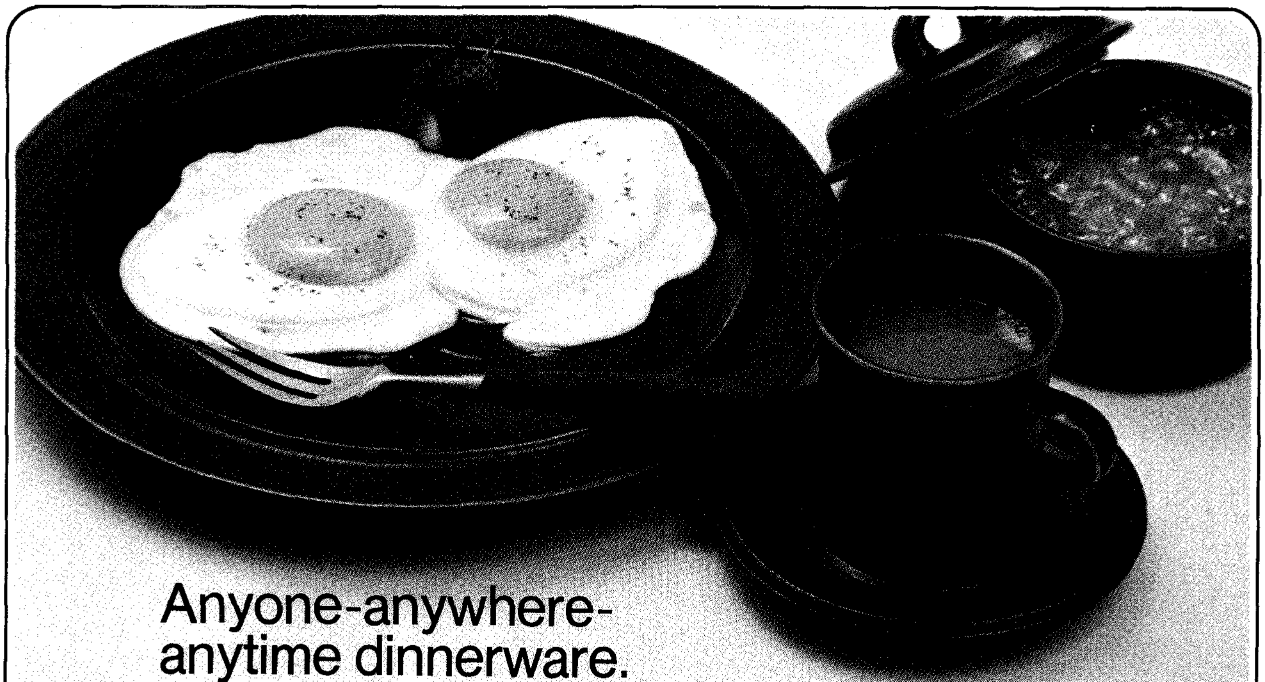
man rights. . . . I believe that every person has the right to keep her affairs private without intervention by government agents. I am also aware that the government, acting through the F.B.I. and grand juries, has used inquiries such as this to harass and gather information on political persons in recent years, and I do not care to be a party to that process. It's also true that there is no basis for investigating any criminal activity in the state of Connecticut, and that the grand-jury system and you, the jurors, are being used as tools of the F.B.I. to further their investigation. This is not a legitimate use of the grand jury, and I respectfully request that you excuse me on those grounds."

Dow asked Grusse if she intended to refuse to answer all questions. Before he could finish, though, the foreman unexpectedly broke in and said, "Could I ask one question?" Looking surprised, Dow nodded, whereupon the foreman turned to Grusse. "Do you understand the description of the reason that you are being called here, that Attorney Dow just stated?" he asked her. "Do you understand that the purpose of this grand jury is to investigate a crime that was committed in Boston in 1970, and your possible knowledge of any of—of any of the facts concerning the whereabouts of the people, the perpetrators of the crime? Do you understand that is the reason why you are being asked to be here?" Of course, the foreman's question, or statement, about the grand jury's purpose was not only at odds with Dow's statement about that purpose, it was a clear admission that the grand jury was improperly seeking to help the government catch a couple of fugitives—unless the foreman had no understanding of what had been going on during the grand jury's investigation of the Saxe-Power case.

Dow hastily interrupted to say, "Let me amplify that to a degree, if I could, Mr. Foreman, to indicate that the scope of the inquiry goes beyond the crime itself that was committed in Boston, but activities of the individuals believed to have committed those crimes in the state of Connecticut, such as involving—such as possible assistance to those suspects by other individuals in the state. Is that your understanding?"

Although Dow's flapping syntax put the question beyond understanding, the foreman replied, "That's right."

Apparently, Dow had meant to say that the grand jury's inquiry included crimes committed in Connecticut, which put the witnesses under the jurisdiction of the grand jury. But his



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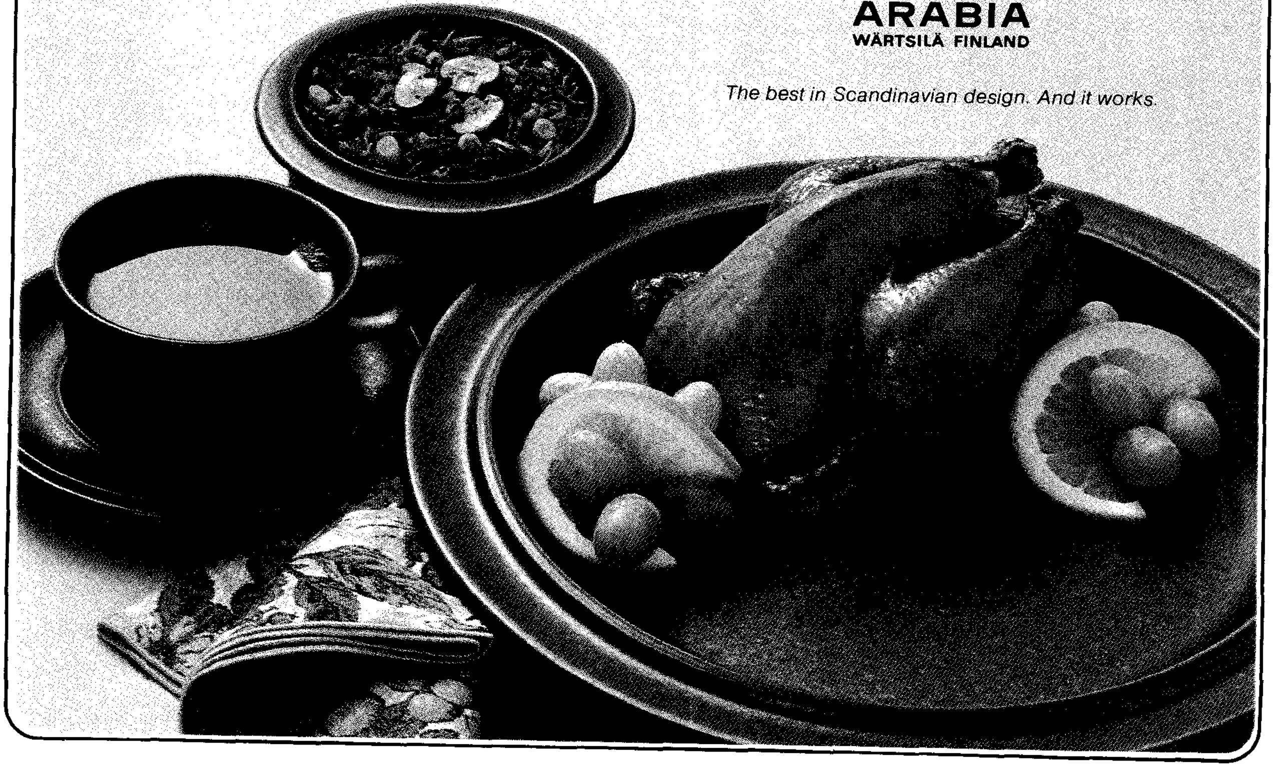

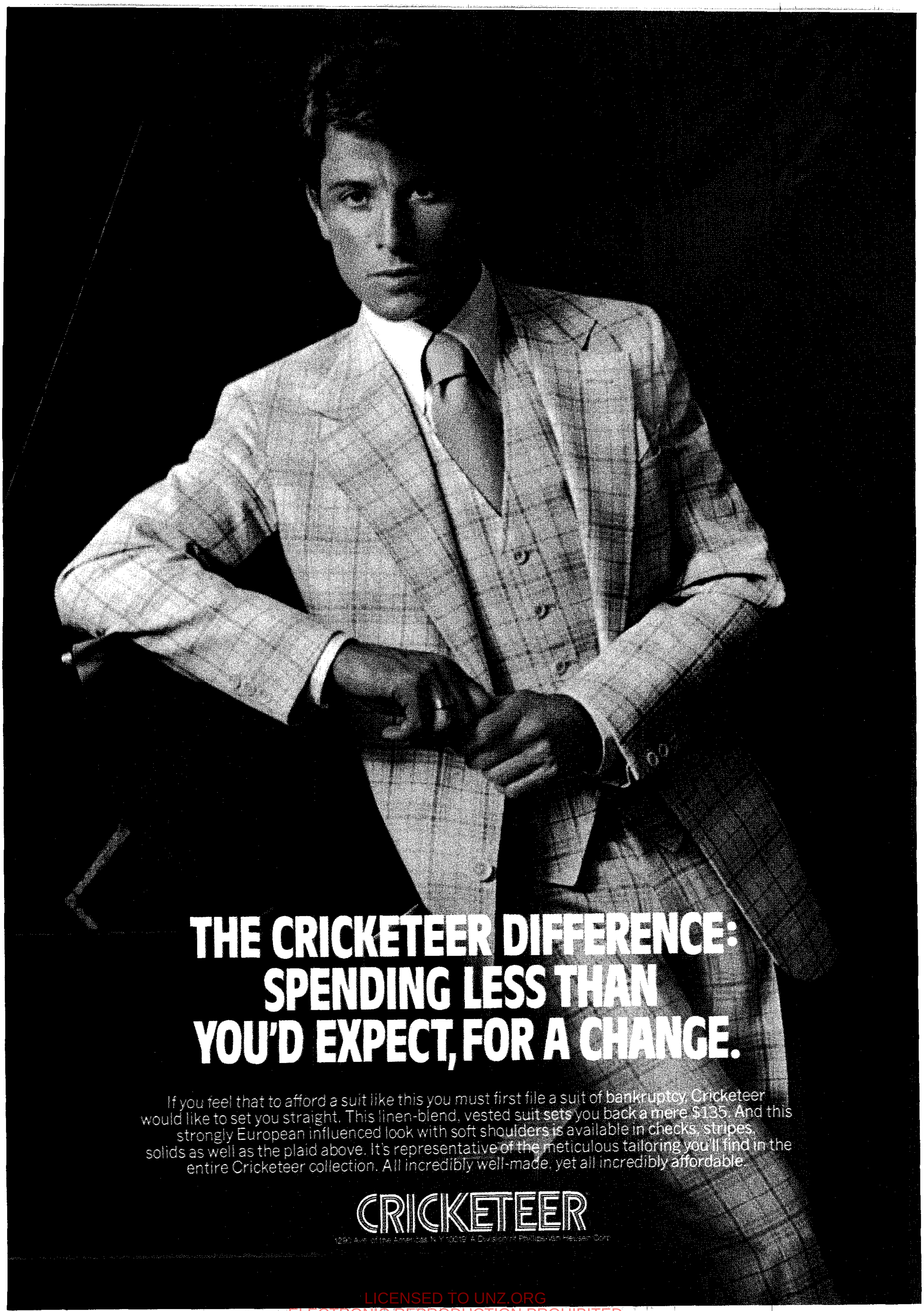

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"amplification" did not diminish the significance of the foreman's statement, which had unmistakably made clear that in his view the purpose of the grand jury was to get information about a crime committed in another jurisdiction and about two people who had already been indicted for that crime—a doubly improper purpose. Of course, the foreman could have got this impression from only one source—Dow, who had decided what evidence was to be presented to the grand jury. And yet no one who had dealt with Dow in the case from the witnesses' side doubted his decency, sincerity, or devotion to duty. "Dow spent several years working the other side of the street as a public defender in Washington, D.C.," one of the lawyers in the case said shortly after Grusse and Turgeon were granted use immunity. "He's an honorable fellow, and he doesn't like to think of himself as an oppressor. That's why he keeps talking about the nine kids that policeman left. He's trying to convince himself that he's behaving properly so he can uphold his liberal credentials. At the start of this case, we thought he would push it a little to satisfy his superiors and then would realize that he was doing something wrong and would drop it. But he didn't. He's pushed it all the way. His rationalization is that this is a local investigation of lawbreaking in this district, but it's clearly not that. Whatever Dow's own goal is, the Feds are obviously intent not on just finding Saxe and Power but on uncovering nationwide radical connections in the women's movement."

Dow's reliance on the legal but fundamentally unfair instruments of official inquisition—use immunity and the unbridled power of the grand jury—to achieve the laudable goal of bringing to justice two people accused of vicious crimes reminded an observer of Justice Louis Brandeis's famous warning: "Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasion of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding."

AFTER Grusse and Turgeon refused to testify, Dow filed a motion with the court asking that they be ordered to answer the grand jury's questions, and Judge Newman set a hearing on the motion for the next morning. At the hearing, Dow put on

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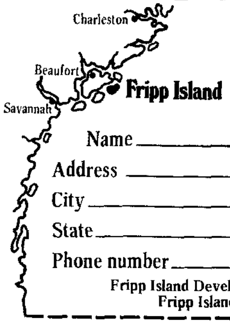

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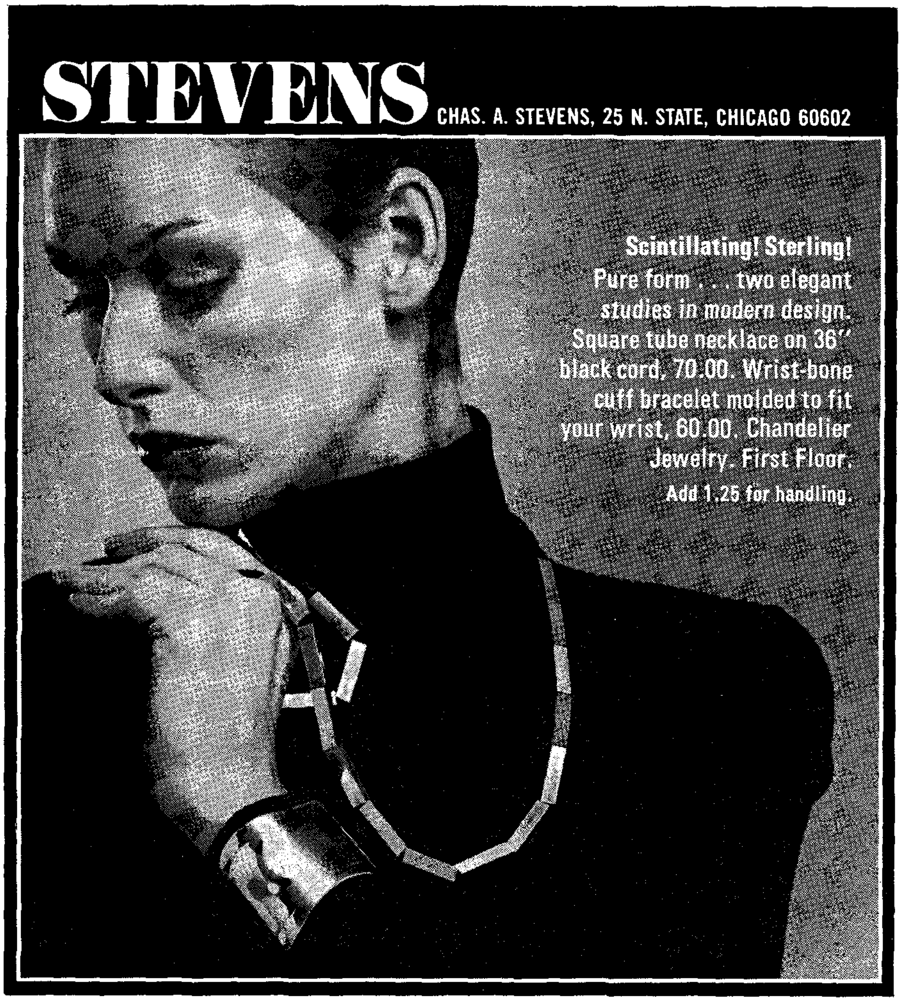
the stand the court reporter assigned to the grand jury, and he read his stenographic notes of the questions asked by Dow, the witnesses' refusals to answer, the foreman's statement about the grand jury's purpose, and Dow's attempt to "amplify" it. When Avery got his turn, he bore down on the foreman's remarks to prove that the grand jury was being improperly used by the government. It was clearly the prosecutor's intention, Avery said, to turn over to the F.B.I. any evidence presented to the grand jury about Saxe and Power, which would violate the strict secrecy imposed by law on grand-jury proceedings as far as any member of the jury or any official of the government was concerned.

Judge Newman regarded both arguments with indifference, and at the end of the hearing he said, "Essentially, when all is said and done, it seems to me as if the witnesses are really asserting what they conceive to be a constitutionally protected right of privacy. It's understandable they may have a personal preference not to assist a grand jury [in] uncovering evidence of the commission of federal crimes, but their preference must give way to the legitimate power of the grand jury to have their testimony. . . . There is no showing before me whatsoever of any harassing or unnecessarily personalized inquiry. The situation might be different if in a very extraordinary case intimate personal details were being probed for no apparent legitimate purpose. That's not this case at all." Newman then instructed Dow to write down the questions he had asked the two witnesses, and said that he would order the women to go back before the grand jury later that day and answer them or face contempt of court. At two o'clock that afternoon, Grusse and Turgeon appeared before the grand jury and refused to answer the questions on the same grounds. Afterward, Dow filed a motion asking the court to find them in contempt, and Judge Newman set February 18th, four days later, for a hearing on that motion.

Early on the morning of the eighteenth, Avery and David Rosen—another young New Haven lawyer who worked with him on the case—filed a forty-two-page brief setting down all the legal issues that they had not had time to present to the court formally. They also filed a motion claiming "unlawful electronic surveillance" and demanding that the government deny there had been taps on any of the telephones used by the principals, their lawyers, and a few associates who had



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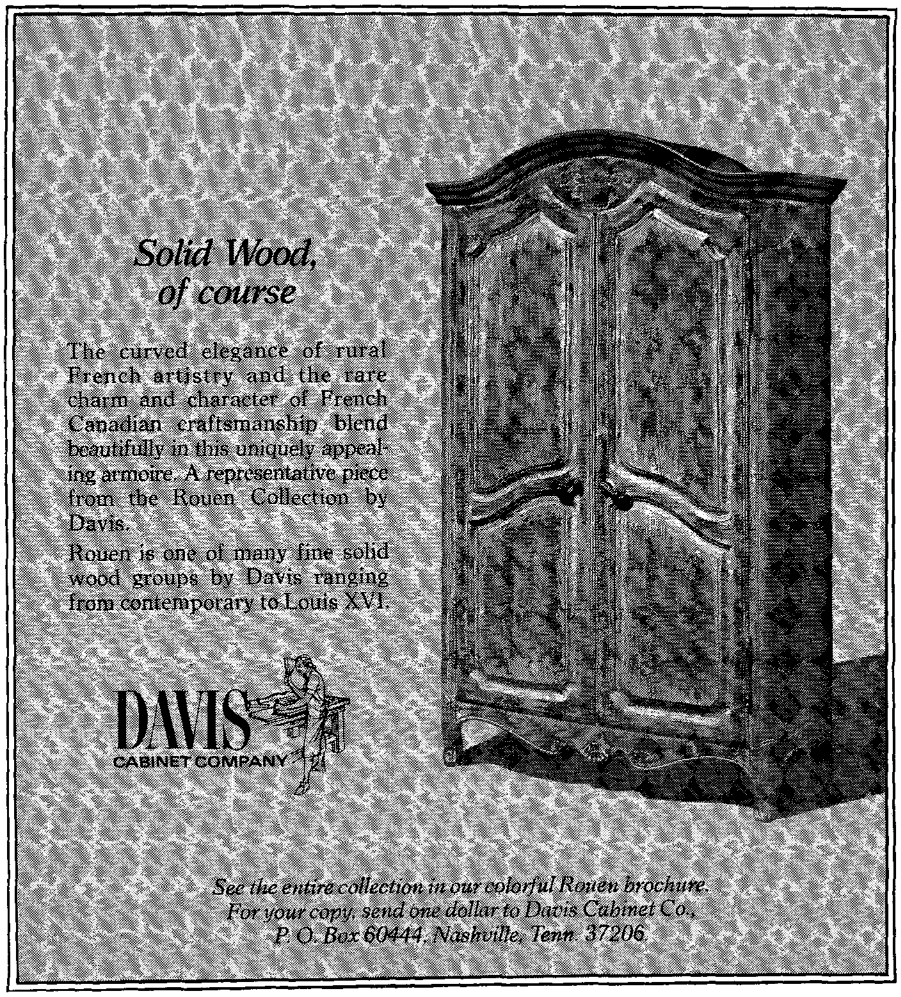

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been involved in the case. To support this motion, Avery and Rosen filed seven affidavits indicating why they thought there had been wiretapping of certain telephones by the government. In reply, Dow the same day filed a half-page affidavit swearing that he had checked all the names listed on the affidavits, and adding, "I hereby state that there has been no electronic surveillance or interception of wire or oral communications of those individuals named." Just before the February 18th hearing, Avery subpoenaed an F.B.I. agent working on the Saxe-Power case in Connecticut, but at the hearing Dow opposed the subpoena, and Judge Newman asked Avery to explain his reasons for wanting the agent to testify. Avery replied that he merely wanted to ask him why he had requested that Dow summon Grusse and Turgeon before the grand jury in the first place, and to find out whether the F.B.I. already had the information that it was seeking from the two women. In other words, Avery hoped to show that the F.B.I. was more interested in harassing the witnesses than in getting their testimony. Moreover, Avery went on, he wanted to call Dow to the stand, to ask him whether he intended to pass on to the F.B.I. whatever might be learned from Grusse and Turgeon, despite the rule imposing secrecy on everyone involved in grand-jury hearings except the witnesses. Judge Newman denied both requests. "I am satisfied that the representations concerning the inquiry of the grand jury as to possible violations of federal law in the District of Connecticut are sufficient to justify the grand jury asking the particular questions that were put to these witnesses," he said. Then he announced that he would deliver his finding on the contempt motion the following day.

In court the next day, Judge Newman informed Avery that the government had just submitted to him a sealed affidavit containing the evidence it possessed to demonstrate its reasons for asking Turgeon and Grusse the questions posed to them by Dow before the grand jury—reasons that included some evidence against Grusse and Turgeon themselves. (Although the judge in such a case can examine a sealed affidavit, neither the witnesses nor their lawyers are permitted to see it.) The government, Newman added, had promised the court that if it sought to indict the two witnesses for any crimes, the evidence it now had would be presented before a grand jury other than the one they had so far refused to testify before. Then, ruling that Dow's

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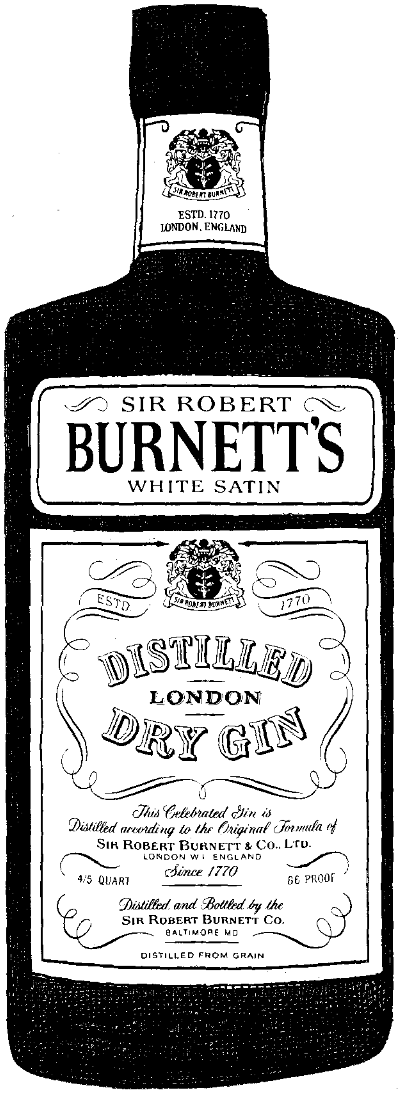

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denial of illegal surveillance was sufficient and that there was no reason to believe that the grand jury was being improperly used or that the witnesses were being harassed by the F.B.I., the Judge found Grusse and Turgeon in contempt of court. He ordered them "remanded to the custody of the United States marshal until such time as they elect to purge their contempt by testifying, but in no event for longer than the expiration of the term of the grand jury on April 1, 1975." Finally, he delayed execution of his order for five days, to allow the women time to appeal.

"Our feeling of helplessness is just incredible," Turgeon said afterward. "In a case of this sort, it's really hard to feel at all like a person. We can't express ourselves in any way. Everything that is said in court has to be said by our lawyers. They've been wonderful, but when the values we hold dear are translated into legal language they lose all personal meaning. They become so abstract that everyone forgets there are people involved—except those people. The frustration is awful, because the truth is lost in all the legalisms. The basic truth is that we have the right to silence. The issues of grand-jury abuse, wiretapping, harassment by the F.B.I. are beside the point. But the truth doesn't matter. What matters is power, and all the power is on the other side."

ON February 20th, the day after Judge Newman's decision, Avery and Rosen filed a notice of intent to appeal it and another motion for a stay in carrying out the contempt citation until the appeal was ruled on. Then Dow filed a motion asking the Court of Appeals to deny any delay, on the ground that the contempt law prohibited this if an "appeal is frivolous or taken for the purposes of delay"—both of which, Dow contended, applied to the case at hand; moreover, he said, since the law requires the Court of Appeals to rule on such an appeal in not more than thirty days, if that court took its full allotment of time there would be only eleven more days until the term of the grand jury ran out, which "would render the adjudication of contempt meaningless." On February 21st, the Court of Appeals rejected Dow's arguments, and on the twenty-fifth the court gave the two women two days to prepare their appeals for oral argument before a panel of three judges.

Since Avery was occupied with other cases in New Haven, he decided to call in a specialist in appellate and constitutional law—a young woman named Kristin Booth Glen, whom he had known for years. Glen had got her early legal training in the law offices of Leonard Boudin, one of the most accomplished legal practitioners on the political left, and then she taught at New York University Law School and worked with the National Lawyers Guild, in New York, until she went into private practice. The Guild, which was set up forty years ago, and played a major role in defending victims of congressional witch hunts against the left in the early nineteen-fifties, had responded to the Nixon Administration's misuse of the grand-jury system to persecute the President's political opponents by setting up a group to study the legal ins and outs of that system. By the time the Grusse-Turgeon case came along, the standard legal work on the subject was a thick Guild handbook, which was used by lawyers on both sides in such cases. Armed with the handbook and assisted by consultants at the Guild, Glen set up a legal command center in a friend's office in New York, and for two days and most of two nights—the extraordinarily short time allotted by the Court of Appeals—she worked on the crucial issue of electronic surveillance for her part of the appellate brief. Back in New Haven, Avery, Rosen, Polan, and a battery of students from Yale Law School worked on their part of the appeal—abuse of the grand-jury system. "It was an around-the-clock job," Polan said later. "We had to drop everything else at the office to work on the brief."

In the end, the brief ran to forty-seven pages, and ranged over a wide variety of complicated technical matters. Overall, though, it concentrated on Avery's two major points: that the government's denial of surveillance had been inadequate and that there had been flagrantly improper use of the grand-jury process. On the first issue, Glen pointed out that the government's "search" of its surveillance records had consisted of a few telephone conversations between Dow and the F.B.I. agent in charge of the Saxe-Power case in Connecticut, who had reported that his surveillance records showed no sign of any surveillance's having been conducted on Grusse, Turgeon, or any of the lawyers and legal assistants in the case. Apparently, Dow had not asked the agent to check any records in the offices of the F.B.I. or other government agencies in Washington that commonly engage in electronic surveillance. Citing a 1974 decision of the

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same court she was appealing to—the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit—Glen asserted that its own ruling then had required a government prosecutor who was challenged on the issue of illegal surveillance to show by affidavit each of the agencies that was checked and its specific written denials that any conversations of anyone using any of the telephones involved had been overheard. (Government wiretapping and bugging, both legal and illegal, have become so widespread that the Second Circuit often requires what is called an "eight-agency check"—of the F.B.I., the Secret Service, the Internal Revenue Service, the Customs Service, the Drug Enforcement Administration, the Postal Service, the Criminal Division of the Justice Department, and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. Actually, though, at least twenty-six federal agencies conduct surveillance of private citizens.)

On the issue of improper use of the grand jury, Avery quoted the foreman's statement about the New Haven grand jury's purpose, which, he said, constituted "a prima-facie case of abuse of the grand-jury function." Quoting the Second Circuit's opinion in an eleven-year-old case on this issue, he reminded the court that it had said there, "It is improper to utilize a grand jury for the sole or dominating purpose of preparing an already pending indictment for trial." Once there was such evidence of abuse as the foreman's admission, Avery argued, Judge Newman had erred in depriving Grusse and Turgeon of their right to due process of law in the contempt hearings by refusing to let them call witnesses on their behalf—that is, the F.B.I. agent and Dow—to ask why they had been subpoenaed in the first place. Further, he said, the District Court had jurisdiction over the grand jury, and Newman had also erred by failing to halt the government's use of a grand jury in one federal district to investigate crimes committed in another district, as well as by failing to prohibit the government from violating grand-jury secrecy by passing on information obtained in secret proceedings to agencies like the Department of Justice.

In reply, Dow submitted a twenty-seven-page brief, in which he declared that his affidavit denying the use of electronic surveillance was sufficient under the rules laid down in that circuit. "[The witnesses'] claim that the grand jury is preparing an already indicted case for trial, even if true, does not constitute an abuse of the grand

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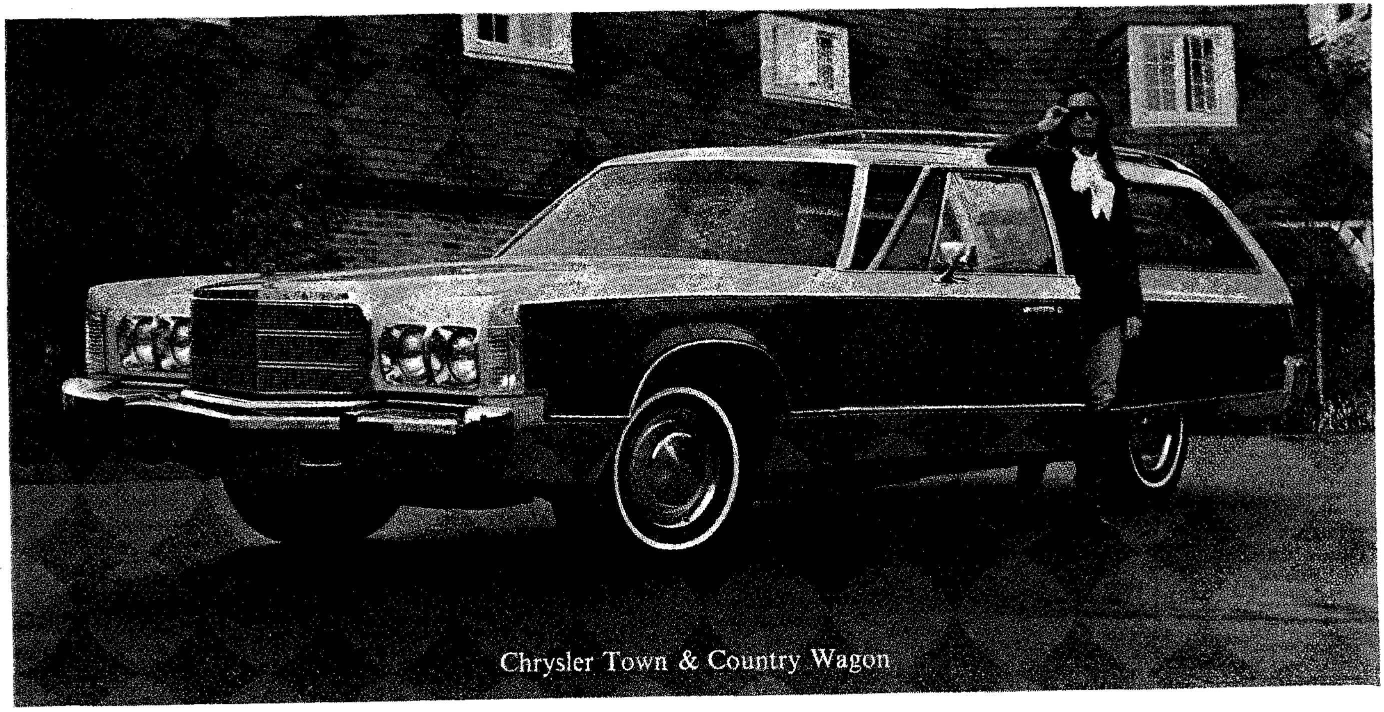

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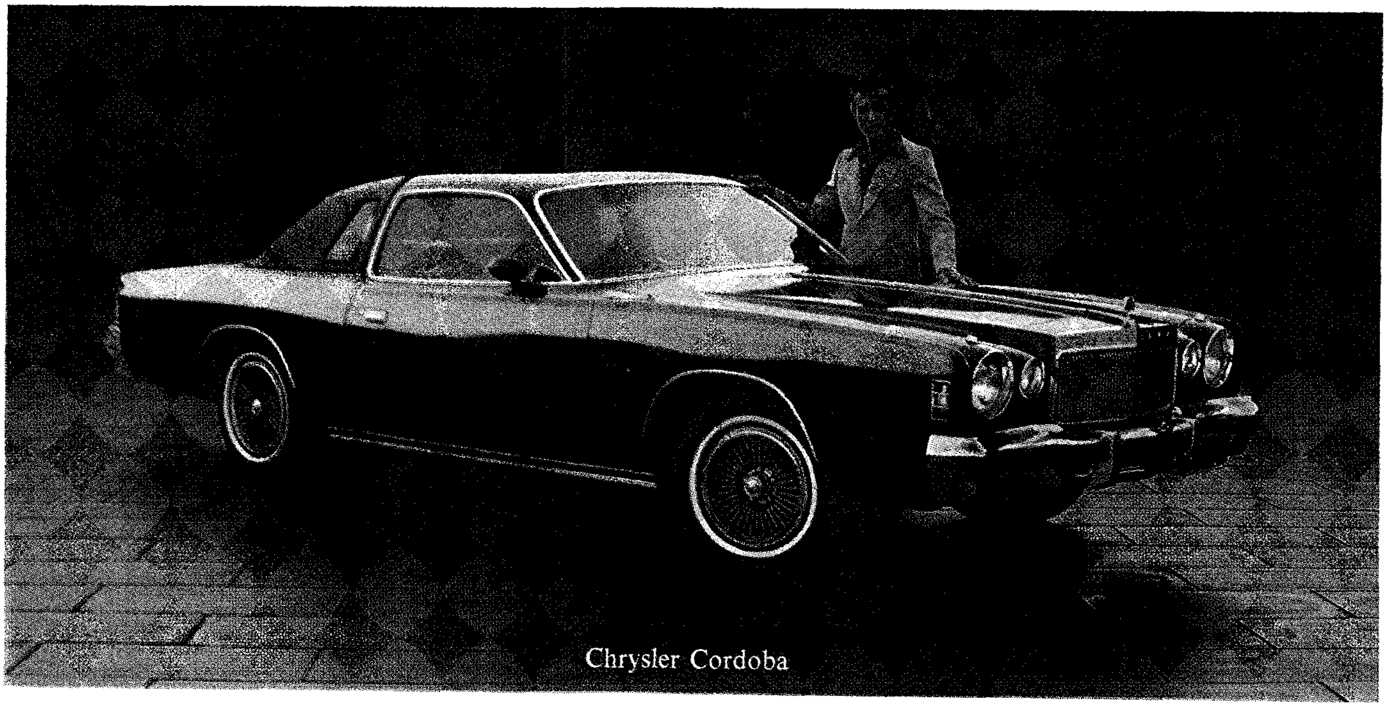

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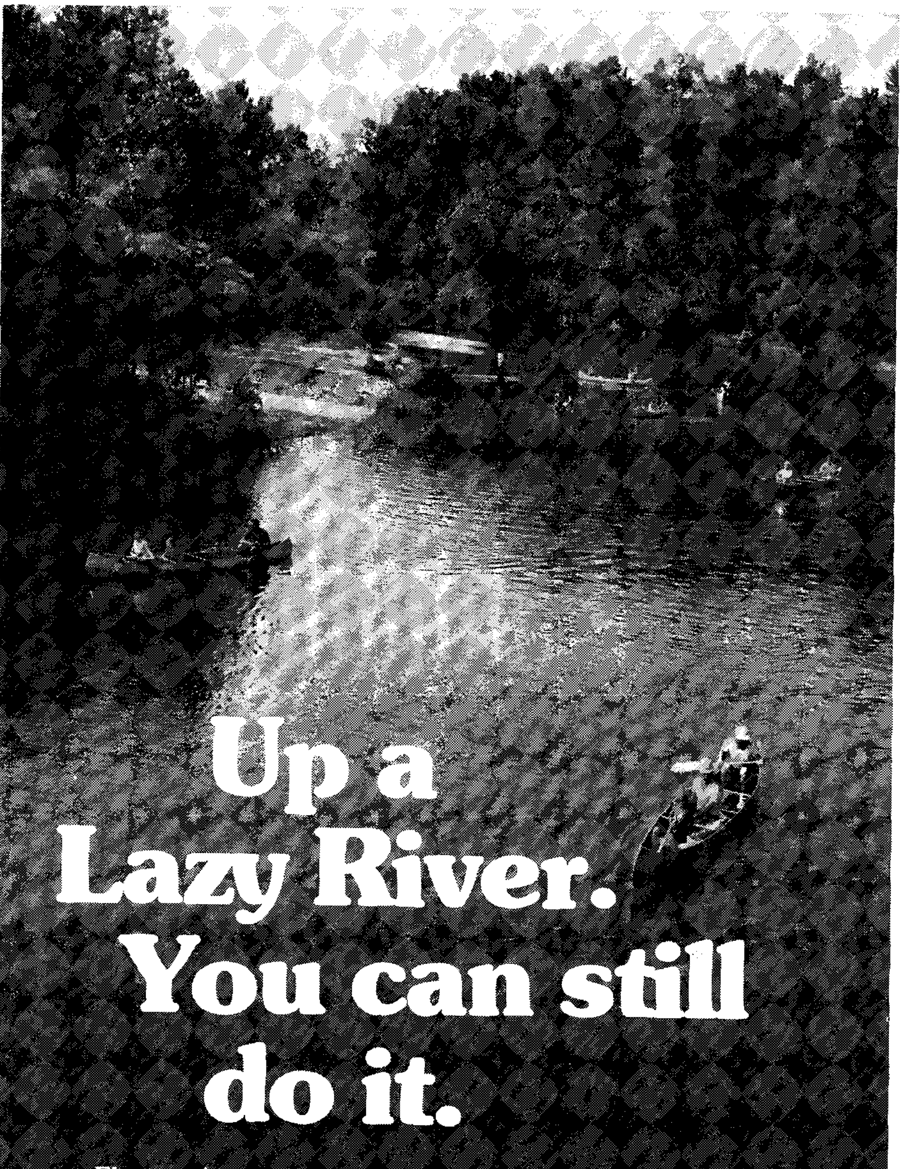
jury," he went on. "While it is often argued that a grand jury cannot continue to hear evidence in a case in which it has already returned an indictment, the cases most often cited to support that proposition do not do so." He then analyzed the cases most often cited, and concluded that as long as a grand jury's investigation of indicted suspects was not its "sole or dominant purpose," the courts could not interfere with the process. Nor, he said, could he find a "court decision which would prohibit a grand jury from investigating the whereabouts of fugitives for the sole purpose of achieving their apprehension." And, finally, he contended that it was wholly proper for him to pass grand-jury evidence on to an agency like the F.B.I.

The issues were clearly drawn, and the Court of Appeals chose to ignore them altogether. At the end of the oral arguments, on the afternoon of February 27th, the three judges recessed for ten minutes and then reconvened to read their two-to-one decision upholding the government—a decision that had obviously been prepared before the oral arguments. In the formal opinion that was filed later, Judge William Timbers, formerly chief judge of the District Court in Connecticut and a Nixon appointee, spoke for himself and Judge J. Edward Lumbard, a former U.S. Attorney. The opinion was based on three points. First, Timbers said, there was "the strong public policy reflected in the statute" enacting contempt-of-court penalties for refusing to testify after being granted use immunity and in the "congressional concern over disruption of smooth and efficient operation of the grand-jury system." Of course, "the strong public policy" was the Nixon policy of destroying his "enemies" by way of use immunity and the power of the grand jury. Federal courts traditionally examine what is known as the "intent" of Congress in interpreting its legislation, and Judge Timbers took the overwhelming congressional support for the bill that the contempt and use-immunity provisions were part of—the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970—as evidence of Congress's firm intent. As it happened, though, neither use immunity nor any other part of that act received more than cursory attention by Congress, whose members knew that they risked defeat at the polls if they voted in an election year against anything called the Organized Crime Control Act when the public's fear of crime, which the Administration had largely created



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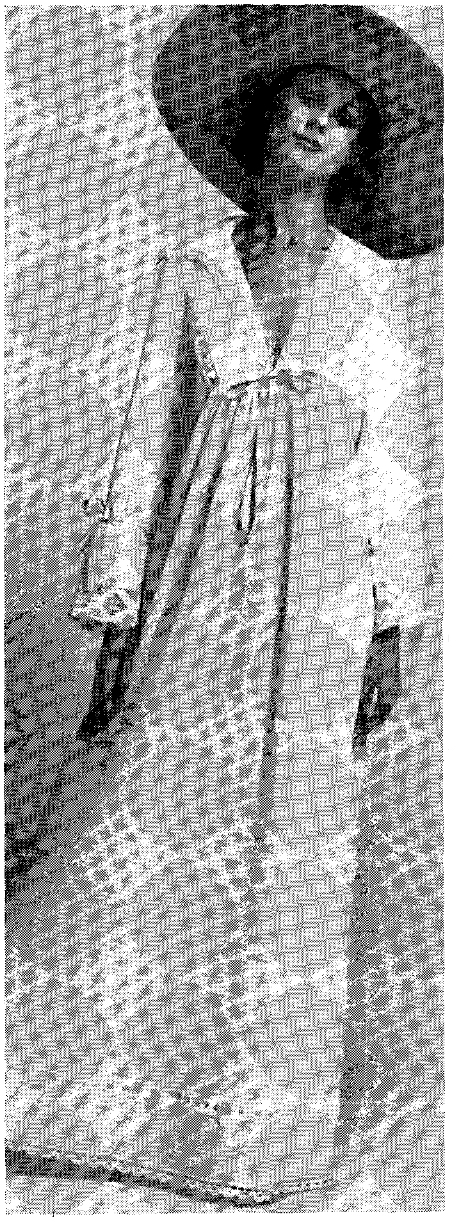

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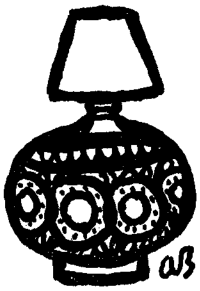
and had then relied on when it proposed the legislation, was at such a feverish height. Actually, many of the members who voted for the bill—only twenty-six representatives and one senator voted against it—trusted that the courts would undo the effects of their cowardice by overturning many parts of the law, which was the most malevolently repressive piece of legislation to be approved by Congress in a generation. In short, their intent was simply to stay in office. By endorsing Congress's timidity and carelessness, Judge Timbers failed to recognize the clear intent of the Framers of the Constitution in establishing an independent, nonelected federal judiciary—to serve as a check on demagogic excesses committed by the popularly elected legislature. And his argument about Congress's concern for the efficiency of the grand-jury system betrayed an ignorance of American history, for no one had ever conceived of any of the safeguards set forth in the Bill of Rights as an attempt to make our law-enforcement system more efficient. Timbers' second point was that his court had already dealt with the issues raised in the Grusse-Turgeon case the year before through In re Persico. In that case, a grand-jury witness had refused to answer a question based on electronic surveillance that had been approved by a court before it was undertaken and had demanded a hearing, which was denied, on whether the admitted wiretapping violated the law. In Persico, the Second Circuit had ruled that in denying Persico's request for a hearing the District Court had acted properly, in line with "the traditional notion that the functioning of the grand-jury system should not be impeded or interrupted." Now Timbers cited Persico and said that "the present case is an even more compelling one for adhering to the strong public policy of this circuit of not permitting disruption of grand-jury proceedings absent compelling reasons." He added, "We find no such compelling reasons here." Glen had argued in her appeal that Persico was "entirely inapposite"—a point firmly upheld by the dissenting judge in the Grusse-Turgeon case, James Oakes, another Nixon appointee, who has turned out to be one of the most liberal judges on the federal bench today—because there had been no evaluation of allegedly illegal wiretapping by a "neutral and detached magistrate" in the case at bar, whereas in Persico the wiretapping had been approved beforehand by a judge. Finally, Timbers found Judge Newman's decision that Grusse and Turgeon were in contempt and must go to prison "a striking example of the balancing by a conscientious and comprehending district judge of the interests of the appellants as witnesses before the grand jury, on the one hand, and, on the other, of the public interest." Judge Newman's decision, he added, was "unassailable." There is probably no judicial device that is more assailable than the so-called balancing test, in which the interests of the state and the interests of the individual are weighed against each other. First used by the Supreme Court during the anti-Communist hysteria of the early nineteen-fifties to avoid facing the basic issue of whether speech was to be free in this country, the test is invariably resorted to by the most pro-state judges to justify whatever the government wishes to do. A striking example of judicial cowardice, the test might well be used in Russia or China today, for essentially it provides an opportunity to put a mask of fairness on tyranny. When a judge places all of society on one pan of the scales of justice and one person on the other pan, there cannot be much doubt about the outcome. In fact, the only time that the test works in favor of the individual is when there is nothing at all to put on the government's pan.



It takes four justices of the Supreme Court to grant certiorari—that is, to agree to review a case—and ordinarily it takes the Court several months to get around to deciding whether a petition for certiorari should be granted, and then several more months may pass before the Court reviews and decides a case. But when a citizen stands in danger of suffering irreparable injury by the state, the justice assigned to the judicial circuit involved can grant a stay of any prosecution or imprisonment until the full Court has had a chance to consider a petition for certiorari. To give Grusse and Turgeon an opportunity to take advantage of this rule, the Court of Appeals allowed them six more days to appeal to the justice responsible for the Second Circuit, Thurgood Marshall, and Glen prepared an emergency appeal, which Polan filed at his chambers on March 4th. Glen's brief asking for a temporary stay was much the same as the appeal she had written, except that now she pointed out the different rulings by different circuit courts on the issue of what was an "adequate" denial of il-

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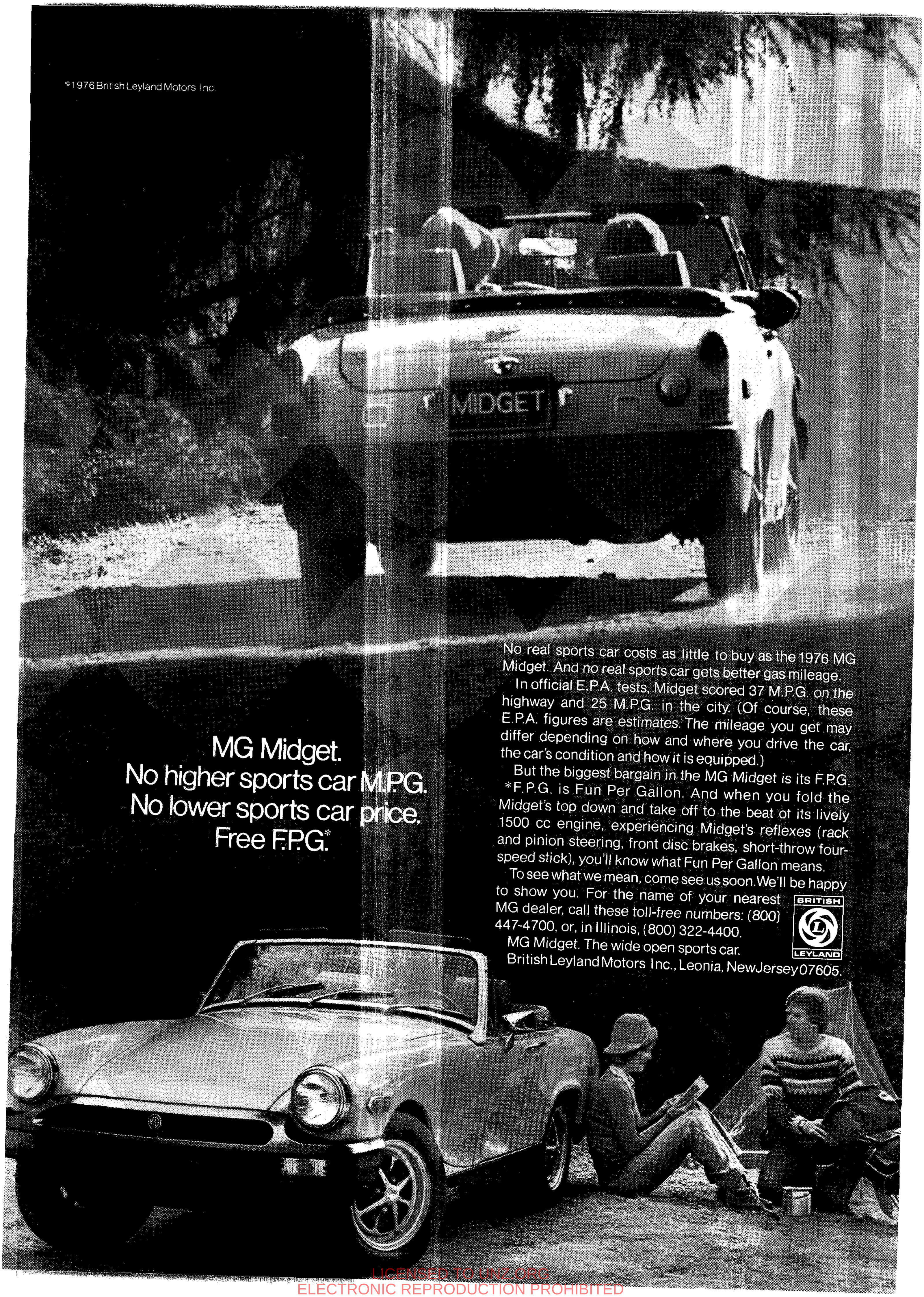

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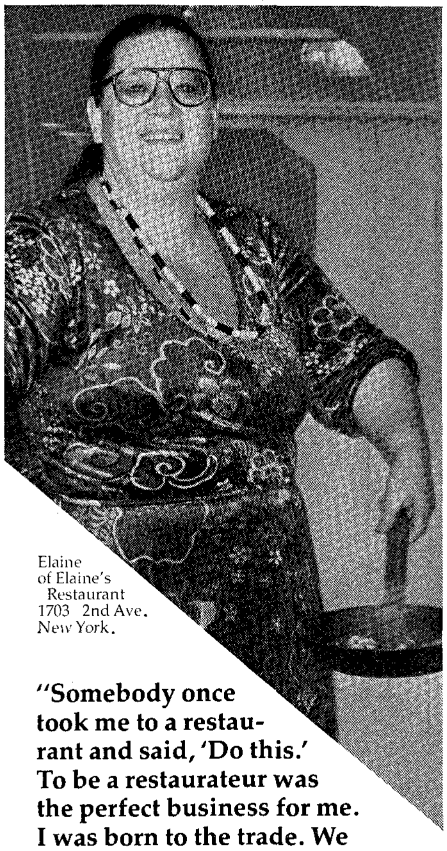
legal surveillance by the government in such cases, and asked the Supreme Court to resolve the question once and for all. Then she came up with a balancing test of her own on behalf of her clients. "Because their loss of liberty can never be justly compensated, petitioners will be irreparably and irrevocably injured if the stay is not extended while their serious constitutional claims are being litigated," she said. "If, on the other hand, the stay is extended to avoid certain irreparable injury to the petitioners, the government will not suffer unduly." And if the government was serious in contending that its purpose in demanding testimony from the two witnesses was to uncover crimes committed in Connecticut rather than to capture two fugitives, Glen pointed out in conclusion, there was no great hurry, for "the only injury which can be justly claimed by the government is inconvenience." Justice Marshall rejected the application on the following day without comment.

AT four o'clock on the afternoon of March 5th, Turgeon and Grusse turned themselves in to the U.S. marshal at his office down the hall from the grand-jury room in the New Haven post office. A matron searched the women for weapons, and then the marshal handcuffed each of them and chained them together at their waists. He apologized for the manacles, explaining that they were required by federal rules. "It's unbelievably stupid," Avery said later. "If they wanted to escape, they wouldn't have turned themselves in at all. They would have taken off when Justice Marshall turned down their application that morning. It's just another official attempt to humiliate and degrade people who stand up to the system." When the prisoners were led out of the marshal's office, they saw heavily armed policemen in riot gear stationed along the corridor, and in the parking lot behind the post office there were several police cars and more riot police. "Obviously, they had come to view us as hardened, dangerous criminals," Grusse said. "And we were merely two women who had vowed not to discuss their personal lives with anyone."

On the way out of the building, the group passed Dow, and Grusse lifted her manacled arms to him and said, "Thanks a lot, Willie."

Dow looked stunned. "*I* didn't do it," he said. "It's not *my* fault."

The Connecticut Correctional Institution at Niantic, about fifty miles east



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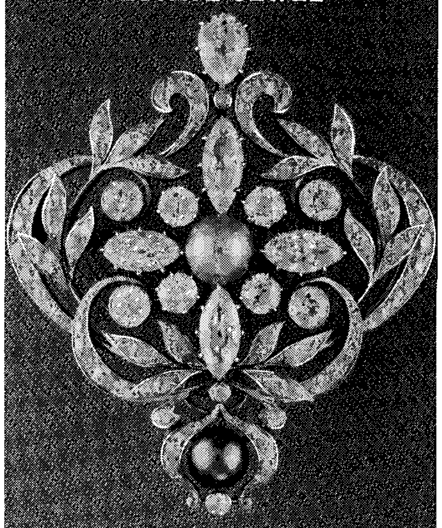

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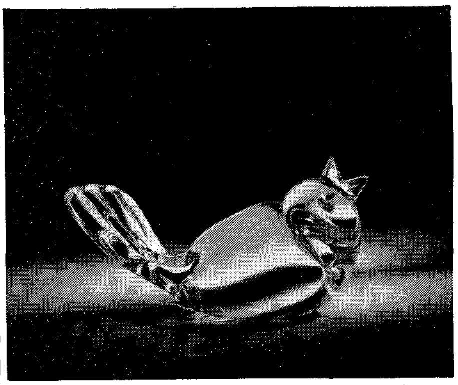

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of New Haven on the Connecticut coast, is a state prison for women that houses a few federal prisoners under contract with the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. During the ride to Niantic, the prisoners sat in the back of the marshal's car, a green sedan, while he drove and the matron sat beside him. "I was absolutely terrified," Turgeon recalled afterward. "All I knew about prison life was those old movies and the stories about Attica—bars and cells and sadistic guards and vicious criminals. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, in my past experience to prepare me for what lay ahead, and I was paralyzed by fear." Grusse was, too. "I knew that most of the other inmates would be black and poor," she said. "That really frightened me, because I had my own stereotyped idea of what such women would be like—tough and contemptuous and ready to hurt anyone they didn't like. I feared that they would resent me because I'm white and educated—in short, privileged. And I was frightened most of all by what they might do to us when they found out that we were lesbians."

Their fears on all of these scores proved baseless. The prison turned out to be an "open facility." There was no fence around its spacious grounds, the "cellblocks" consisted of five cottages, each housing twenty to thirty inmates, and the "cells" were private rooms for each inmate; the guards were generally decent; and the other inmates, most of whom were black women convicted of prostitution or narcotics-related violations, were friendly. "They helped us learn the ropes and settle into the place," Grusse said. "And while they were curious about our being gay, they gave us no trouble about that. In fact, they gave us no trouble at all. They even supported our refusing to talk, because somebody's talking was why most of them were in prison."

Turgeon and Grusse were assigned to tutor inmates in basic mathematics during mornings and to work in the prison library during afternoons. "Although prison life wasn't anywhere near as bad as I had expected, it was terrible," Turgeon said. "Worst of all, they treat you like a bad child who has to be controlled or helped all the time. You're considered to be incapable of making a decision on your own, and if you question anything, they tell you that you just don't understand the reasons behind it. Usually there isn't any reason—just bureaucratic rules that exist for their own sake. And, craziest of all, they never tell you what the

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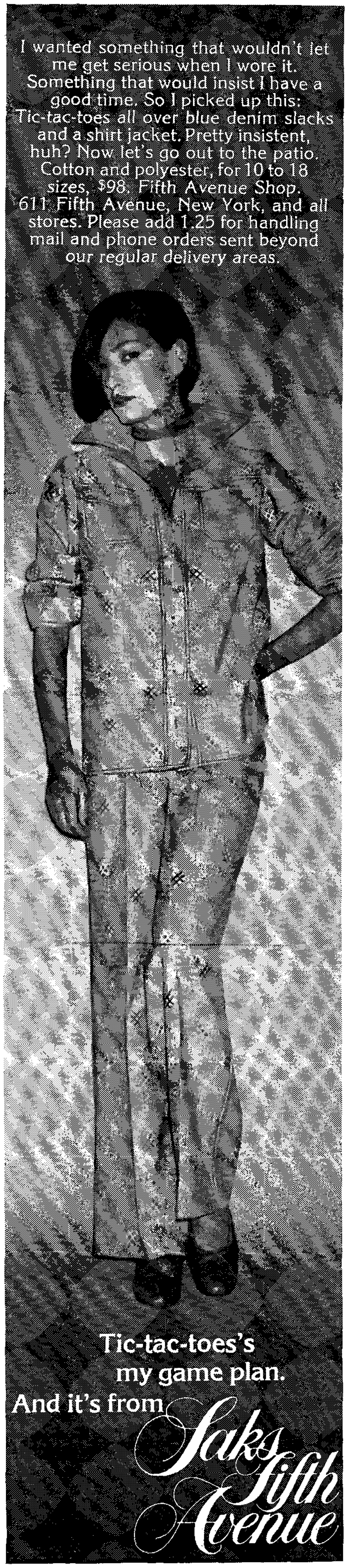
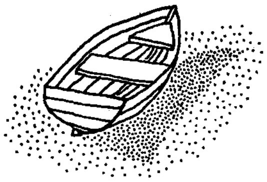

I wanted something that wouldn't let me get serious when I wore it. Something that would insist I have a good time. So I picked up this: Tic-tac-toes all over blue denim slacks and a shirt jacket. Pretty insistent, huh? Now let's go out to the patio. Cotton and polyester, for 10 to 18 sizes, $98. Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

rules are until you break one. They kept telling us to act like adults, but every time someone did—by taking responsibility of one kind or another, which is what adulthood means—they would say, 'You're causing problems.' The simplicity of their idea of 'correction' is unbelievable. When we arrived, they even taught us how to take showers. They said, 'You turn on this faucet for hot water, this faucet for cold water, and then adjust them until you get the temperature you want for your shower.' I thought we'd been taken to a madhouse. And when you get angry, they simply give you tranquillizers to control it. The whole system is aimed at control, but to no purpose. And the boredom is stupefying. Each cottage has a television and a stereo set, which are always on full blast. The inmates are mostly young, and they shout and talk a lot. You can go to your room for privacy, but you can never get away from the incessant noise, except at night, and then you're sleeping. You can take a walk, but only if a guard goes along. There's a pretty little lake on the prison grounds, and I longed to go sit by it alone. They wouldn't allow that. A guard had to go with me. In the end, I felt much the same at Niantic as I had in the courtroom—helpless. It's as if society's true purpose is to destroy every shred of individuality in anyone who stands up to it. And it was just that—my individuality—that had brought me there and that I was trying so hard to preserve."

On March 27th, after the women had been in prison for three weeks, Susan Saxe was captured while walking along a street in Philadelphia. Five days later, the term of the New Haven federal grand jury ran out, and that afternoon Grusse and Turgeon were released from prison. The marshal drove up from New Haven to deliver their release papers, but then, as the two women stepped out of the prison administration building into freedom, he handed each of them a subpoena to appear before a newly convened federal grand jury in New Haven on May 6th, five weeks away.

A Grand Jury Defense Committee, which had been set up in New Haven to publicize and create opposition to the government's pursuit of Grusse and Turgeon, kept public interest focussed on their case, and when they returned to New Haven they found that they had become celebrities among members of the women's community there. Once word of the new subpoenas and the threat of sixteen or seventeen months more in prison if the two again refused to testify got around, their fame spread more and more widely. The publicity made the two women uneasy, because they valued their privacy more than ever now, and they feared the damage that such publicity might do to them personally. "I had to look at myself very closely to make sure that what I was doing was for good reasons and wasn't an ego trip or the result of a desire to become a celebrity," Turgeon said. "I'd never been one to analyze myself, but this time I had to. When I thought about it, I realized that the stand I was taking had nothing to do with my ego, because being a celebrity of any kind was the last thing I wanted. I just wanted, and want, to be left alone to live in peace in my own way. I decided then that I had to do what I was doing because it was right. When I realized that I would not willingly do anything that I considered wrong, I knew that I was sincere in my decision to remain silent. Since I didn't think that anything I had done was wrong, how could I help the government prove that what I had done *was* wrong? If the government disagrees with something I've done, then it's up to the government to prove that something against me. But the government wants *me* to prove I was wrong. That is simply and fundamentally unjust."



To Grusse, the effects of being a celebrity were also distasteful. "Some people seem to see us simply as two women who refuse to talk, so we're not individuals at all," she explained. "Some others see us as superstrong celebrities. But that's not the way we see ourselves at any time. When we are invited to speak to women's groups in other cities, there are those who act as if we have perfectly formed views, clear politics, absolute strength. In other words, people try to make us into leaders. We aren't leaders, and we don't want to be. We're not allowed to be what we are—often confused and very frightened women. Also, a few people now seem to feel that they have a right to ask the kinds of personal questions that I never would have allowed anyone to ask me before. I guess that's because we're no longer private individuals. We're public figures, and people feel we belong more to them than to ourselves. The effect has two sides. On the one, I'm more willing to express myself in terms of what's happened to me, because I feel that it's

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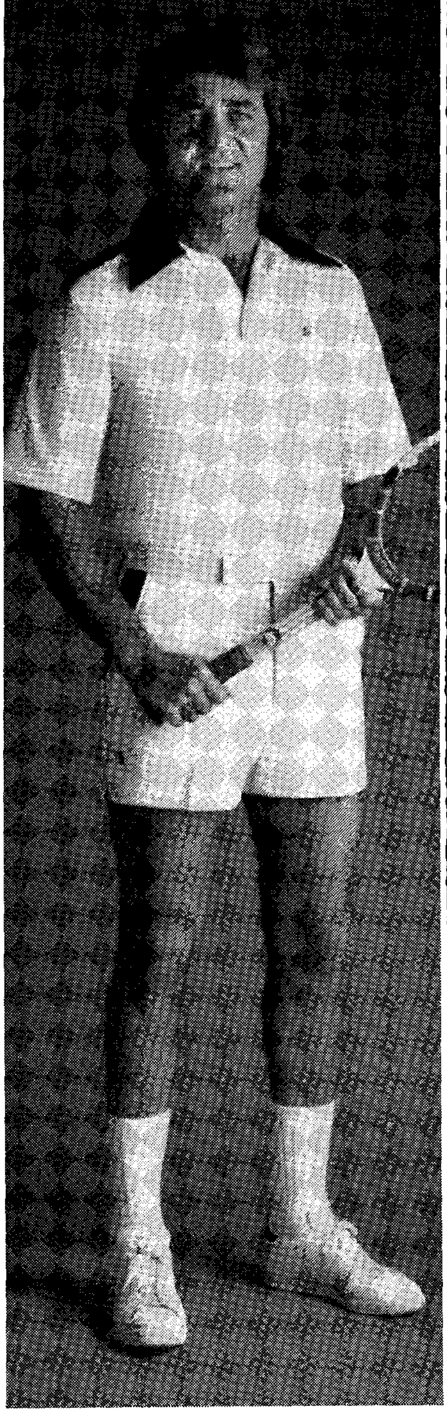

urgent to let people know that this kind of thing can happen to *them*. This has opened up my private space to others. But, on the other side, my experience has made me less willing to talk about myself, because all this limelight has destroyed my privacy, and I constantly try to pull back out of the publicity in order to be myself. Besides all this, people continually come up and ask me for advice. I find that frightening, because I'm not really a different person than I was before anyone asked me for advice. They seem to think that because I'm sure of *my* course I can help *them*. All this has made it very hard for me to be me—just an ordinary person, which is what I am and what I want to be."

At nine o'clock on the morning of May 6th, an hour before Turgeon and Grusse were scheduled to appear before the grand jury, their lawyers submitted three motions to Judge Newman. The first asked him to quash the subpoenas, on the ground that the government was improperly using the grand jury. The second asked that he issue "protective orders" instructing the government to submit to the court all the evidence it had against the two women up to that day. (As it happened, Dow submitted to the court that same morning another sealed affidavit containing the government's evidence up to that point.) The purpose behind Avery's request was to make sure that the evidence the government had at that time would be separated from the evidence it might obtain if the women testified before the grand jury, so that if they were subsequently tried the defense would have a better chance of making sure that the prosecution was not using any evidence based on their coerced testimony, which would violate the use-immunity law's stipulation that trial evidence must be independent of such testimony. The protective orders that Avery asked for would also prohibit the government from seeking indictments against the witnesses by the same grand jury that they were shortly to appear before; would forbid the prosecutor to pass on any information he got from the witnesses to other government agencies, unless the government demonstrated that it was essential for the grand jury's deliberations, and then gave the witnesses a chance to oppose any transfer of such information; and would assure the witnesses of the right to have a transcript of their testimony. Avery's third motion asked Judge Newman to compel the government to disclose any surveillance. Avery

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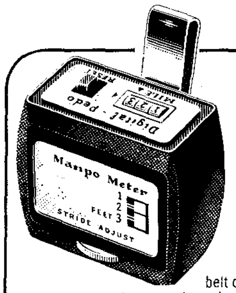

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contended the government should be compelled to conduct a complete search of its records on a total of forty-four telephones, and to submit to the court detailed affidavits from those who conducted searches of records in various governmental agencies showing whether or not there had been any surveillance in the Grusse-Turgeon case. Avery attached to this motion several affidavits sworn to by his clients, himself, Polan, Rosen, Glen, and various other lawyers directly and indirectly working on the case who claimed that their telephones had been acting strangely. The most persuasive of the affidavits was the one signed by Glen, who reported that the office in New York that she used while preparing the Grusse-Turgeon appeal had been leased by a lawyer who was subsequently notified by a judge of the New York County Supreme Court, in a separate case, that he had been the subject of a national-security wiretap by the federal government. "This disclosure obviously raises a very substantial likelihood that calls with regard to these witnesses and my representation of them were overheard," Glen stated in her affidavit. Judge Newman denied the motion to quash the subpoenas, and reserved decision on the other motions.

Shortly after ten o'clock that morning, Grusse and Turgeon went before the new grand jury. Each was asked the same list of nineteen questions—most of which pertained to what they might have known about others who might have known Saxe and Power in Connecticut—and each answered by refusing to testify, on the grounds they had cited before the previous grand jury. Prepared for this, the government asked the court for an order granting use immunity and compelling the witnesses to testify, and Judge Newman complied. The next day, May 7th, they went back before the grand jury and again refused to testify. Grusse added a new statement at the end of her final refusal: "This matter has been brought before the grand jury for the sole, dominant purpose of apprehending Katherine Power, an alleged fugitive, and of gathering evidence to use against Miss Power and against Susan Saxe in the trials of indictments which have already been issued. My subpoena is also part of a coordinated campaign by the F.B.I. to punish people who legally refuse to talk with them by exposing such people to threat of contempt of court, and to harass and intimidate people, particularly women's groups, so they will cooperate with the F.B.I. and abandon

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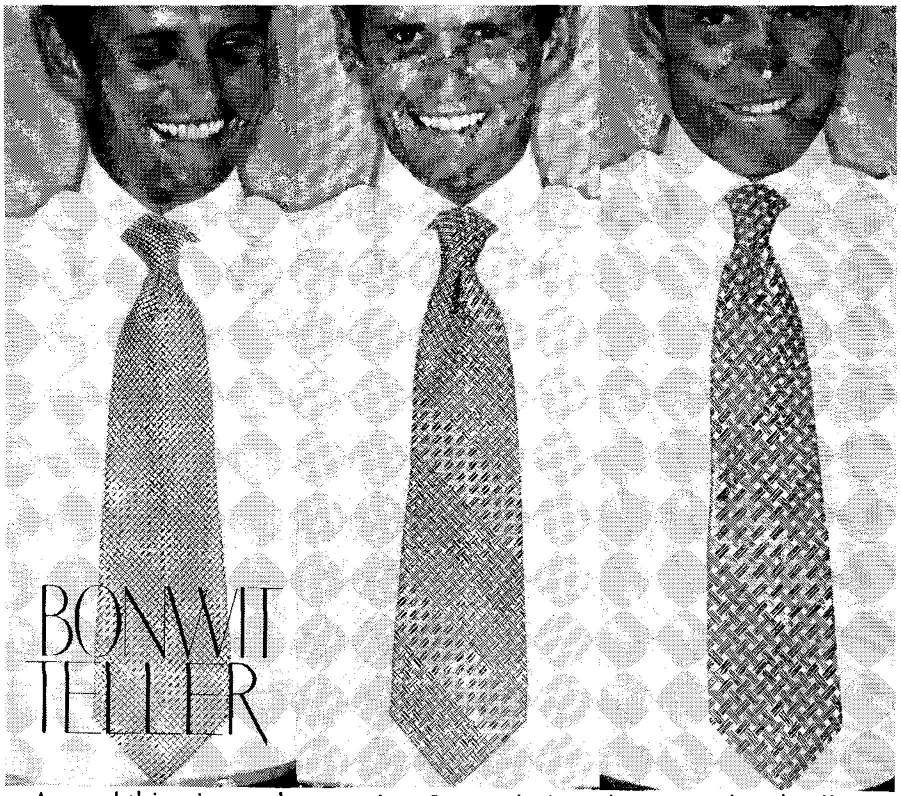

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their legal rights to privacy. I decline to answer the questions for the further reason that the Assistant United States Attorney has publicly stated he will breach the secrecy of your proceedings here and will transmit any evidence which I give [you] to the F.B.I. to assist in the capture of an alleged fugitive, although this is in clear violation of the law. I decline to answer for the reason that the immunity which has been granted to me . . . is not adequate to protect my Fifth Amendment rights. I also ask members of the grand jury to take control of your own proceedings and to refuse to be a party to the abuse of your historic function that the government is insisting on here. I also ask you to order the Assistant United States Attorney to dismiss my subpoena and put an end to this violation of my rights. And if you feel that these proceedings are legitimate, I would appreciate hearing the reasons for your position. Would anyone care to answer?"

"We don't have to respond to your questions," the foreman said. "It's our duty to ask you questions. Do you refuse to talk—so you took the Fifth to protect your rights?"

"Yes," Grusse answered.

"It is our job here as an investigating group to ask questions, not to answer your questions."

"O.K.," Grusse said wearily, and with that she was dismissed.

Afterward, Avery said, "The trouble with grand-jury cases like this one—and there are more and more of them now—is that no one besides the witnesses takes the historic function of the grand jury seriously. Jurors don't take their own function seriously because usually they don't know that it exists in the way it's supposed to. They aren't even aware that they have both rights and the duty to assert them to protect the individual against the power of the state. Prosecutors don't take the grand-jury function seriously because to do so would impede their attempts to get indictments and to use grand juries as investigative tools to help them prepare for trials or to catch suspects, as in this case. And judges don't take grand juries seriously because they almost never instruct newly convened grand juries about their rights. So there is no way to get to those twenty-three people and say, 'Look, you have these definite rights, and you can assert them to save the innocent and strike a blow for freedom.' What the government fails to see in all this is that it is needlessly creating its own enemies by the methods it uses. I know that every case like this one, in which the government treats its citizens so unjustly, deepens my radical feelings. But think what it has done to these two women and their friends. These women weren't even political before, but they are now—deeply political and defiant—and their friends are, too. So in attempting to control radicals the government has mindlessly created hundreds more of them."

Judge Newman set May 12th for a hearing on why Grusse and Turgeon should not be found in contempt of court. But he also ordered the government to respond specifically to the charges of illegal wiretapping by June 3rd, which effectively postponed at least until that day any final ruling on the contempt question. At the hearing on May 12th, Avery once again tried to put an F.B.I. man—the agent in charge of the Saxe-Power case in Connecticut—on the stand in order to prove that the Bureau and the U.S. Attorney's office were using the grand jury to find Power and to prepare a case against her and Saxe. But Judge Newman refused to let him pursue this line of questioning, and said of the government, "They have filed their affidavit under seal indicating the basis on which they have reason to investigate crimes occurring in the District of Connecticut, and it's a very detailed affidavit. . . . The Court of Appeals affirmed this case the last time without even seeing that much [of] a detailed affidavit, so if they thought the case was right the last time, it's hard to see how it's any less right this time, when there is far more detail in support of the government's claim." Avery said that he would like to look at the affidavit, but Newman refused, saying, "This is not just a nice privacy device to keep the prosecutor happy. . . . That affidavit mentioned several people's names who are potential suspects of a federal crime. I have no idea if they are guilty or innocent, but until they are properly indicted their names are not going to see the light of day, unless a higher court orders me to do it. So the rule of secrecy is not just for the benefit of the F.B.I. or the grand jury and U.S. Attorney. It's for the benefit, primarily, of those suspected of crime, but as to whom there may be no indictment and no prosecution, and we are just not going to get into names and places and dates that identify those people unless an indictment results.

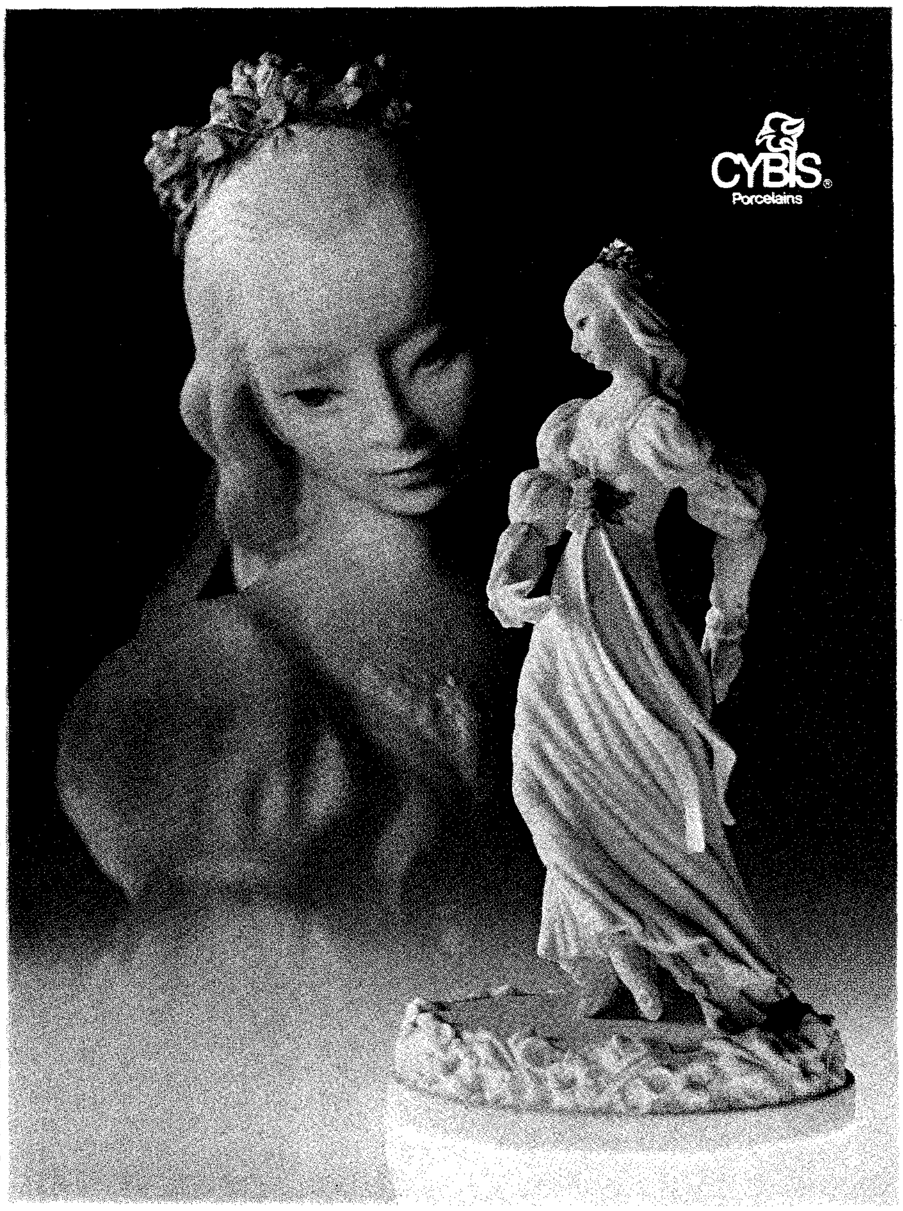
That's why that line of inquiry is just not going to be opened up."

While the Judge's explanation reflected the historic reasons for grand-jury secrecy, it was fundamentally misleading, and his decision was fundamentally unfair to the witnesses. Of course, "that line of inquiry"—whether or not the government was misusing the grand-jury system—was crucial to Avery's case, and it could have been opened up and closed without getting into any names and places and dates. All Judge Newman would have had to do was to allow Avery to ask the F.B.I. agent a simple yes-or-no kind of question: Did you ask Dow to subpoena Grusse and Turgeon in order to help the government catch and prepare a case against Saxe and Power? The answer would have settled the issue once and for all, and would not have jeopardized the grand jury's secrecy.

Avery went on to point out that when there are two potential defendants whose compelled testimony can be used as "independent" evidence against each other, use immunity does not protect their Fifth Amendment right against involuntary self-incrimination. This argument lay at the heart of the use-immunity issue. Under the old form of transactional, or total, immunity, a witness who was forced to testify could not be prosecuted later on for anything to do with the transaction or act he or she was questioned about. Now, though, under use immunity two witnesses who were involved in the same transaction could be forced to testify against each other, thereby providing incriminating evidence that was independent of their own admissions of criminal activity and laying each other open to prosecution. Judge Newman was not interested in the argument.

Glen again handled the issue of illegal surveillance, and pointed out that the F.B.I.'s indexing system, according to a recent account in the *Times*, was faulty, and argued that a far more complete search of the Bureau's records would be necessary. Judge Newman wasn't interested in this point, either, and said that any ruling on the surveillance issue would have to wait until the government submitted its affidavits denying or affirming impropriety on June 3rd. "It's my honest belief that most of the claims that have been made are . . . a smoke screen," he said.

On the morning of the third, the National Council of Churches, which represents thirty-one religious denominations having a total membership of more than forty million people, filed



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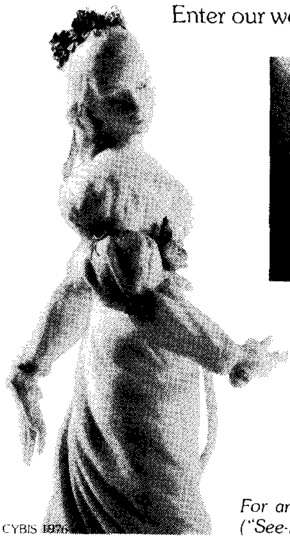

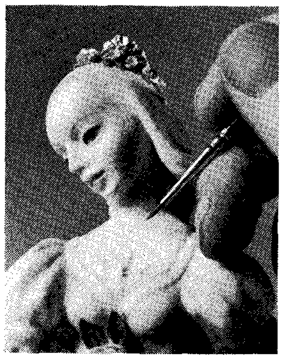

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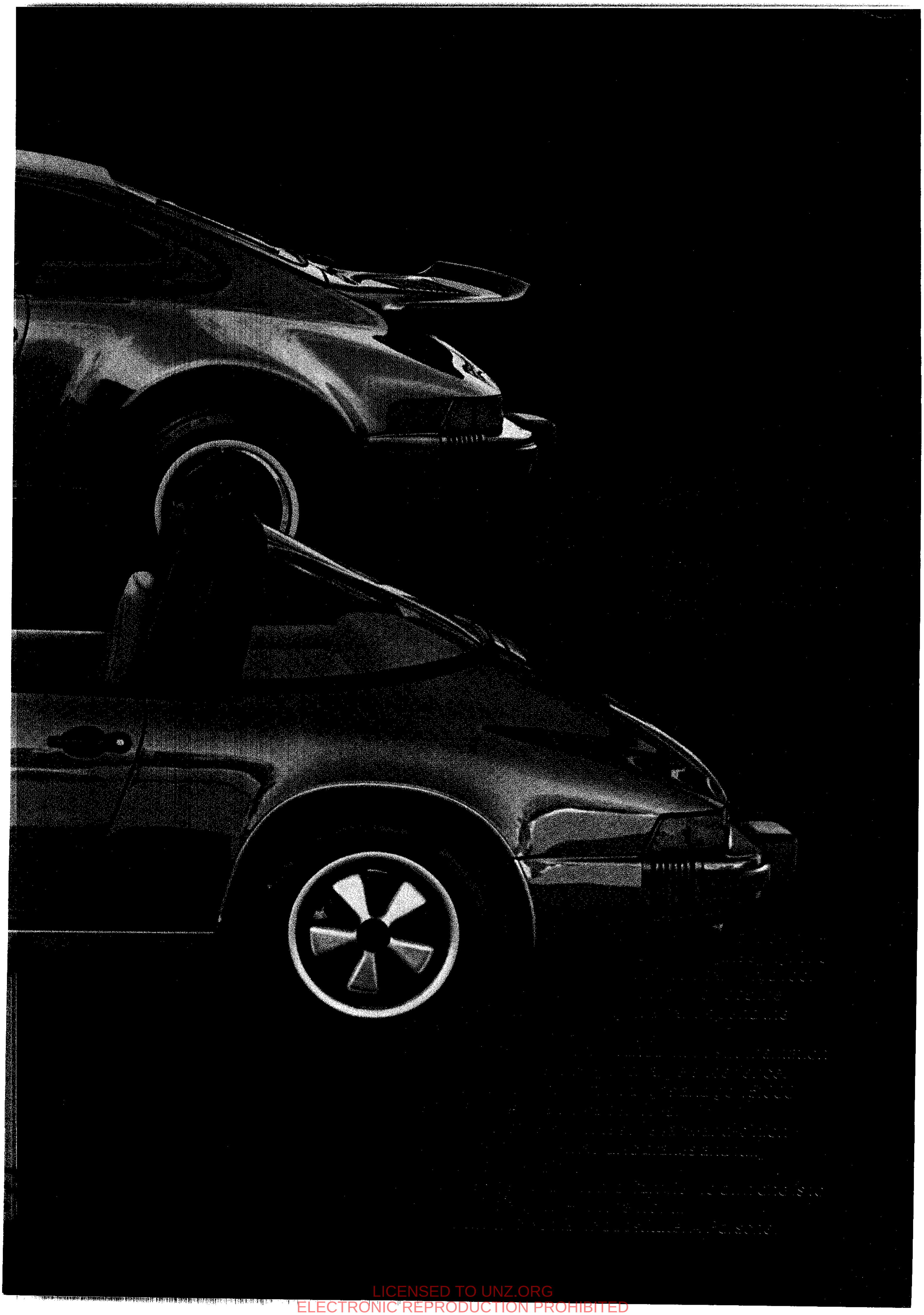

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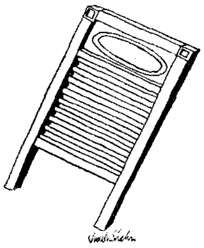
an *amicus curiae* memorandum with the District Court in New Haven appealing for leniency in punishing Grusse and Turgeon if they were found in contempt of court. The Council said, in part:

> This court has the physical power to say, "You will be put in jail and kept there until you talk." In such a situation, the greater the witness's moral commitment to silence, to confidentiality in human relations, the greater the possibility of perpetual incarceration. And because of the principled nature of the witnesses' refusal, the major purpose for imposing a jail term—that of coercing the witnesses into testifying—would appear irrelevant. Only retribution remains, and *we contend that the community does not* demand or require retribution in this case.
>
> From the point of view of the National Council of Churches—and the community at large—the prospect of protracted imprisonment for civil contempt is horrifying. It is resoundingly offensive to the generally accepted sense of fairness of our society that a person who has committed no criminal act, has not been convicted by a jury of her peers nor even charged with any crime, can because of a moral commitment be placed in jail and returned to jail by means of successive grand juries.

The support of the Council was considered by the principals in the case to be vital, for it was the culmination of all the efforts by Grusse and Turgeon, their friends, and, most of all, the Grand Jury Defense Committee to turn the spotlight on the affair as a means of discouraging the Judge from disposing of it hastily or capriciously. "It worked, too—at least to a degree," one of the lawyers in the case said that morning, after the *amicus* was filed and made public. "At the start, all the contempt here was on the court's part. Newman dismissed everything we said with utter contempt, and treated us like lepers. But as support in the community and publicity in the media increased, he got more and more judicious, and increasingly took pains to seem fair, even if he wasn't at some points. Now, with this huge support from the 'straight' community, he's got to be more careful than ever." In this lawyer's opinion, the stand taken by the Council prompted Judge Newman to make an unprecedented, and wholly unexpected, move to resolve the problem of grand-jury abuse—by summoning the grand jurors into the courtroom at the hearing that morning and formally asking them what they considered their purpose to be in the present inquiry. At a quarter past eleven, the grand jurors filed into the courtroom; nineteen of the twenty-three members were present, and they were roughly divided between the sexes and ranged in age from the early twenties to the late sixties. Once they were seated in and around the petit-jury box, Judge Newman explained that he had brought them into court so that he could describe to them the law governing their procedure. While one purpose of any grand jury was to indict the guilty, he went on, another and equally important purpose was to protect the innocent. Pointing out that it was not permissible for a grand jury in one jurisdiction to ask witnesses questions about crimes committed in another jurisdiction, or to help the prosecutor prepare a case against someone who had already been indicted, or to get information that might lead to the capture of fugitives, Judge Newman asked the grand jurors to disregard whatever they thought their proper or desired purpose was supposed to be and to express only their personal opinion of what their actual purpose was in asking the two women the nineteen questions they had refused to answer. Then he gave them the list of the questions and posed the basic issue to be resolved: "Does the grand jury seek answers to these questions from these witnesses for the purpose of investigating possible violations of federal law that may have occurred in the District of Connecticut?" He asked nothing about whether this was their dominant purpose or whether they were trying to help the F.B.I. capture Power and prepare a case against her and Saxe.

Copies of the nineteen questions and the Judge's "interrogatory" were given to the grand jurors, but as they rose to leave Avery quickly got up and asked if he could approach the bench before they went out. Newman impatiently consented, the jurors sat down again, and Avery and the other lawyers in the case went to the side of the bench away from the jury box to confer with Newman out of the jurors' hearing. Avery asked the Judge not to permit Dow to accompany the jurors, but Newman curtly dismissed the request, saying Avery knew full well that the prosecutor was always with "his" grand jury. At that, Avery said that if Dow was allowed to be with the grand jurors during their deliberations, then a lawyer from the witnesses' side should be allowed to be present, too, but Newman rejected this request as well. He didn't tell the grand jurors that they had the right to decide who would be present when they talked over their purpose in the case, that they could even fire the prosecutor and demand that a new one be appointed, or that they could refuse to take any orders from the court—in short, that they could use their broad powers as *they* deemed fit. In any event, they left the courtroom at eleven-thirty, and a recess was ordered until they returned.



When Newman left the bench, Grusse stared at the wall behind and above it where the word "Justice" was carved in relief on the oak panelling. Then she shook her head slowly and said, "This is the biggest farce I've ever seen put on. The Judge is covering himself on everything in case there's an appeal. First, he explained the grand jurors' duties to them, and then he asked their opinion, their personal opinion, about what their purpose is. Of course, they're going to say that their purpose conforms to their duties to investigate crime in the District of Connecticut. What else *can* they say? If they have any doubt about what they're supposed to say, Dow is in there to help them out." She shook her head again and fell silent.

A lawyer who followed the Grusse-Turgeon case but wasn't involved in it directly, and who had occasionally tried cases before Judge Newman, said that Newman's conduct throughout the affair had been typical of his and many other federal judges' approach to the law. "Newman is a decent sort of fellow and very smart," he said. "He's known as a liberal, because he always gives the appearance of being fair, but actually he's a tough law-enforcement guy. A balancing test always goes on in his mind, and the government always wins. He's not much different from other federal judges, except that he's more intelligent than most of them. Basically, like them, he reflects the system. He has an interest in seeing it operate without such gross abuse that the people will rise up and throw it out. That's the best way to preserve the system, of course. From what I've seen of him in action, I'd say that he really tries to apply the law. He knows that while the law itself isn't against the individual, the grand jury *is* against the individual. So he can go along strictly applying the law, because he's fairly certain that the grand jury will come out for law enforcement rather than the individual every time. That way, he looks great, and the government gets its way. It seems pretty clear that there *was* abuse of the grand-jury

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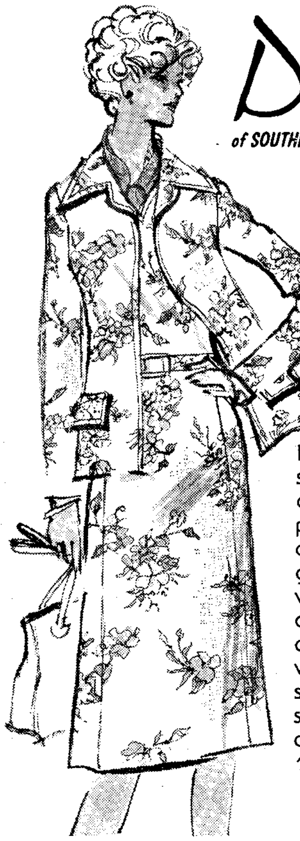
process and that there may have been illegal surveillance in the Grusse-Turgeon case. But Newman got around all that by putting a gloss of fairness on his decision to lock up these women."

An hour after the grand jurors went out, the foreman returned alone and handed the court clerk a piece of paper. The clerk gave it to Judge Newman, who read it and announced, to no one's surprise, that the grand jurors had unanimously agreed that their purpose was to investigate federal crimes committed in Connecticut. That settled the issue of grand-jury abuse. Then the Judge gave Dow three more days in which to collect affidavits from various government agencies on the question of surveillance, and set June 6th for a hearing on that issue. He was clearly irritated by the delay, and when he left the bench Grusse said to Avery, "You know, it's incredible the way everyone acts as if it's all right to tap people, even *illegally*. There's a federal judge who's sore at a federal prosecutor for taking so much time, and who says, in effect, 'Haven't you got this dirty business computerized by now?' "

AT ten o'clock on the morning of June 6th, Dow announced in court that the government had completed its search of surveillance records, and added, "That search was negative." Glen argued that, given the kind of radical and criminal clients she and Avery represented, it would be extremely unlikely that the two of them or people they talked to hadn't been tapped. Newman showed little interest in this argument. He had *directed* the government to examine its surveillance files not only in the F.B.I. office in Hartford and in the Washington offices of the various government agencies that commonly employ such surveillance but in the field offices of the F.B.I. and the Justice Department in places where Saxe and Power were believed to have lived, such as Lexington, Kentucky, and Philadelphia. Now Glen pointed out that the government had failed to examine its records in these field offices as ordered by the court, and demanded that the subpoenas be quashed on that ground. As she sat down, the audience in the back half of the courtroom—about a hundred people, most of them women in their twenties and thirties—burst into applause. The Judge threatened them with expulsion or "other penalty," and when the tumult subsided he denied Glen's motion. Toward the end of the



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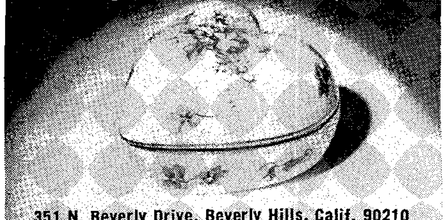

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hearing, Newman paused for a long time, and then said that the witnesses' claims had already been largely, if not entirely, ruled on by the Court of Appeals, and that nothing new and significant had been offered to change his view of the issues. The claims about grand-jury abuse, he went on, were no different from those made in the previous contempt case, and this time he had taken the additional precaution of asking the grand jurors their personal opinion of their investigative purpose. In the end, he added, the witnesses' overall attack was not on this grand jury's procedure but on the grand-jury system itself. The President of the United States wasn't above that process, he continued, so clearly these two witnesses were not above it. (Of course, President Nixon had refused to appear before a grand jury while in office, and he had not been found in contempt.) As for the claims about wiretapping, Newman said that he was quite satisfied with the government's denials, which he found "more than adequate." Finally, he announced that he would issue a formal order later that day finding the two witnesses in contempt.

Avery got up to plead for leniency in sentencing, and suggested that the court might impose "something less than confinement" or might at least limit any confinement to a specific period. Pointing out that the women had already spent twenty-eight days in prison, and that their lives had been "held in abeyance" since they were first subpoenaed more than four months before, he asked the Judge to consider "the constant strain, the constant demands, the travail" they had endured. Their refusal to testify, he went on, had been based from the start on principle, and because of that principle they would continue to refuse to testify, whatever "coercive penalty" was meted out to them, so any coercion would actually amount to punishment, which was a violation of the law in civil-contempt cases. Finally, Avery cited the broad public support for the women, including that of the National Council of Churches. Judge Newman broke in to say that the case wasn't "a popularity contest," and that he wouldn't be influenced in any manner by publicity. At that, Grusse and Turgeon smiled at each other. Then Rosen got up and said, "No one should be compelled to choose between perishing or betraying a friend." The women had not been charged with any crime, he continued, but were being punished for refusing to betray their belief in the right to

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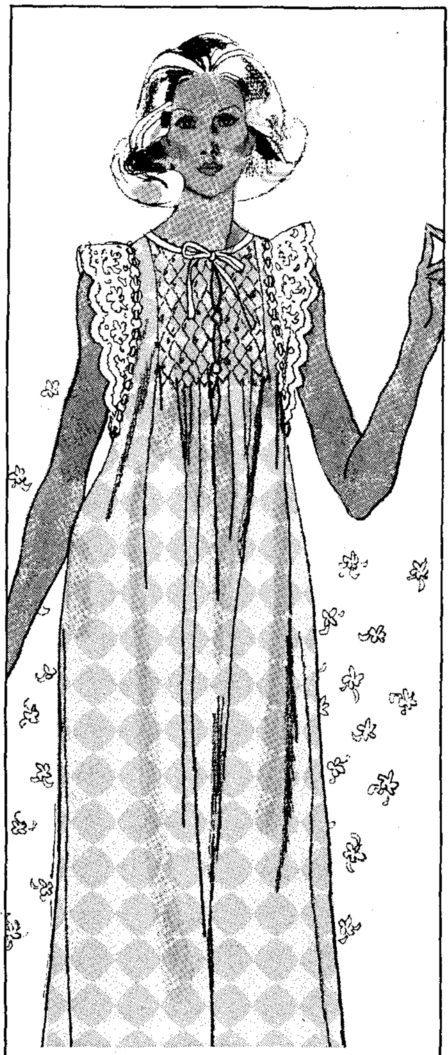

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privacy. When Glen took her turn, she asked the Judge to allow a representative of the National Council of Churches to speak on behalf of the two women. Newman refused, saying that he had read the Council's *amicus curiae* memorandum and would leave it at that. "These witnesses are *women*," Glen said angrily. "They're here because they are women. . . . Letting me address you as a woman merely because I'm a lawyer and not letting women who represent this community, this state, this country address you is an outrage!" She stalked off to her seat, and Newman calmly turned to Grusse and Turgeon and asked if they had anything to say. Turgeon went to the bench to speak for both of them. "We have refused to answer these questions on the basis of principle," she told the Judge. "Imprisonment is not coercion but punishment. We haven't done anything wrong, and I think we should either be charged and tried or let go." Finally, Dow got up and said that a robbery had been committed in Massachusetts in 1970 and that a policeman who had nine children had been killed. It wasn't true, he added, that the government was using the investigation of that crime and the search for those who were accused of committing it to find out more about the women's movement.

Judge Newman gave Grusse and Turgeon four days to settle their affairs, and ordered them to be taken into custody by the U.S. marshal at noon on Tuesday, June 10th, and to be imprisoned until they volunteered to testify or until the grand-jury term ran out—in sixteen months' time.

The audience immediately began chanting, "Silence is our right, is our right, is our right! With our sisters we will fight!" The marshal, who had been standing at the door, moved toward them bellowing, "Silence!" They obeyed, except for a couple of men who cried out, "Fascist! Fascist!" Finally, they fell silent, too. Judge Newman threatened anyone who disrupted the proceedings again with contempt-of-court sentences, and then he adjourned the proceedings and left the bench.

Turgeon turned toward Grusse and shrugged helplessly. With a wan smile, Grusse nodded. Neither of them spoke until a dozen or so women and a couple of men from among the spectators came up and embraced each of them in turn. A young woman with long brown hair and gold-rimmed glasses kissed each of them, then burst into tears and hurried out. Glen watched the group in silence. "God, I hate courtroom practice," she said. "It's so brutal."

GIVEN the Court of Appeals' rejection of their appeal back in February, Grusse and Turgeon decided that another appeal would be a waste of everyone's time. The time spent on the case by the three lawyers had brought them little financial return—modest government pay for Rosen and Glen, who had been appointed by the court to represent the women as indigents, plus a relatively small contribution to the defense collected by the Grand Jury Defense Committee. The lawyers split the total, which came to about a tenth of what their fees would ordinarily have been. Despite their financial sacrifice, they were prepared to continue the legal battle, but in the end they agreed with their clients that an appeal would be futile.

That evening, Turgeon and Grusse left New Haven to spend the weekend at a women's retreat being held at a nearby camp in the woods. "That was what we needed most of all," Grusse said the following Monday. "We saw all our friends, but nobody talked about the case. We discussed *women's* problems, not ours, and that was just right. They know that there are real things at stake here—our personal integrity, our individuality, our independence, our sense of being ourselves—and they gave us both love and space. I've learned a lot from them. And I've learned a lot more from our experience. It has confirmed for me what the radicals have been saying about our society all along. Still, I'd hesitate to call myself a revolutionary. That word means violence to me, and I hate and fear violence of any kind. All I know for certain now is that I don't feel responsible or accountable to the United States government, because it's not responsible or accountable to me. I don't know what the future will bring—I might finally be forced into becoming a revolutionary, just as I was forced into this resistance—but for now all I want to do is fight injustice."

Turgeon listened to her and nodded slowly. "One of the big surprises in all this for me was I found I could stand up for a principle," she said. "That brought out traits in me that I didn't know were there, both strengths and weaknesses. It showed me how much I need other people, like our friends and supporters on the retreat. I *really* need them. Without the people who stood by us, I never would have made it. Then I learned how far I will go

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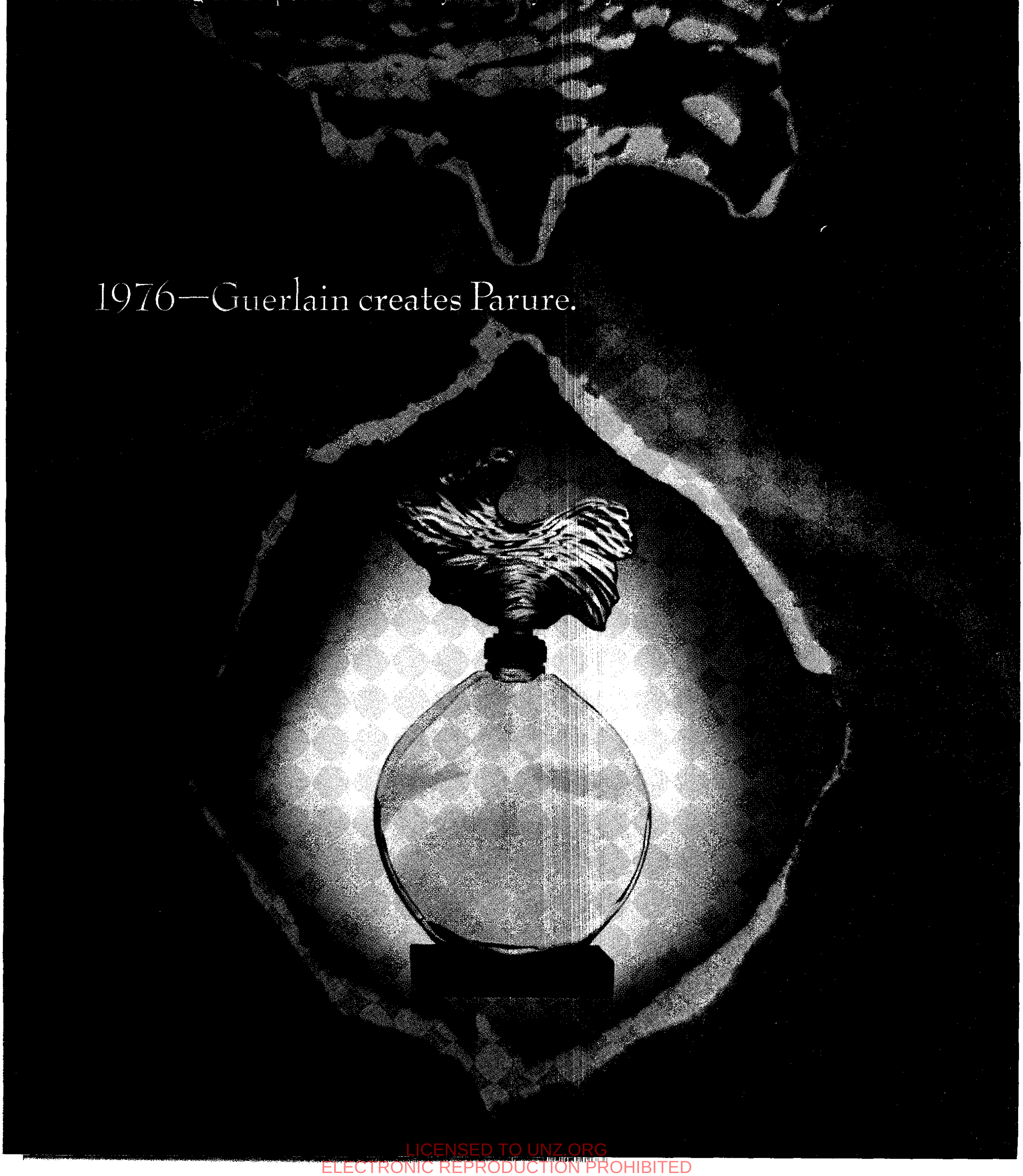

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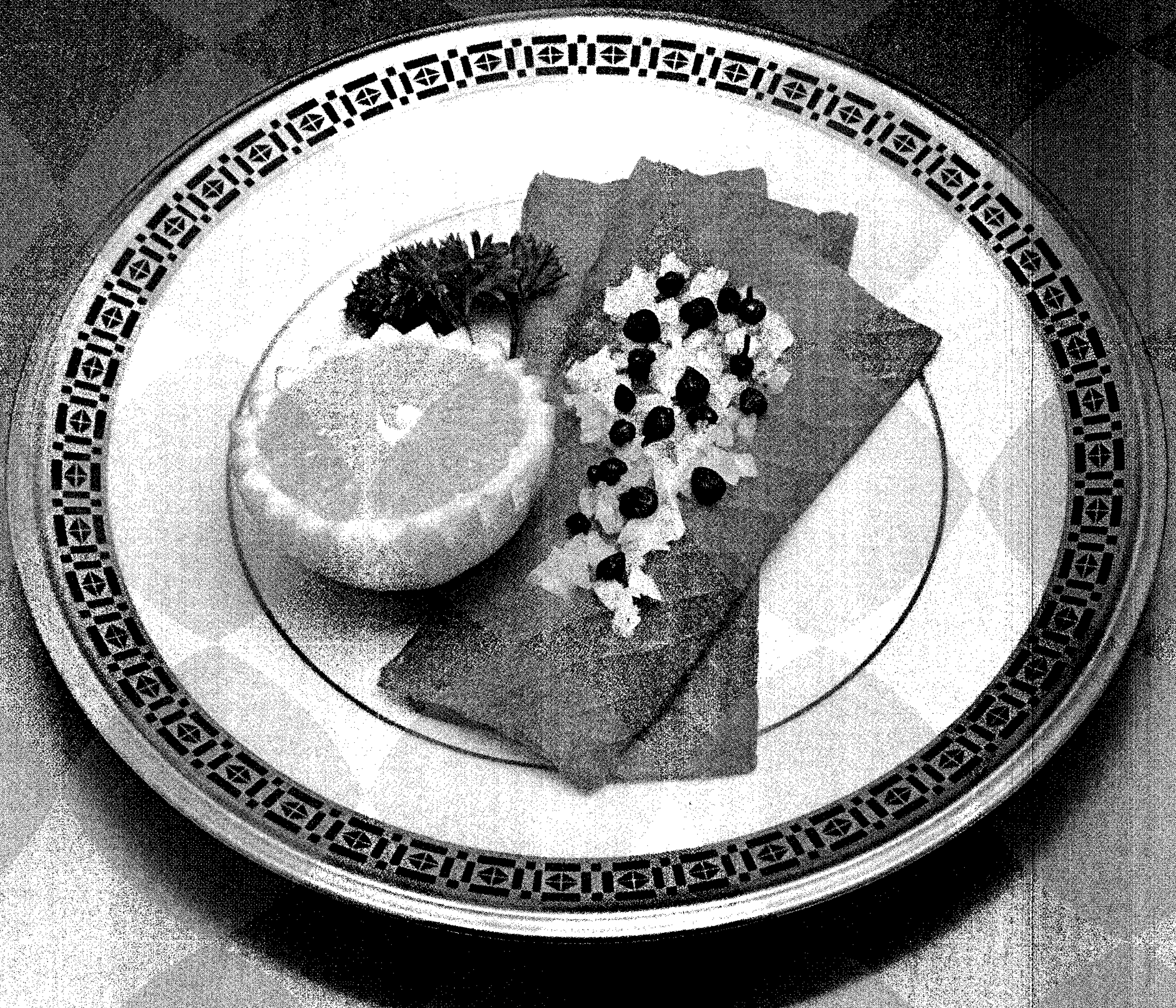

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for something I believe in and how stubborn I can be. I've also been surprised by how political this has made me. Before I got involved in this case, I wasn't interested in politics at all. But now I see that all politics are personal, because they affect each of us every minute of our lives. I've always been afraid of any kind of authority, and I'm no less intimidated by it now, but at least I know where I stand and that I can stick there if I have to for my own sake. From now on, I won't talk to anybody about anybody. What goes on between two people *belongs* to those people."

Turgeon paused thoughtfully for a few moments, then went on, "Of course, all this has had a bad side, too. I realize that my future is probably going to include some kind of government agent. The government knows who I am now, and it will probably keep an eye on me and come by and try to question me from time to time just to keep me in line. And whatever I get involved in in the future, I will always wonder in the back of my mind whether maybe the person I'm dealing with is an undercover agent. That's pretty frightening. And the threat of being watched hangs over my friends, simply because they are my friends. So in a way I feel less free, and people close to me feel less free. Someone even said to me the other day that I'm not free at all, that I'm being used by others for their own political ends. The idea that this is all some sort of power game really denies who I am—an individual acting on her own. Who I am is why I had to do what I've done. If I hadn't, I could never have been myself again."

After a week of cold, overcast, and rainy weather, June 10th turned out to be a perfect day, with a clear Caribbean sky and the temperature in the low seventies. At eleven o'clock that morning, Grusse and Turgeon attended a rally on their behalf held on the New Haven Green—a spacious, well-tended park opposite the post office. About a hundred people, again mostly young women, were there, and they milled about in small groups, talking and laughing together. Avery was on hand, and he watched his clients as they stood chatting animatedly with a couple of friends. He looked off at the fresh spring green of the park and shook his head. "It's terrible for a lawyer the day a client is taken away," he said. "But to go to prison on an incredibly beautiful day like this is too much—too much." A minute later, the group formed into ranks of six, with its members placing their arms around

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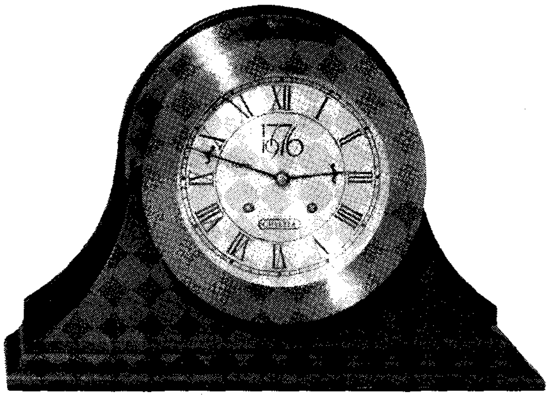
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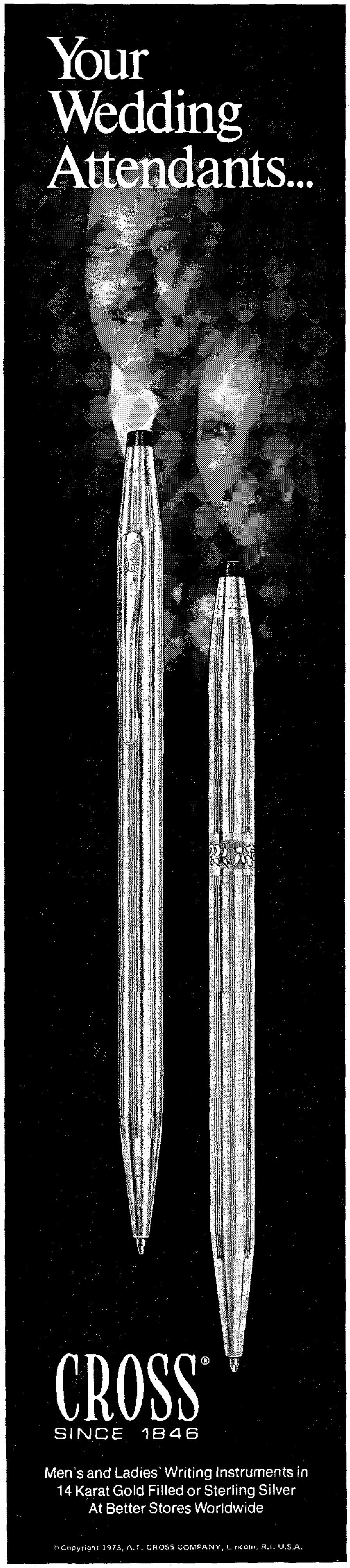

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each others' shoulders or waists, and began walking at a leisurely pace toward a First World War monument—a flagpole atop a marble-and-bronze base—a few hundred yards away, near the center of the Green. As they marched, they sang, "Some of our sisters are subpoenaed./*Bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao.*/Their silence makes us speak out:/We want our revolution now."

The group stopped at the monument, where several television and newspaper reporters were waiting, and Turgeon read a brief statement. "It is not out of respect for the courts, or for the unjust treatment we have received in those courts, but out of respect for ourselves and the people who have supported us that we are here," she said, and then repeated the charges about the government's persecution and its political motives. Afterward, the group sang several women's-liberation songs, some of its members came up to say goodbye to the two women, and then the gathering formed into ranks again and headed off toward the post office. In the corridor on the second floor, the marshal looked out the window as the file moved toward and across Church Street. "I wish it had rained," he said to a deputy marshal. "Rain always keeps down the crowds." At that moment, the crowd reached the front door of the post office, and suddenly began chanting, "Silence is our right, is our right, is our right!" A couple of minutes later, the post-office elevator stopped at the second floor, the door slowly slid back, and Grusse, Turgeon, Polan, Avery, and Rosen stepped out.

"Are you ready to surrender, Mr. Avery?" the marshal asked. Avery nodded, and the two women stepped forward. The marshal took up a position at one side of them, the deputy took the other flank, and the group walked rapidly down the hallway to the marshal's office. This time, there was no special police guard on hand, but Turgeon and Grusse were again searched for weapons, handcuffed, chained together at the waist, and driven under guard to the Connecticut Correctional Institution at Niantic.

ON September 26th, Avery filed a motion and a supporting brief with the District Court requesting a "revocation of order of confinement." Despite the court's decision that his clients' arguments "in defense of their silence are either legally insufficient or irrelevant," Avery wrote, "they have remained committed to the moral and ethical principles, and to their constitu-

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tional rights as they understand them, which underlie their decision not to respond to the questions of the government before the grand jury. They will continue to refuse to answer the questions of the government before the grand jury." Accordingly, he concluded, "continued incarceration of the witnesses would be punitive rather than coercive." Seven weeks later, Judge Newman rejected the request. Speaking in general of witnesses who are found in contempt—"contemnors," in legalese—he said, "If a contemnor's own insistence that he will not answer could be used to hasten his release, the coercive purpose of the civil-contempt remedy would be turned upside down. The contemnor would secure his release as soon as he demonstrated the continuing contumacious nature of his conduct." And in response to Avery's contention that the grand-jury investigation of the case had not continued and was not "serious," Newman said, "Those who have thwarted its progress cannot realistically complain of its lack of success."

It seemed clear to the lawyers for Turgeon and Grusse that Judge Newman had no intention of releasing them before the grand jury's term expired, on September 19, 1976. In an attempt to make life somewhat easier for them in prison, Avery wrote the Judge a personal letter in late November asking him to intervene on their behalf. As it happened, they had been transferred in late summer to the Niantic prison's "honor cottage," which was reserved for prisoners who had been, Turgeon said later, "real, *real* good." The policy at the prison was to allow ordinary inmates a forty-eight-hour weekend furlough every sixty days, whereas residents of the honor cottage were allowed such furloughs, plus six extra hours, every thirty days. Grusse and Turgeon had applied for a furlough soon after moving into the honor cottage, but so far had not been granted one—on the ground, the warden told them, that it had to be approved by the District Court, since they were not, like the other inmates, "sentenced" prisoners but could obtain their release anytime they decided to coöperate with the government. Now Avery asked Judge Newman to allow the two women a furlough for Christmas, and said, "Whether or not they are released for brief periods of time [for] holiday or other furloughs is hardly likely to affect their decision not to testify. Indeed, it seems to me that a brief visit outside the institution with family and friends, if it has any effect,

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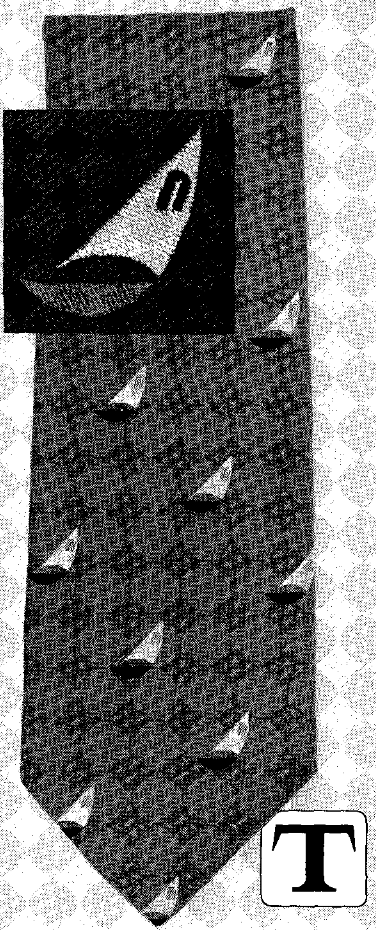

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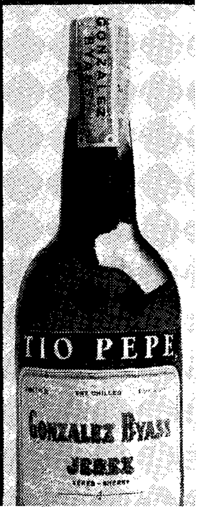

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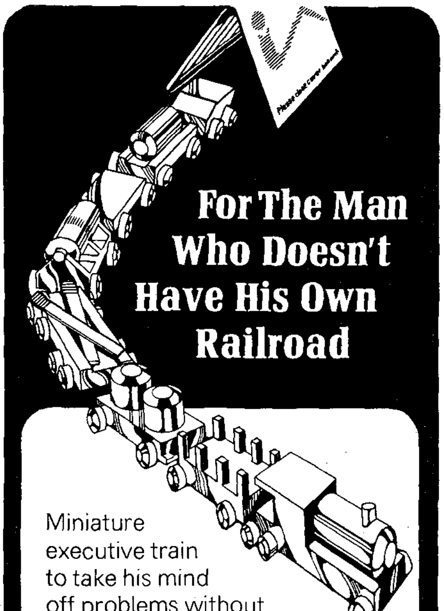
might make long-term incarceration even more painful than it already is. In any event, it certainly will not make the lengthy confinement these women now face any less coercive." And, he added, "It would seem not only ironic but unfair if Ms. Grusse and Ms. Turgeon, who are the only women at Niantic who have not been convicted of any criminal offense, have less privileges than other prisoners."

A couple of weeks later, before Newman had replied, Rosen learned that Dow was disturbed about the Grusse-Turgeon case, and wanted to find some way of settling it other than by keeping the two women in prison indefinitely. Rosen immediately went to see Dow, who told him that he had formerly been convinced that such middle-class women as Turgeon and Grusse wouldn't be able to endure prison life, and sooner or later would agree to testify. Now, he said, he was convinced that they would never talk. While he thought their decision was foolish, he had come to accept it, but he was upset by the adverse publicity the government might get if it let them out of prison now. Rosen knew that there had been a lot of pressure on Dow—much of it generated by the Grand Jury Defense Committee—to release the women, so he quickly pointed out that the grand-jury investigation had obviously come to a standstill and couldn't proceed without the women's testimony, which would never be forthcoming. Dow heard him out, nodded, and, after a few minutes' thought, said that he would drop the case.

On December 18th, Dow wrote Judge Newman a letter outlining the facts in the case and concluding, "Although the grand jury's investigation remains incomplete, the subpoenas for Grusse and Turgeon's testimony are withdrawn at this time and need no longer be enforced by adjudication of contempt. It should be noted, however, that the investigation may develop further information which may cause the witnesses to be subpoenaed again." The Judge had no choice but to order the two released from prison. His order was filed with the court at twelve minutes after ten o'clock on the morning of December 19th, Grusse and Turgeon were informed at ten-thirty, and they left Niantic—for good, they hoped—at a little after one-thirty that afternoon. They had served a total of seven months and one week.

The first move the two women intended to make, after enjoying the holiday festivities, was to do whatever they could to help a woman named



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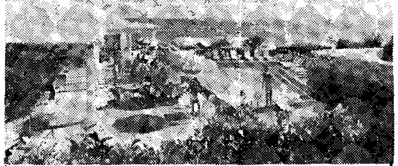

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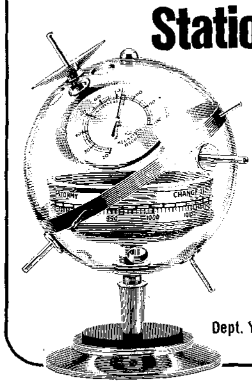

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Jill Raymond, who had been sent to jail for contempt of court, together with four other women and a man, in Lexington, Kentucky, for refusing to talk to a federal grand jury there about Saxe and Power shortly after Grusse and Turgeon had defied the District Court in New Haven back in early February. The six in Lexington remained silent for several weeks, but finally the intolerable conditions in the local jail where they were locked up persuaded all but Jill Raymond to coöperate with the authorities. When Turgeon and Grusse got out of Niantic, Raymond was still in jail—and, in fact, is there today, after serving more than a year for her silence. In early January of this year, Grusse and Turgeon telephoned a friend of Raymond's in Lexington and said they wanted to visit her in jail, and perhaps attend some rallies in her support. The friend gave them detailed instructions on which highway routes to take, and on January 7th the two set out, in Turgeon's Volkswagen, for the trip to Lexington. "We were followed all the way," Grusse said afterward. "At each state line, a different car, always with two men in it, would pick us up and keep us under surveillance. They were very obvious about it at times. One car followed us for a long while, and then it passed us very slowly, while the passenger carefully looked at both our rear and front license plates, and then he picked up a telephone and talked to someone. So we're not free even now."

In the view of one of the lawyers in the case, the authorities' continuing harassment of these women was further evidence that they were "just pawns in a great chess game being played by the government." He added, "They were never accused of any crime, yet they were treated worse than if they had been convicted felons. And, from beginning to end, their fate lay in the hands of Willie Dow. He tried to be a good man and to act justly, but he failed. In effect, *he* tried them, *he* sentenced them, and *he* let them out." In other words, ours is a government of men, not laws.

—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Albertville-Boaz* (*Ala.*) *Reporter*]

Rev. Billy Chandler brought a good message Sunday at Corinth. He has resigned as pastor.

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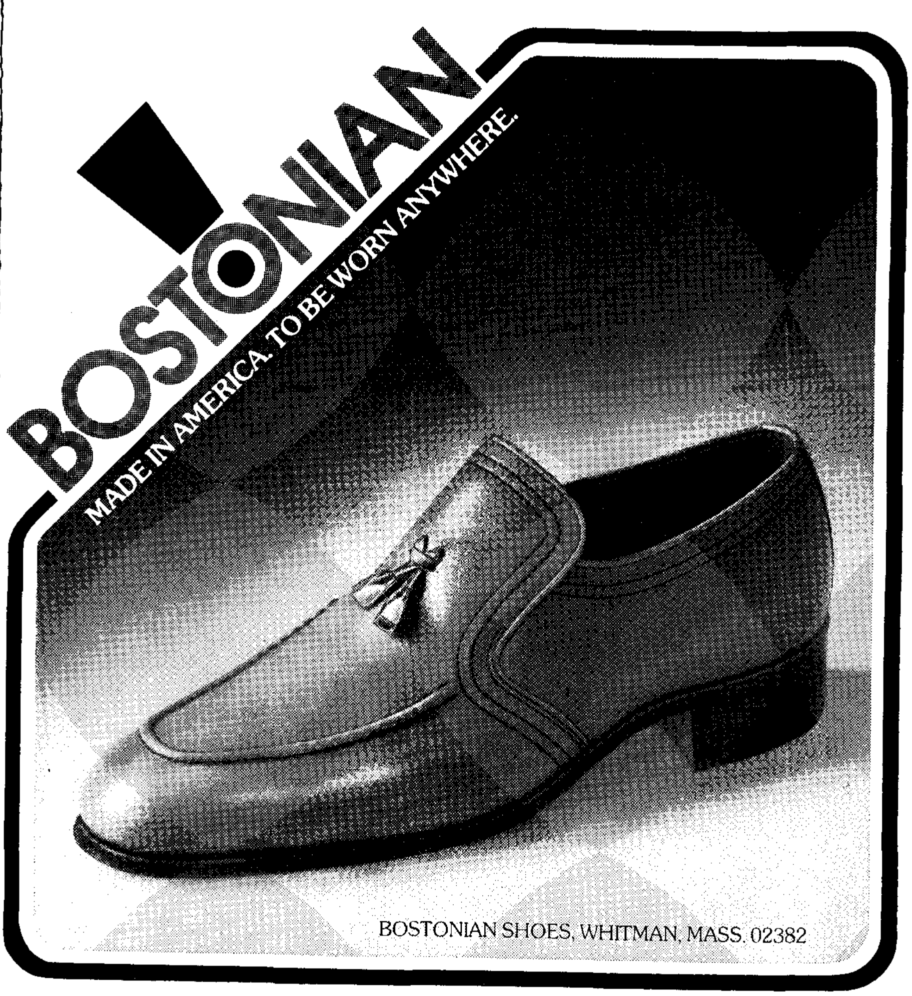
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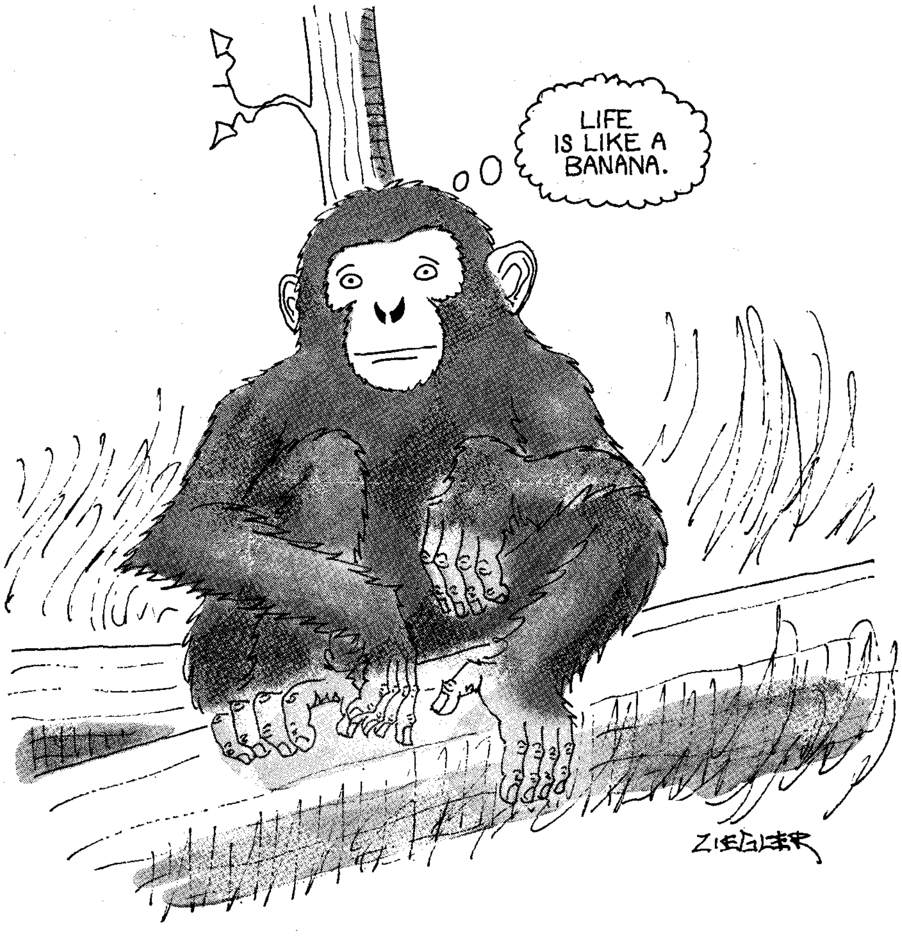
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"VANITIES," by Jack Heifner, which has been running for some weeks now at the Chelsea Center's Westside Theatre in Manhattan, is an amusing and unpretentious comedy about the fortunes of three pretty Southern girls over a span of a little more than ten years. The first act takes place in the fall of 1963; they are seniors in high school, very popular with the boys, practicing their routines as cheerleaders of the school's football team. They are "best friends," and although they are listed in the program as Kathy, Mary, and Joanne, it is all but impossible to identify them, since it doesn't seem to matter who says what as they chatter about decorating the gym and review the complex and arcane rules of necking and petting. The act ends with an announcement of Kennedy's assassination, which barely seems to register with them. In the second act, in 1968, they are in the spring of their senior year at college, roommates in a sorority house, avoiding flower children and pot smokers and protesters on campus, and all but untouched by the war in Vietnam. Most of their chatter is as silly as ever, but they have begun to become very separate young women. Joanne wants marriage, children, and security. Mary, the most sophisticated of the three, wants to be free of her family forever and to run off to Europe for a couple of years to seek her fortune. Only Kathy, the captain of the cheerleaders and the organizer of all their activities, is puzzled and scared by the future, and cannot imagine what her life could be without the two others. She repeats her sorority pledge as if clinging to a raft. The third act, which takes place in 1974, in the garden of Kathy's New York apartment—champagne in Baccarat glasses—is a reunion of the three of them. It is then that we discover the women they have turned out to be, with nothing (or almost nothing) in common, and realize that the clues have been there the whole time. Odd thing: Joanne, now living in Connecticut, has hung on to her Southern accent; the two others, both New Yorkers, have shucked theirs.


LIFE IS LIKE A BANANA.
ZIEGLER

Mr. Heifner makes his ironic points gently, never scoring off his characters. Much of their simpleminded talk in the first two acts is funny, and there is funny talk in the third act, too, but of a different kind. The staging, under Garland Wright's direction, is charming. At the opening of each of the three acts, we see the actresses in separate dressing rooms at the rear of the stage, dressing and making up; then, as the houselights dim and the stage lights go up, they step through the dressing-room curtains and make their entrances. They are Jane Galloway (Kathy), Susan Merson (Mary), and Kathy Bates (Joanne), and I enjoyed all of them. Settings by John Arnone, lighting by Patrika Brown, and costumes by David James.

THE Negro Ensemble Company has opened its Season Within a Season on the top floor of the St. Marks—four plays, each of them to run a week, by playwrights who are students of Steve Carter, the author of "Eden," which is selling out one flight down. The opener was "The Trap Play," by Reginald Vel Johnson, and it is set in the locker room and various offices of another Southern college. The football team has just lost a game, and its powerful quarterback is in danger of flunking an English exam, which will put him out of the important game coming up. The action deals with the attempts of the team and its coach to frame the quarterback's English professor as a homosexual, have him fired, and thereby spring their star. The script is quite obviously a first effort; when Mr. Johnson seems to know what he is talking about, the writing is firm and firsthand, but the situation is an old one, and there is considerable evidence that he has been watching a lot of movies and television. Nevertheless, the play was worth doing. All but one of the members of the team are black, and so is their coach; the professor and the head of his department are white, and we realize that the dramatist has more than college football in mind. Winning means something to the black players which even their sympathetic white teammate cannot understand, and that, I think, is what the play is all about. The actors, most of them inexperienced, did quite well under Edmund Cambridge's experienced direction. Keith A. Norris, his eyes bitter and burning, was especially impressive as one of the players, and so was Wayne E. Rhodes as a shy, bookish student whom the conspirators use as bait for their trap.

—EDITH OLIVER

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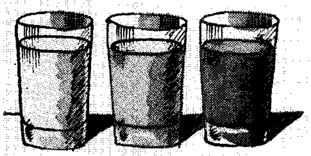

Another surprise.
Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.
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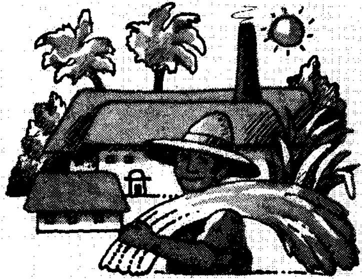
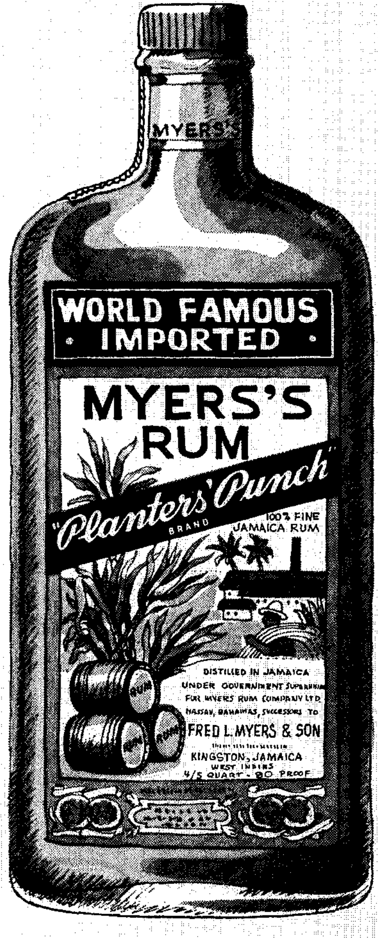


Myers's Planters' Punch:
Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.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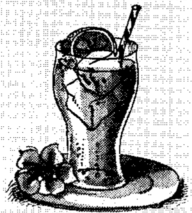

Myers's Rum and Cola:
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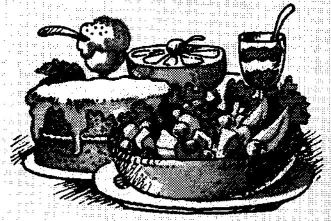

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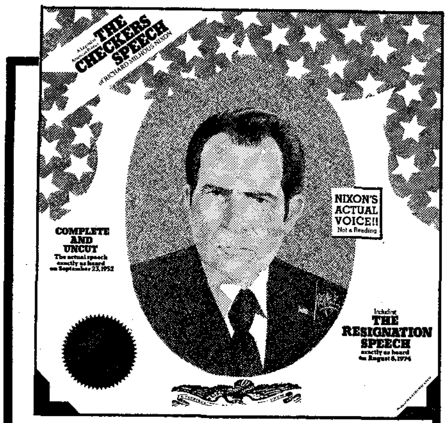

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THE RACE TRACK

Zen and the Derby

DAVID WHITELEY, speaking for his father, Frank, who trains Zen, and for Zen's owners, William and Thomas Bancroft, has confirmed the rumor that was going around Belmont Park last week: Zen may skip the Kentucky Derby. He will, however, go in the nine-furlong Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct on Saturday. The reason he's unlikely to visit Louisville is that he lacks racing experience and still runs greenly. He has started only five times in his life, and his stable feels that he would be at a disadvantage in a race at a mile and a quarter against the seasoned colts, like Honest Pleasure, who will be at Churchill Downs on May Day. Instead, Frank Whiteley will take him in hand for further conditioning immediately after the Wood. Only Whiteley can decide how much time he will need, but I've a notion that he might have Zen fit and ready to run in the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico on May 15th (Whiteley's a Marylander, you know).

There will be quite a field for the Wood; Bold Forbes, who ran so fast in the Bay Shore, leads the lot. Of course, if Zen were to run a sensational race there . . .

THIS week, to point up the popular old saying "Horses for courses," I give you Double Edge Sword. Since last January, when Dick Dutrow sent him up from Bowie for a race at Aqueduct, he has won four out of six tries at the Big A. In the most recent of them, the Excelsior Handicap, run last weekend before a crowd of nearly 33,000, he led almost from start to finish, winning by just under four lengths from Northerly, with Sharp Gary third. Dutrow, who saddled three hundred and fifty-two winners last year and is going strong this season, came up from Maryland, where he has a big public stable, to watch the race. It was his first visit to the Big A, and he liked it. So did the three Asquith brothers, the Maryland businessmen who own Double Edge Sword. A rather plain-looking chestnut horse by Sword Dancer, Double Edge Sword earned $51,120 as his share of the Excelsior purse—slightly more than he won all last season. Nice going for a horse who had leg trouble that kept him idle for a year and now races with a screw in his left front foot to hold it together. The Excelsior would have been more interesting if a newcomer from the Argentine, a big five-year-old named Keats, had run in it, but he declined the race because of the weight assignment. At Aqueduct two weeks ago, in a prep for his first start in this country, he worked a mile in 1:35⅖, and then he went on to win the race in 1:34⅖. Any horse who can do that is worth remembering.

THE Tartan Stable's Johnny Nerud was in action at the Big A's midweek attraction, the Bed o' Roses Handicap, at a mile; he saddled two fillies, Imminence and Land Girl, and they ran one, three. Imminence, who followed the Rokeby Stable's Spring Is Here early in the race, took the lead in the stretch and went on to win comfortably by a couple of lengths, while Spring Is Here saved the place almost as easily from Land Girl. Shy Dawn, winner of the Correction and Distaff Handicaps earlier in the meeting, was fourth. Five lengths behind her trailed Proud Delta, for whom Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott gave $250,000 at the dispersal of Mrs. Ada Rice's stable last autumn. She'd shown one burst of early speed, but that's not enough for anything that cost a quarter of a million.

ONE ON THE AISLE hasn't been the luckiest of Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable racers. As you may remember, he had his number taken down after finishing first in the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park last October, and he finished second three times at the recent Hialeah meeting. So I was pleased last week to hear that he won the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, that gallop of a mile and six furlongs over the picturesque Camino Real turf course at Santa Anita. He gave the crowd extra thrills by coming from at least twenty lengths back in the last couple of furlongs to beat Elaborado by a head. Top Crowd was third by a nose. The meeting, which closed last week, was the most successful ever for Santa Anita. Bob Strub, Jimmy Kilroe, and the other track officials deserve it. They put on a good show.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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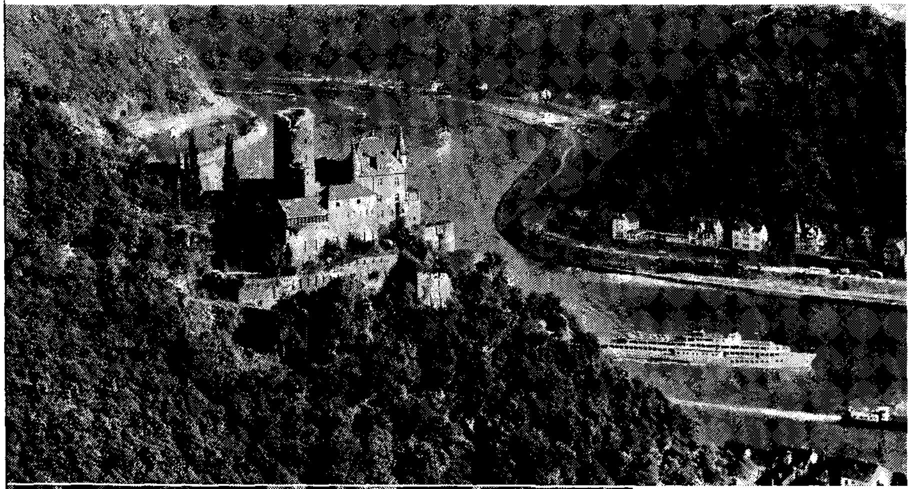

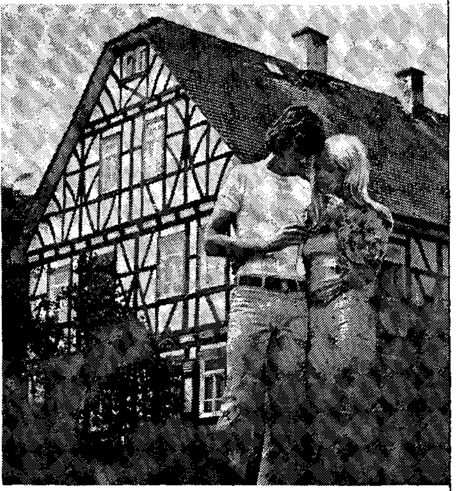

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hitch

WITH a kick on a cemetery headstone that has no body below ("Fake! Fake!" shouts the kicker), and a gentle, lethal plopping of brake fluid, the sound track of Alfred Hitchcock's "Family Plot" firmly plants us in a world in which the hallowed is a hoax and the mechanically sophisticated is dangerous to treat as a plaything. Hitchcock has never made a strategically wittier film, or a fonder; and this in his seventy-seventh year.

The beginning reminds us that the Master has always wanted to direct, of all things, J. M. Barrie's "Mary Rose;" and, though he once cheerfully informed me that he has it in his studio agreement that he is not allowed to film the play, the wily old jackdaw has managed to smuggle a whit of Barrie's fantasy into his new comedy-mystery. Mary Rose hears voices calling her from another world; at the beginning of "Family Plot," when Barbara Harris, as a ravishingly pretty and constantly famished con-woman spiritualist named Blanche, is conducting a séance with a loaded old biddy named Miss Rainbird (Cathleen Nesbitt), Blanche speaks in the voices of a woman and a man from the Great Beyond. The voices confirm Miss Rainbird's guilt about having long ago covered up the illegitimate birth of an heir to the Rainbird fortune. Then Blanche, exhausted by her bogus insights, returns from the Other Side and gratefully accepts a drink. "A double shot of anything."

Blanche works hard to make her wide-eyed living out of the dead. The offer of a reward of ten thousand dollars if she can find the missing heir is an amazing windfall. She generally manages frugally. Her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) drives a taxi. They exist on hamburger-munching and sex, both of which are perpetually being interrupted by twists in the Rainbird-heir mystery and by shift-work for the taxi company. The Bruce Dern character, called Lumley, puts up with deprivation better than his girl, whose temperament endearingly refutes generalities about women being too finely bred to have appetites. Blanche is a girl of simple longings whom fate keeps calorically and erotically ravenous.

"That's him. The one who isn't afraid to say 'I don't know.'"

Hitchcock has always thrived on making stories about couples. In "Family Plot"—written by Ernest Lehman, from an English novel by Victor Canning which has been transplanted to California—we see how his attitude toward casting has changed. Barbara Harris and Bruce Dern occupy the places that would once have been held by Grace Kelly and Cary Grant, or Kim Novak and James Stewart. The part of the glossy blonde (Karen Black) is now villainous, and the glossy blondness is a matter of a wig. Called Fran, she is in murderous collusion with a smooth diamond thief named Adamson (William Devane). Another couple. The two pairs are piercingly different. Blanche and Lumley adore each other, though they often seem about to throw lamps at each other; Fran and Adamson are partners in crime who cherish little love for each other and talk to each other with a formality that is eerily violent. There being no chivalry among thieves, Adamson unblinkingly sends Fran on dangerous missions by herself, for which she wears six-inch heels, black clothes, and the blond wig: at one's first glimpse of her in this disguise she looks as if she might well be a man in drag. The music-hall sight is funnily linked to the way Blanche's voice suddenly hits an air pocket and comes out as a baritone's at the opening séance.

One of the thieves' ploys involves a red-robed bishop whom Fran knocks out, in church, by plunging a loaded hypodermic through his vestments. No worshipper moves a muscle to stop her. People in church are in an inhibited and insensate state, says this film, which is droll about the religious as only a believer like the Catholic Hitchcock can be. Fran and Adamson tell the kidnapped bishop over an intercom that they are going to have to put him to sleep again; he complains that he hasn't finished his chicken. Blanche and Lumley, waiting over endless glasses of beer in a seedy roadside café for a cryptic and dangerous-sounding appointment, watch a parson drinking Coke with four Sunday-school children; the door opens, a dulled-looking girl comes in, and we laugh from bathos, because nothing happens except that the parson turns out to have imported the kids as a cover for a date.

And then, in a hair-raising but somehow majestically comic scene, Lumley and Blanche give up waiting for the man they were summoned to see, and find that they have at least met his work, for their car brakes won't function. Lumley is driving: downhill. Blanche adds to the terror by panicking. Hitchcock elects not to show us details of the dashboard. He simply cuts between views of the road and shots of Blanche nearly throttling Lumley, clasping him round the neck and providing the desperate man with the unhelpful information that her hamburger is making her feel sick. Hitchcock is good on feminine hysteria. One remembers Jessica Tandy crouched in a corner of her living room in "The Birds" (1963). He often has a wryly amused view of women's scares. I remember that he was once showing me his kitchen in Bel Air. Everything was spick-and-span. Not a cornflake visible. A desert for cockroaches. He opened a door, and icy air steamed out. The freezer locker: a whole room. I saw hams and sides of beef hanging from hooks like rich women's fur coats in summer storage. Hitchcock courteously bowed me in first. I hesitated and looked back, imagining the door clanging shut behind me. He knew what I was thinking, and I knew that he knew. A Hitchcock scene was in our imaginations, and an equally Hitchcock flash of irrational fear had come to pass.

Each of his films has been full of moments of red-herring disquiet, but he has never laid such a bland set of ambushes as in "Family Plot." The Master makes unsettling use of an oaken-looking woman in a jeweller's shop, whom Blanche cheerfully asks if her sign is Leo; of a brick wall that comes open and then closes hermetically, causing steep claustrophobia; of a remote-control garage-door gadget; of a fragment of bishop's red robe shut in the bottom of a car door in a garage, making one think of the gaudy socks of the unlosable corpse in "The Trouble with Harry" (1955); of an overhead shot of a weeping woman hurrying through a maze of paths in a cemetery, pursued by Bruce Dern; of a woman physician, a disgruntled old man in shirtsleeves, and identical-twin mechanics, who are successive false trails in Blanche's chase; of a genteel chiming doorbell on the front door of the thieves' house. Hitchcock's ominous

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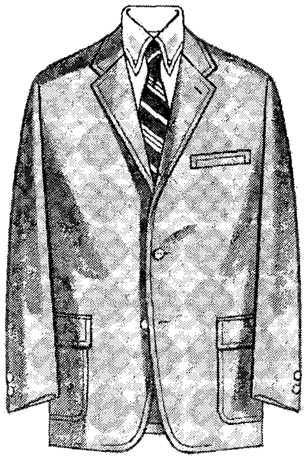

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mechanical devices and his dark clues leading nowhere build up in us a farcical discomfiture. We are like oversensitive princesses troubled by peas under mattresses.

But "Family Plot" does not rest on the fostering of anxiety. Hitchcock allows himself a camaraderie with the audience which makes this film one of the saltiest and most endearing he has ever directed. It is typical of the picture that he should have the sagacity and technique to bring the terrifying car incident to such an untroubling close. Only a very practiced poet of suspense could slacken the fear without seeming to cheat, and end the sequence without using calamity. With this picture, he shows us that he understands the secret of the arrow that leaves no wound and of the joke that leaves no scar. Sometimes in his career, Hitchcock has seemed to manipulate the audience; in this, his fifty-third film, he is our accomplice, turning his sense of play to our benefit. There is something particularly true-pitched in his use of the talent of Barbara Harris. She has never before seemed so fully used. The film finishes on her, as it begins. She goes mistily upstairs in pursuit of the enormous diamond that the villains have stolen. Lumley watches her. She seems to be in a trance. Maybe she has got supernatural powers, after all. She *brings off a clairvoyant's coup,* though we know more than her lover does. He is purely delighted by her. A Hitchcock film has seldom had a more pacific ending. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Councilor James R. Hayes, R-Concord, abstained from the vote on the resolution because he said he finds himself vacillating on whether nuclear power is safe.

Hayes said he has never abstained from voting on business before the council in his 18 years as a member, but said he did not feel ready to give formal approval to the resolution.

Until the first major accident, nuclear power is going to be a "real asset" to the economy, Hayes said.

"I don't know how I'm going to feel after that mistake," he added.—*Providence Journal.*

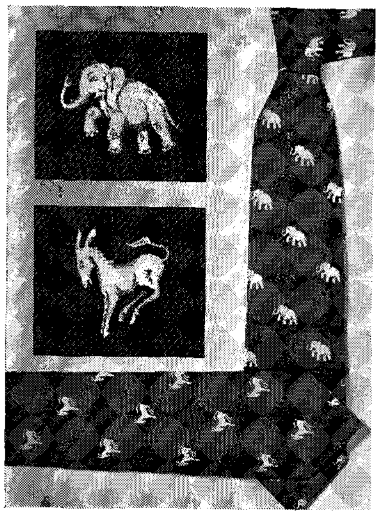
With any luck, you won't feel a thing.

•

The bumble bee, unlike the honey bee, can use its stinger repeatedly.—*Hartford Courant.*

So watch your step, and do not fumble with any bee that's labelled "bumble."

It's **Carroll Reed** *for . . .*



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[1] How did the Italian Catherine's invention of French cookery aid her in producing three French kings? See p. 85.

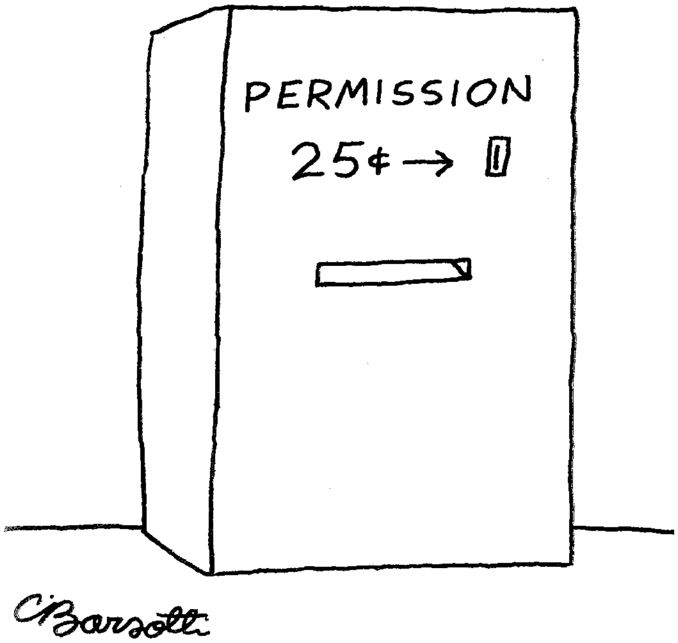
AROUND CITY HALL

HISTORY

ALTHOUGH there are indications of a growing national resistance to reminders of the way things were two hundred years ago, such information may have its uses. For example, the news that it wasn't until July 9, 1776, that the New York Provincial Congress voted to declare New York a state rather than a colony of King George III and to have its delegates to the Continental Congress, in Philadelphia, add their signatures to the Declaration of Independence, which had been signed by delegates of the twelve other colonies five days earlier, conveniently reinforces the conviction of many Americans that New Yorkers have been out of step with the rest of the country from the very beginning. Nor would the same critics be surprised to learn that, displaying the same kind of sleight of hand with figures and skill at glossing over awkward realities which have shown up in studies of what caused this city's current financial crisis, the tardy New York legislators voted in August of 1776 to backdate their July 9th action on statehood to May 27th, and so make it look as if they had been in the vanguard of the Revolution. Two hundred years later, however, New Yorkers will celebrate the climactic day of the Bicentennial on the same date as all their countrymen, and will do it in spectacular fashion. Besides Colonial tableaux, folk concerts, ethnic festivals, and fireworks, the July 4th schedule will include Operation Sail, in which a flotilla of seventeen square-riggers, from as many countries—said to be the largest number of such ships brought together in one place in a hundred and fifty years—will lead two hundred other sailing vessels, from forty countries, and several thousand pleasure boats in a nautical caravan from the Verrazano Bridge around the Battery and up the Hudson to the George Washington Bridge. Two days later, the crews of all the ships will join city and state dignitaries in a parade up Broadway from the Battery to City Hall, where there will be an official reception, and a smiling Mayor Beame will almost certainly be photographed wearing a sailor's cap. The betting is that in his speech, according to the way things are going, he either will point out that the city has safely reached port after nearly foundering on fiscal shoals or will urge the visitors to provide it with a sinking fund—just as, a few months ago, thanking the Consul General of the Netherlands for a gift of a hundred thousand tulip bulbs in honor of the Bicentennial, he explained that although the city was no longer called Nieuw Amsterdam, "we're still in Dutch."

It's no accident that the last really big bash at City Hall—the inauguration of the local Bicentennial celebration, on May 22, 1975—also had to do with two-hundred-year-old events. As most New Yorkers will testify, not much has gone on in the city in the intervening eleven months that anyone would go out of his way to celebrate. The program for last May's big show on City Hall plaza featured patriotic numbers by a Coast Guard band, the All City High School Chorus and Orchestra, and the New York Philharmonic, as well as Marian Anderson reciting "An American Tribute" and Walter Cronkite reading the Declaration of Independence. Cronkite delivered it well, but no audience in the neighborhood of City Hall is likely to find a reading of the historic document as impressive as it must have been to the crowd that gathered there on July 9, 1776, when the sails in New York Harbor were those of British warships. At the twilight call to retreat for the Yankee soldiers stationed in Manhattan, General Washington and his officers rode to the center of the parade ground, a few hundred yards south of what is now City Hall. After some routine announcements, an aide to Washington—in "the loudest voice he could raise," as Bruce Bliven, Jr., describes it in "Under the Guns," his account of this city in the early years of the Revolution—read from a longhand copy the now familiar words, which the assembled soldiers and any New Yorkers within earshot heard for the first time.

The final speaker at the 1975 City Hall ceremony kicking off the local Bicentennial celebration was Mayor Beame, whose speech was, as usual, topical, although this time jokeless. There had already been a number of alarming pronouncements about New York's financial condition, and it was known that the traditional avenues of credit had been closed to the city, but it was just beginning to dawn on most New Yorkers that warnings about a severe local money crisis were something more than the usual budget-season melodramatics. In many respects, the Mayor's speech last May suggested that he, too, was still under the impression that traditional spring rhetoric with a special dash of Bicentennial fervor would be followed by the usual rollover of obligations and shifting of figures from one fiscal year to another and the cheerful announcement that the city budget was balanced for another year. In his turn at the microphone, Beame described the city as being engaged in a struggle "against economic subjugation," which, he assured his listeners, was "as real as our struggle against political subjugation two centuries ago," and he denounced "the Tories of our time," by which he was understood to mean the members of the Financial Community Liaison Group, made up of leading local bankers, who that morning had warned him that they would refuse to lend the city any more money until it reformed its budgetary and accounting practices and, in general, took a more realistic view of its financial condition. (The bankers, such as Ellmore Patterson, the head of the Liaison Group and the chairman of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, did, in fact, have rather Tory-sounding names compared to those of the crowd gathered at City



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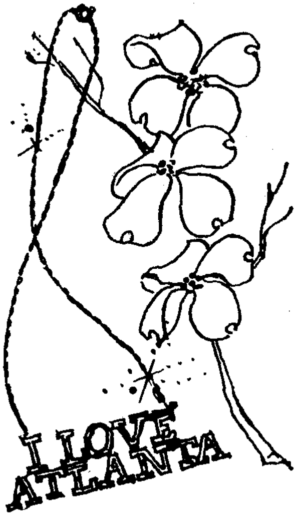

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Hall, whose arriving ancestors had mostly landed not at Plymouth Rock or Jamestown but at Ellis Island or the favorite ports for slave ships.) In his speech, the Mayor warned his fellow New Yorkers against "being dominated by the will of a handful of people who have never stood for election before the citizenry." Among the hostile forces, he said, were those who were trying to dictate the city's destiny not only from bank boardrooms but also from union halls. The municipal-union leaders had demanded that Beame fire political appointees rather than lay off Civil Service workers. The union members had apparently not previously realized that in the Mayor's view they and the bankers were ranged on the same side, in the sense that they were common enemies of the city. Two days earlier, Victor Gotbaum, executive director of District Council 37, the largest union of city employees, had announced that early in June there would be a demonstration in front of a Wall Street office of the First National City Bank. At the rally, ten thousand city workers shouted insults at First National City's board chairman, Walter Wriston, whom Gotbaum had called "venal" and "the Number One enemy of the citizens of the city of New York," charging that Wriston's bank, like other local banks, was interested only in taking money out of the city, and also that Wriston favored a policy of solving the city's problems through widespread layoffs of union workers.

Today, a number of the city's prominent industrialists and bankers, including Wriston and two of the city's labor figures, are among the fourteen members of a special task force set up by the investment banker Felix Rohatyn last month at the request of Governor Hugh Carey to help devise a long-range plan for the city's economic recovery now that seasonal federal loans, which must be repaid at the end of each fiscal year, have temporarily made it possible for the city to avoid the monthly crises that put it in danger of not even being able to meet its payroll. Rohatyn is the Lazard Frères partner who has been the leading figure in the Municipal Assistance Corporation, set up by the state last June to sell the bonds that no one would buy directly from the city. By the fall, the bankers and the municipal-union leaders were in agreement that New York's primary enemies were those who prescribed bankruptcy for the city—especially those in Washington who seemed to take pleasure in the prospect. The escape from this dénouement (which may also turn out to be only temporary) was ac-

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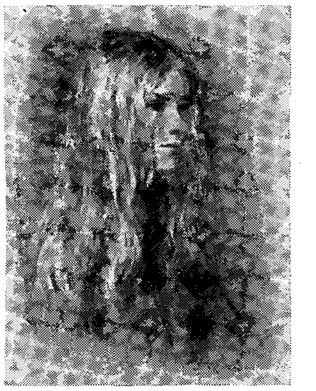

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complished not by City Hall rhetoric but by a vast coöperative rescue operation, in which the banks took grave risks by lending their depositors' funds and the union leaders took grave risks by lending their members' pension funds.

Contract-negotiation time is just ahead for many unions, and it is also an election year, and cries of economic subjugation and calls for resistance to oppression by nonelected officials are again being heard. There is some hope, however, that local bankers and union leaders, whose delegates worked together in the great collaboration, might occasionally in the future approach each other as something besides instant adversaries. At intervals during the city's long series of hairbreadth escapes from the worst, a number of the principals who had seen their share of bank boardrooms publicly expressed their admiration for the reasonableness of the labor leaders on the team, and the union men, including Gotbaum, returned the compliment. Even when the comment is more wary, the tone now may be half affectionate, as for a onetime comrade-in-arms. "He's a real clever piece of work," Michael Maye, a former Golden Gloves heavyweight champion and now head of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, said of the bantamweight Rohatyn not long ago. "The fox that bit him probably is dead by now." A few months ago, Rohatyn commented that one of the satisfying results of the city's near-disaster had been the fact that "the various constituencies of the city have been sitting around the table together—the banks, the private sector, the unions, city and state officials," and he went on, "We may be creating the first commune in the U.S. on such a large scale."

A commune is rather a romantic concept, however, and you can never tell how long any commune will hold together. Rohatyn's observation was made in December, and by the end of last month it was beginning to look as if fragmentation time were at hand, as the city faced a strike deadline by the Transport Workers Union. (The T.W.U., it should perhaps be said, was not part of the communal effort to save the city. Since the city's Transit Authority is a subsidiary of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, a state agency, the union members weren't subject to austerity-program layoffs, as the municipal unions had been, nor had they risked their pension funds in any of the packages that have been assembled to keep the city going.) As the strike deadline approached,

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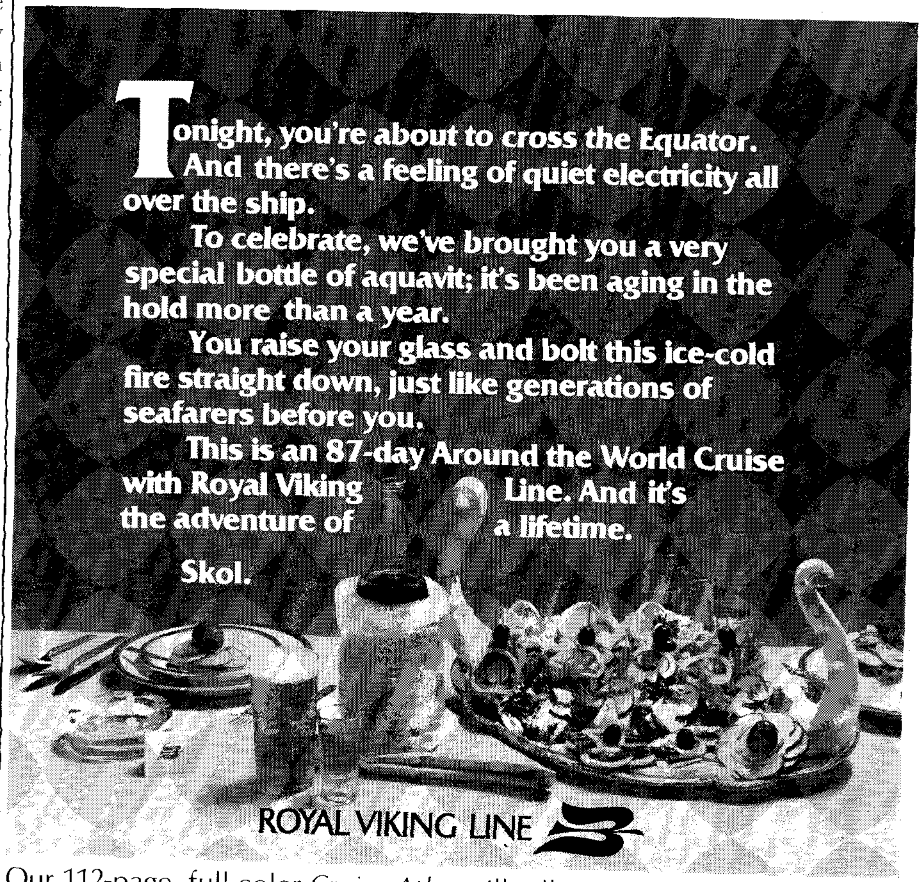

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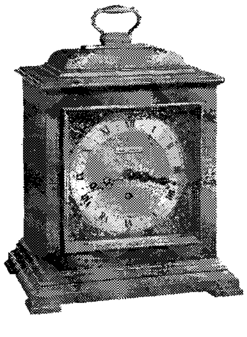

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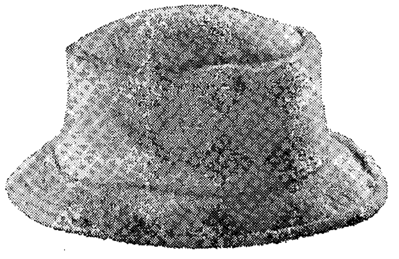

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emergency plans were issued by City Hall and by suburban bus and railroad lines, which could provide some New Yorkers with alternative ways of getting to work. "The Normandy invasion wasn't planned this well," one railroad official said, "but it probably was not as big an operation." The midnight deadline was extended, and shortly before the second deadline the negotiators reached an agreement that involved the trade-off of a cost-of-living increase for the transit workers against an improved but unspecified productivity program. The Mayor, who is known as an eternal optimist, announced happily that, because of the productivity trade-off, "it doesn't involve any city money." Local union contracts have not previously been public documents, and if this had been like old times New Yorkers might have discovered only many months later that the settlement had in fact involved a great deal of city money: "productivity program" could have turned out to be another term for "flimflam," and the cost-of-living raises could have set off vast waves of what is popularly known as me-tooism—demands for similar deals from all the municipal unions. It would then have been hard to find any City Hall official who would admit to having even been in town when the agreement was reached. This was not like old times, however. The Emergency Financial Control Board, the seven-member body set up by the state last September to oversee the city's fiscal administration, must approve the financial implications of such a contract, and any possible high cost cannot now be conveniently kept under wraps. Within days, it was being predicted by city budget officials that the consequent me-tooism might cost the city four hundred million dollars over the next two years. In view of the possibility that the Control Board would reject the contract, plans on the order of those for the Normandy invasion were kept at the ready.

The actions of the Control Board, though perhaps not those of the T.W.U., would certainly be influenced by another disturbing piece of news. The same week that the transit settlement was announced, Special Deputy Comptroller Sidney Schwartz, appointed by State Comptroller Arthur Levitt to monitor for the Control Board the city's compliance with the harsh fiscal-austerity program it must follow if it is to have any chance of balancing its budget by the fiscal year 1978 and regaining access to the credit markets, announced that, despite City Hall's insistence that its compliance was virtually on target, there might be as much as thirty-eight million dollars' worth of what Schwartz called "slippage" in the city's scheduled reduction of its expenses for the fiscal year ending June 30th. Surprisingly, the only encouraging note came from Washington, and the source was also a surprise—Secretary of the Treasury William Simon. Simon, who had spent much of last fall attacking New York City's government as hopelessly improvident and opposing any pre-bankruptcy help, has lately taken such a sanguine, almost indulgent view of the city's efforts to be more thrifty that Senator William Proxmire, who was the city's active friend last fall and is now one of its sterner critics, accused him of taking "a Pollyanna attitude" on the subject. There is some suspicion that, with all the distractions of an election year, the Ford Administration may be ready to overlook a little thirty-eight-million-dollar slippage rather than have to fight the battle of New York all over again.

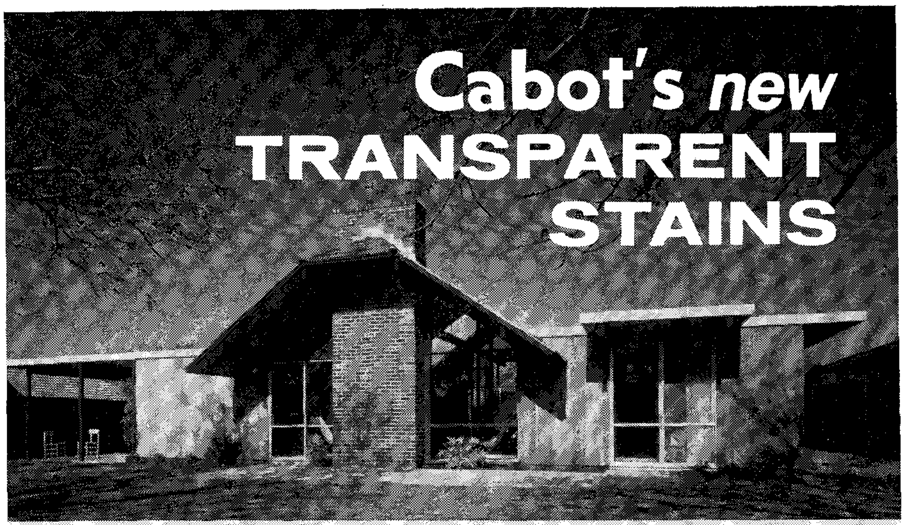
"SOMETIMES on nights like this I can still hear it rumble by," a 1939 cartoon in this magazine showed a woman saying to the man beside her as they leaned on a second-story windowsill and looked down on Sixth Avenue, which until earlier that year had been blighted by the old "L." On some days this spring, one could catch a similar expression on the faces of City Hall guards as they looked down the marble steps at the broad plaza, until last year the almost daily gathering point for marching, chanting, sign-waving demonstrators, and now more often silent, tidy, and empty. The kind of phantom rumble the guards might be hearing could be that of two springs ago, for example, when some local politicians were trying to put the political squeeze on Beame, who had recently been sworn in as mayor. In a single week, two fierce power struggles were acted out in front of City Hall—one of them between Beame, who had his own Puerto Rican candidate for head of the city's Community Development Agency, and Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, the only Puerto Rican member of Congress, who was backing the Puerto Rican already in the job. Each candidate rallied a large number of supporters, and at the height of the controversy it looked as if City Hall plaza might become a battleground for opposing Hispanic forces. "Are those Herman's Puerto Ricans?" a visitor asked one morning. "No, those are

Beame's Puerto Ricans" was the answer. "Herman's Puerto Ricans will be back tomorrow." One of the demonstrations by Herman's Puerto Ricans was complicated by their getting into a skirmish with several hundred basketball fans, who were rallying in the hope of shaking the hand of the Knicks' Dave DeBusschere, who was inside shaking the hand of the Mayor.

Eventually, Beame appointed his own Community Development Agency candidate, just as he named his own man to be head of the Mayor's Office for Veteran Action. The latter appointment had been the cause of the second confrontation acted out on City Hall plaza that week—this one between the Mayor and Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, whose grandfather was born a slave, and who was backing the incumbent head of the veterans' office. On one busy afternoon, it was not enough to know which were Percy's veterans and which were Beame's veterans, since the demonstrators had been joined by a large group of disabled veterans from out of town who were unhappy about the size of their pensions. Their leader, directing his forces from a wheelchair and waving a large sign that read "Starvation with Honor," explained that he planned to conduct a rally and sit-in at the Pentagon later that week, and added, "Everybody knows City Hall here is a great place to try things out."

The second of these small City Hall wars had a sequel that, like nearly everything else in the city nowadays, was connected with the fiscal crisis. Milton Williams, who was said to have come highly recommended by the Bronx Democratic county leader's office, was Mayor Beame's choice for head of the Office for Veteran Action. Last fall, both Albany and Washington kept saying that if the city was to survive financially its bureaucracy (which the columnist George Will has described as "not only Italian but Laotian") must be drastically cut, and in December the Mayor announced that since the services of the local veterans' office largely overlapped those of the local branches of the state and federal veterans' administrations—a point that had escaped City Hall in more expansive times—the city office could be dispensed with. Seventeen civil servants and thirty-four veterans would lose their jobs. However, Beame added, Williams would be kept on, at an annual salary of $37,344, plus ten thousand to his secretary, for "liaison referral services."

The fact that Beame's view of the city's in-extremis financial condition



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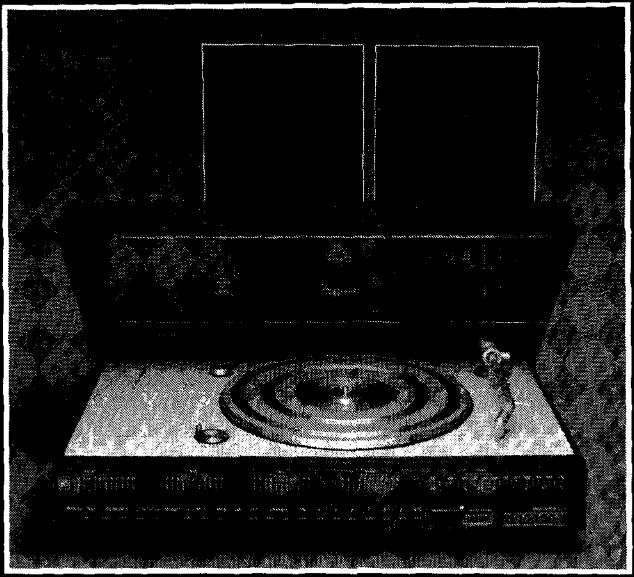
often seems to go out of focus when saving money would mean inconveniencing a friend of one of the local clubhouses will undoubtedly be often mentioned in the next few months as politicians (Sutton and Badillo are considered almost certain contenders) begin to get into position for the 1977 mayoral campaign against Beame, who gives every sign of planning to run again. If any candidates want documentation for such charges, Edwin Weisl, Jr., who served under Beame as head of the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration, will presumably be happy to provide it. Last summer, Weisl—whose own appointment had everything to do with the fact that during the Johnson Administration his late father had been considered the chief dispenser of Democratic federal patronage in the city and that he himself had contributed substantially to Beame's mayoral campaign—began to show signs that he was taking a serious view of his assignment to improve the condition of the city's parks. He complained publicly that his job was being made more difficult by City Hall's insistence that he staff his administration with friends and relatives of district leaders and borough presidents. After he renewed his complaints last September, the Mayor let it be known that Weisl was on his way out, and Weisl resigned. In his parting remarks, he suggested that the Mayor also resign, and added that since the day he took office "I have been saddled with political hacks," some of whom, he insisted, had done nothing whatever in return for their salaries. "At least Jimmy Walker had charm," he said. At a press conference later that day, a reporter asked Beame, "Since Mr. Weisl has called you a crony of political hacks and called for your resignation, what do you call him?" Said the Mayor, who may have been congratulating himself that there were still *some* powers left to him, "I'd call him an ex-commissioner."

IT was only last May that ten thousand residents of Chinatown, in what is said to have been the largest City Hall demonstration by a single ethnic group in local history, converged on City Hall to protest alleged brutal and contemptuous treatment by officers assigned to Chinatown's Elizabeth Street police station. "This is how Ho Chi Minh started" was the gloomy comment of a City Hall guard as he looked out at all the Oriental faces. In late October, however, when some of the same Chinatown residents demonstrated at City Hall again, they were marching shoulder to shoulder with some off-duty Elizabeth Street police officers in a joint protest against the proposed closing of the station house as part of the city's fiscal-austerity program. By that time, such pilgrimages to City Hall were a comparative rarity. The number of demonstrations there dwindled rapidly after word spread that all cuts in city personnel and services would be proposed on a preliminary basis at agency and department levels, and the final decision on whether they were acceptable would be left up to the Control Board. There was some suspicion that this version of how things worked had been actively encouraged by the Mayor's office, which could thus avoid blame for the more politically unpopular decisions and take credit for those that made people happy—as when Beame announced his reconsideration of the closing of the Elizabeth Street station house and three other station houses whose closing had been announced by the Police Department. "You've just ruined the Mayor's cop-out," Queens Councilman Matthew Troy said a few weeks ago when William Ellinghaus, then president of the New York Telephone Company and a member of the Control Board, reminded the City Council Finance Committee that the three-year austerity plan that is intended to make it possible for New York to achieve a balanced budget by 1978 had been prepared by City Hall and not, as Council members implied, imposed on it by the Control Board. Nevertheless, in recent months most demonstrators have bypassed City Hall in favor of such headquarters as those of the Board of Higher Education or the Health and Hospitals Corporation, or the local office of Governor Carey, who is the Control Board chairman, or installations of the federal government, in the hope, perhaps, of finding some understanding ally of the new William Simon.

The belief that many of the city government's powers have been shifted elsewhere is not the only explanation for the peace and quiet at City Hall. The ugliest demonstration in recent years was that in May of 1970, when a hundred thousand construction workers marched there to show support for the Cambodian invasion and anger at the long opposition to the Vietnam war (today's half-forgotten issue) of John

Lindsay (the half-forgotten mayor), who was denounced in scatological signs and hanged in effigy a hundred yards from his office. Even on that afternoon, however, none of the marchers made any attempt to storm City Hall, as some members of a much smaller band of construction workers did in February of 1975, when the concern was over something more powerful than mere ideology—the absence of a weekly paycheck. At the time of that demonstration to protest the reduced size of the city's 1975-76 construction budget, the unemployment rate in the local building trades was more than twenty per cent; it is even worse now, and the city's construction budget for the coming fiscal year allows for little more than completing some—by no means all—of the projects already started. "If they keep on this way, this city is going to turn into a wax museum," one of the hardhats in last year's protest warned shortly before several hundred of his fellow-demonstrators broke away from the main line of march and, making an end run around the City Hall guards, tried to push their way through a City Hall rear door. In the following months, demonstrations against the extensive layoffs and the sharp new cuts in the city's expense budget were increasingly large and angry, and the waving signs often personally attacked the Mayor. ("Feed Beame to Jaws!") His many years in the comparative isolation of the Comptroller's office may not have prepared him for this kind of thing, and everyone knew there were many more layoffs to come. Before long, most marchers were being restricted to the southern rim of City Hall Park, out of sight and nearly out of hearing of anyone in the Mayor's office—an arrangement that inevitably encouraged demonstrators to take their business to other power centers in the city.

This change of venue had nothing to do with why the grass around City Hall is now so tidy. Until last spring, the lawn between Broadway and the west wing of City Hall, where the Mayor has his offices, was occupied at midday in good weather by city employees and others who worked in the neighborhood, eating their lunch, reading, or idly tossing Frisbees. On weekends, Boy Scout troops sometimes gathered a few feet from the Mayor's windows to play touch football. It was all a rather unexpected sight at the center of government of a city often regarded elsewhere as so big as to be beyond human scale. Last May, however, the lawn was resodded, at a cost



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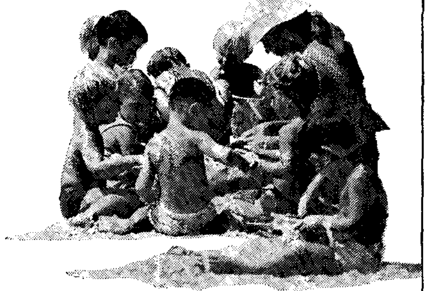

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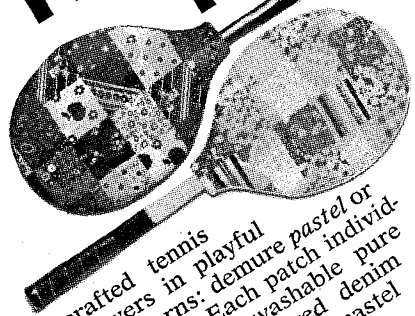

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of seventeen thousand dollars, just in time for the inauguration of the local Bicentennial. Perhaps in keeping with the new austerity, the fences put up to protect the new sod there and around the new grass in City Hall Park have never been taken down. Whatever the reason, the fencing contributes to the curious impression that except for ceremonial occasions City Hall is now more isolated from New Yorkers than ever before—and this in the administration of a mayor, himself an immigrant and a product of the lower East Side and the City University, who was thought of as being far closer to most New Yorkers in background and experience than the mayors who served for the two decades before him. (Wagner and Lindsay were the son and grandson, respectively, of impoverished immigrants, but they were also both Yale men.) The fences will be removed in time for the July 4th commemoration of the Revolutionary spirit of '76, which will find the grass in perfect order.

Besides its scheduled celebration on July 4th, New York will play host in the next thirteen weeks to two dukes, a princess, three princes, three kings, and three queens, the high point being the arrival at the Battery on July 9th of the royal yacht Britannia, bringing Prince Philip and Queen Elizabeth. Presumably, the royal trip is being paid for in part with the five hundred thousand pounds that the British government generously appropriated to help the Americans celebrate their victory over King George's Army. Not all of Her Majesty's representatives in this country will regard this generosity with wholehearted enthusiasm. The British Ambassador to the United Nations, Ivor Richard, grumbled a few months ago that an important part of his present assignment was to "celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of British defeats." He continued, "Not long ago, I surrendered Fort Ticonderoga. I gather this will go on for about the next five years." The Queen's visit will undoubtedly brighten things up at City Hall, however, providing one more day when there will be no time for references to fiscal deficits, seasonal loans, or the Emergency Financial Control Board. The band at the welcoming ceremonies will not, of course, play "The World Turned Upside Down"—the number struck up by Cornwallis's troops as the redcoats surrendered at Yorktown. If it ever were played, and if they knew the words, quite a few old City Hall hands might be tempted to sing along. —ANDY LOGAN

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LETTER FROM LONDON

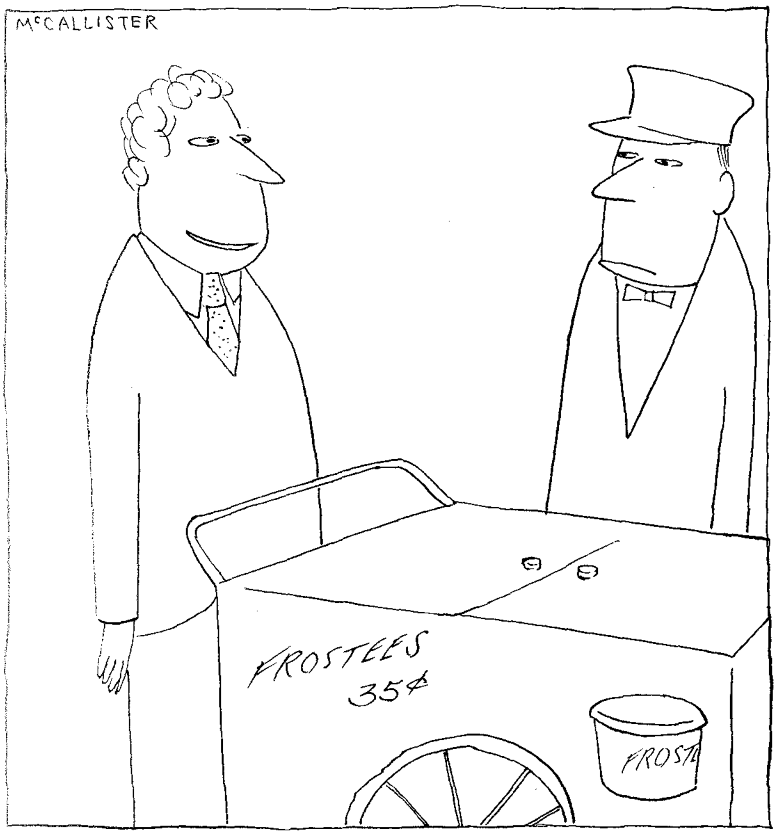
April 7

THE Labour Party's drawn-out electoral process of reading the entrails and filling the vacancy left by Harold Wilson's disconcerting departure ended on Monday, when James Callaghan's large form loomed up on people's television screens, addressing them for the first time from Downing Street. It had seemed a long three weeks to everybody since Mr. Wilson bowed himself out. The chorus of admiring tributes to him was somewhat watered down in the private comments of many irate citizens who felt that, even given his explanation that he was keeping to a firm personal timetable, Britain's situation was too grave at the moment to risk changing horses in such a turbulent midstream. Mr. Callaghan's victory, when it came at last, was regarded by most people as good—or, anyway, unalarming—news, with no particular pang of pleasure or pain attached. He had been thought of for so long as the most likely and dependable heir apparent in the unlikely event of the seemingly immortal reigning holder's ever vanishing from sight that his losing the succession at the eleventh hour would have upset the British notion of fair play. Certainly many nervous watchers on the sidelines who view Michael Foot, the unexpectedly strong contender, with profound misgivings were vastly relieved. The win had apparently been wanted by the grass-roots constituencies even more strongly than by their M.P.s, who did the actual voting.

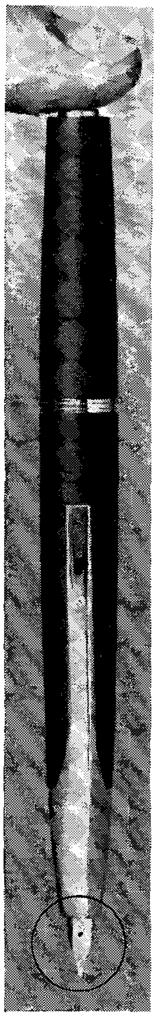
The ups and downs of the election battle were watched with real excitement and anxiety by people in all parties. Mr. Callaghan was by no means the unanimously preferred candidate, either by the press or by the public. A large section of public opinion would have liked Roy Jenkins. His early decision to withdraw was a bitter disappointment to his admirers, many of whom are outside the Labour Party, though it should have rejoiced Mrs. Thatcher's supporters, who would have found him as Prime Minister a formidable obstacle to her ever arriving in Downing Street. During the feverish campaigning of the past fortnight, Mr. Callaghan was totally invisible to journalists except in his tranquil bulky presence sitting by Mr. Wilson's side in the Commons, as though nothing at all had changed—a superior tactical stroke by the oldest and wisest campaigner of them all. While the other candidates talked of their chances to correspondents and on television, he remained shrewdly, eloquently silent, as if he were so certain of the final result and the ultimate good sense of his party that he could be aloof from the lobbying and frantic swapping of votes going on at Westminster.

On Monday, when he was proved right, the urge to be at the center of an historic day brought along large queues for the Public Gallery, perhaps expectant of a look at the new Prime Minister. At four o'clock, however, when the election result was to be declared, an unfortunate Labour Minister was left gallantly expounding the problems of the fishing industry in a somnolent chamber from which all life on the benches behind him had washed out in a wave. The M.P.s had gone to hear the announcement in a handsome panelled committee room in the upstairs reaches of the House, into which Mr. Wilson and his Cabinet—the losers in the race for No. 10 smiling as indomitably as the winner—jostled their way through a humming crowd of Members from the House of Lords as well as from the Commons. Then the figures of Mr. Callaghan's win over Mr. Foot were waved aloft, chalked in red on a sort of bookie's board for the journalists packed in the corridor outside, and the Harold Wilson era was officially over. It seemed his final astute success that he had chosen the ground on which to advance the man who could best lead Labour in the next general election, and now saw him adopted, as planned, with at least all the outward signs of Party amity and national acquiescence.

Most of the public interest in the contest was centered on the alternative who suddenly and seriously threatened Mr. Callaghan. Michael Foot's astonishing achievement in coming even that close to Downing Street gave a mighty jolt to the non-Labour half of the country, and much cheer to those—especially the idealistic young—who share his view that to win elections Labour should be plainly seen once more as the radical party which sets forth reforming policies that could never be mistaken for Conservative doctrine even with the eyes shut. He had no help from the press, the newspapers being almost universally hostile to him and bloodcurdling in their predictions of the shock that a Foot win would deal to world opinion and the struggling pound. Many impartial observers consider him the most magnetic personality in the House of Commons, where there is much affection for him. A fierce Parliamentarian, who would like Westminster to have more, not less, power, he is the only surviving orator who can galvanize his listeners there or at the dazzled annual Party conferences, being in the line of Celtic en-



"On second thought, I'll have a coconut-custard *and* a fudge-ripple. We pass this way but once."



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chanters, such as David Lloyd George and Aneurin Bevan, who now and then turn up in public life to put the spell of their tongues on the English. Like Bevan, he scared off moderate opinion with his bitter attacks on the leadership in former days, before Harold Wilson, acting on the principle that old poachers make good gamekeepers, brought him into the Cabinet in one of the key appointments, as Secretary of State for Employment. Even those who concede that since becoming a Minister he has staunchly backed the Government's vital pay policy against his old friends on the extreme left cannot forgive or forget his two trade-union bills that passed stormily into the statute books and give more power to the big organized-labor battalions while reducing the rights of the ordinary citizen. In particular, people were outraged by the "press charter," which removed the safeguards that allowed editors and journalists to print and write what they liked. It was perhaps this puzzling dichotomy in a character that has often shown itself as passionately libertarian which caused middle-of-the-road Labour M.P.s who had obviously voted for him with their hearts in last week's second ballot to show their traditional caution by using their heads to elect the safer, steadier man on Monday.

Yesterday, twenty-four hours after his appointment, Mr. Callaghan sat among his Ministers listening to Chancellor Denis Healey present the first budget of his administration—a record headlong pitch straight into the menacing problems he has inherited. Mr. Healey's package of measures was also unprecedented. His extraordinary, ingenious offer to give tax relief to millions of citizens, whether members of a union or not, but only on condition that the unions agree to accept a still lower pegging of wages when the existing restraining agreement ends this summer, is a constitutional novelty that will be furiously debated inside and outside Parliament. The unions' impressive united honoring of the six-pounds-a-week maximum pay rise that they accepted last year was, of course, responsible for the better industrial tidings that were the bright spot in Mr. Healey's budget speech, but their first reactions to his newly offered bargain appear to be dubious. The only thing that is rather hearteningly clear at this moment is that the Prime Minister is starting out with abundant good will from the country, which he and his Government will surely need in the crucial months ahead.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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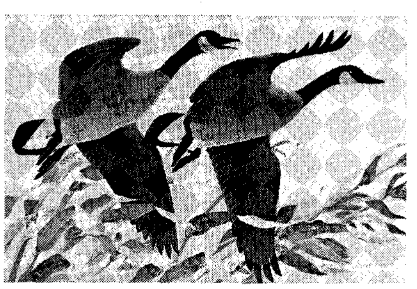

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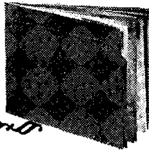

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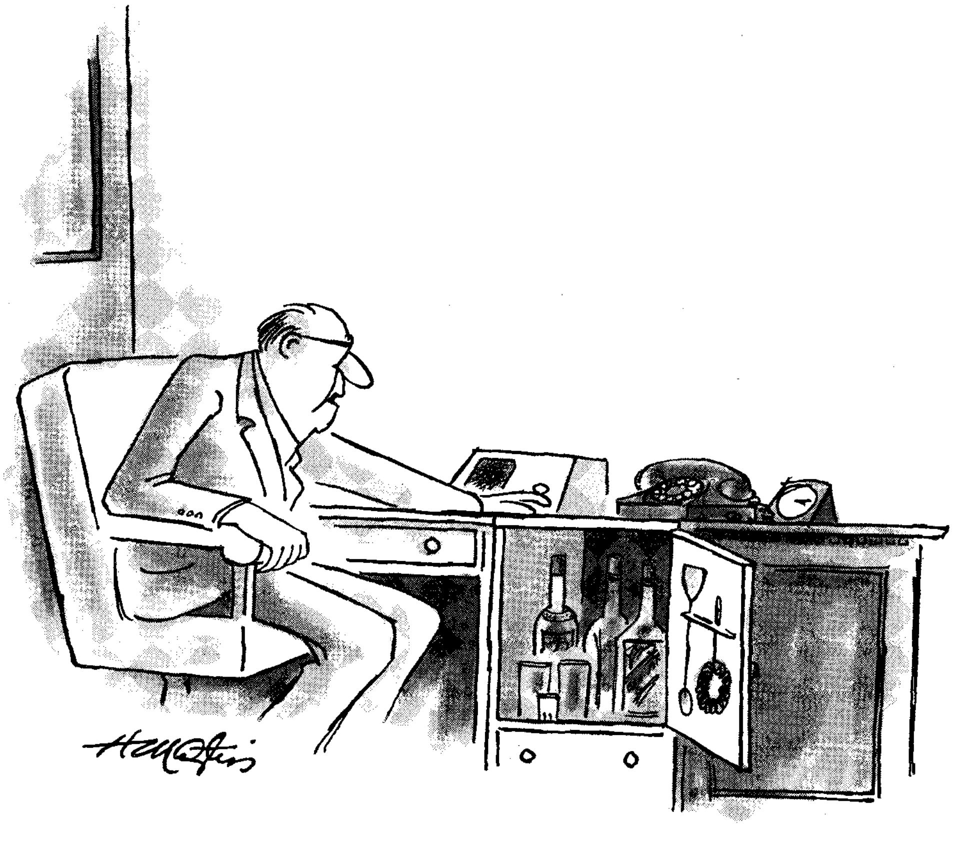
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Matter of Mexico

IN Boston, during the three days of a conference convened by the Central Opera Service, three operas were presented whose common theme was the destruction of American civilizations by white invaders: Roger Sessions' "Montezuma," set in sixteenth-century Mexico, and Robert Selig's "Chocorua" and Paul Earls's "The Death of King Phillip," both set in seventeenth-century New England. "Montezuma," while remaining unperformed after its première, at the German Opera in West Berlin in 1964, acquired almost legendary status—as Sessions' magnum opus and, until the Whitman cantata "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" appeared, two years ago, to dispute the claim, his masterpiece. In Berlin, the opera was hardly a success; the *Times* reported that on the first night "whistling and booing partly drowned the fairly enthusiastic applause." Sessions champions explained that it had been poorly performed—insufficiently rehearsed, insensitively cut, and, by Gustav Sellner, directed on the superficial level of a Meyerbeerian spectacle. Present at the première was Sarah Caldwell, and she had no doubts about the merits of "Montezuma." Twice she announced the American first performance, to be given by her Opera Company of Boston; twice it was cancelled. But now she has brought it off.

William H. Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico" is the great American epic, as stirring as the Matter of Arthur or the Matter of Troy, as romantic and adventurous as Ariosto or "The Faerie Queene," and with the added charm and interest of being true. The Conquest of Peru, as Prescott remarked, "notwithstanding the opportunities it presents for the display of character, strange, romantic incident, and picturesque scenery, does not afford so obvious advantages . . . as the Conquest of Mexico. Indeed, few subjects can present a parallel with that, for the purposes either of the historian or the poet. . . . It is a magnificent epic, in which the unity of interest is complete." Long before Sessions, and long before Prescott, the Matter of Mexico had provided inspiration for the operatic stage; some thirty operas on the subject have been counted. One of the earliest is Carl Heinrich Graun's "Montezuma," of 1755 (performed in Boston in 1973), with a libretto by Frederick the Great. Cortes is the villain. Frederick, as he told Count Algarotti in a letter, hoped that his opera would serve at once "to reform behavior and destroy superstitions" and to reform operatic abuses such as constant da-capo airs. The most celebrated opera on the theme is Spontini's "Fernand Cortez, ou La Conquête du Mexique," of 1809; at the Metropolitan, in 1888, it was performed with forces that, according to the critic H. E. Krehbiel, "rivaled in numbers those who constituted the veritable Cortez's army, while the horses came within three of the number that the Spaniards took into Mexico." Sessions' opera is not intended as an exotic spectacular; in a preface to the score, he says, "This work was conceived by both its author [Giuseppe Antonio Borgese] and its composer as a story of human beings as such, rather than in their specific qualities as Aztecs and Spaniards." The libretto is not an epic, and not a historical romance. Nor is it a strong drama of personalities, such as Peter Shaffer, in "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," fashioned from Prescott's "Conquest of Peru;" as individuals, the operatic Cortes and Montezuma are barely characterized. Rather, it is a series of reflections, shaped in lyric-theatre terms, on such themes as the problems of empire, the responsibilities of colonists, the disruption of stable agricultural societies by "modern progress," the impossibility of rival creeds' or cultures' peaceably inhabiting the same terrain, the tragic inability of tolerant rulers to inspire tolerance in their subjects, and the causes of Fascism. The librettist of "Montezuma," Borgese, was the author of "Freedom and Discipline in a Vital Democracy," of "Foundations of the World Republic," and of poems and plays. A visit to Mexico, in the thirties, prompted him to approach Sessions with the idea for an opera; six years later, in 1941, his forty-thousand-word libretto was ready. Sessions began to make sketches at once, but eighteen years passed, he says, before he really got down to work on "Montezuma." Borgese had died in 1952; the composer and the librettist's widow, Elisabeth Mann Borgese, abridged the text, while the Princeton theatre historian Francis Fergusson gave advice on conveying information wordlessly and contributed the second of two pantomime scenes in Act II—the ritual sacrifice of eleven victims. The vocal score is dated 1962, and the orchestration was tackled the following year.

"MONTEZUMA" is in three short acts, amounting to about two and a half hours of music. The dramatic tableaux are introduced by a narrator, the aged Bernal Díaz, apparently inditing his "True History of the



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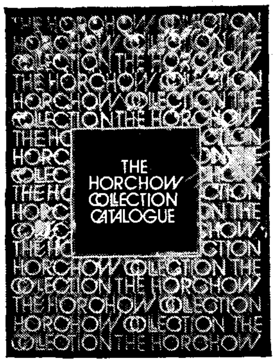

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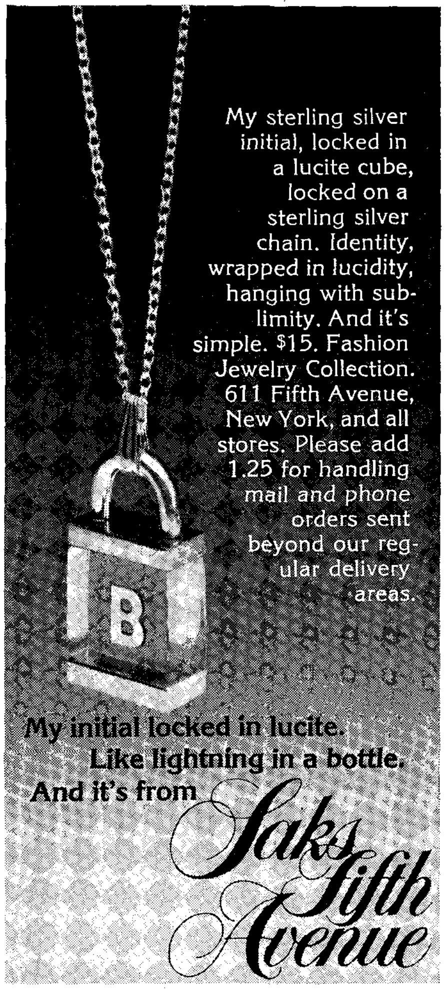
Conquest of New Spain" (one of Prescott's main sources), recalling scenes that then shape themselves on the stage. Each episode is short; elaborate arguments are reduced to a few statements. For example, the moral issues of a pastoral feudal economy are debated in just thirty measures. Pedro de Alvarado, Cortes's fiery lieutenant, interrupts a ritual dance celebrating the maize harvest, snatches an ear of corn from the leading dancer, and cries scornfully, "I saw the hungerers in Tlaxcala with not a sprinkle of salt on the poultice of their lamar dish. The carrier beneath his load would burst rather than roll a wheel. I saw the market in Toluca with itch of lice and squeak of mice, and reek of vomitable fish. Indeed! An Eden. The Golden Age." Montezuma replies, "Much grieves the heart of the ruler that all men are not born equal. Yet patience and prayer lighten the burdens, atoning with the highest the lowest." An Aztec priest, unbidden, adds, "Quarrier pave road. Carrier heave load. Other trim the tree. Other till the soil. That the free be free, slave must toil." And Alvarado says, "And cropper, carrier, slave bear the hoard of gold to sky-high lair. [*To Montezuma*] Share!"

I prepared for "Montezuma" by freshly reading Prescott and Díaz. That makes a start; the action of the opera can hardly be followed by anyone who has not done so. But Borgese's libretto needs advance pondering, too, for it is dense in ideas but laconic in their expression; set by Sessions to an accompaniment that causes many of the words to be inaudible (even when the voices are electrically amplified, as they were in both Berlin and Boston); and so tortured in its syntax, so fancy in its poetic diction, that even when the words are heard, or read, their sense is by no means immediately clear. Some points have been simply made. Both Cortes and Montezuma have youthful, impetuous lieutenants, Alvarado and Cuauhtemoc (Guatemozin), who precipitate the violence that both conqueror and emperor seek to avoid. Other dramatic correspondences are less straightforward. In Act II, Indian victims (reduced in Boston to a single victim) are sacrificed by Indians; in Act III, Cortes burns an Indian who has killed a Spaniard—whether as a punitive execution or in an auto-da-fé is not made clear, and the ambiguity is deliberate. (The narrator remarks, "Ev'n weren't I old I could not tell what shakes at him the Inquisitor. A club? A hammer? A petronel? Or the holy cross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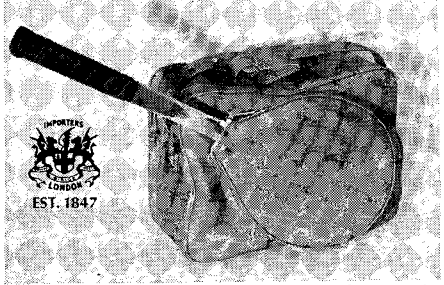

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of the Savior?") Between these demonstrations of faith in action, there is a religious discussion. The Spaniards produce a picture of the Madonna, the Aztecs disclose that they, too, worship a virgin goddess, mother of sorrows, and the mild Montezuma attempts reconciliation:

> Countless are the gods, and he knows little who, dazzled by one, blinds him to the others' glow.... Hence let *no* gods be banned or slighted.... You sacrificed a god to man, Him, the Crucified, making death and wail supreme. We offer to the immortals mortal victims, who, since death must be, on Death's flowered bosom with shriek of self-effacing fertility swoon. So justice to each other's cult, armor against the blows of fate.

Malinche, Cortes's Indian mistress, who is baptized Marina, plays an important role, singing duets with both Cortes and Montezuma. In a love duet at the end of Act I, she ecstatically yields to Cortes as if to Quetzalcoatl, the white-faced god awaited from the east; gently questioned by Montezuma about the Spaniard's possible divinity, she answers, "To truth unspeakable the query prods lame tongue. God is in him.... My king, listen to their message which they call gospel, the news that won this realm to Heav'n." She describes herself as "the abject maid, for gods to tread a rainbow-bridge." Montezuma describes her as "a Magdalen, and a mixer of seeds, a builder of a new race of men, wherefore I praise her." But the narrator remarks that hers is but a facile, personal, and local reconciliation of racial and religious differences:

> Poor girl! No expert Circe she, nor yearning Ariadne, haughty Medea! for all her fleeces and Minotaur, a girl with a girlish idea, that th'earth, less round than goes the story, bears just her country on its pear-nipple, where Eden, risen from the sea-ripple, *must* make each morning a morning-glory.

And so idea is piled upon idea; one observation qualifies another while Cortes and Montezuma move toward central, and Alvarado and Cuauhtemoc take up extreme, positions, and Malinche is ineffectual mediatrix. In his last utterance, Montezuma addresses his subjects from the roof of the besieged citadel where he is held prisoner by the Spaniards:

> Let us share with them our maize, water, the gift of Tlaloc. They can provide us with chariots and wheels, the tame high deer, feather-maned, rampant skyward, to span with cotton-haired harvest the ranges, together with many crafts, until we show them to provinces uninhabited, where they can settle unhurt, unhurtful, for this land is roomy, of bounteous lap, fit to be happy under

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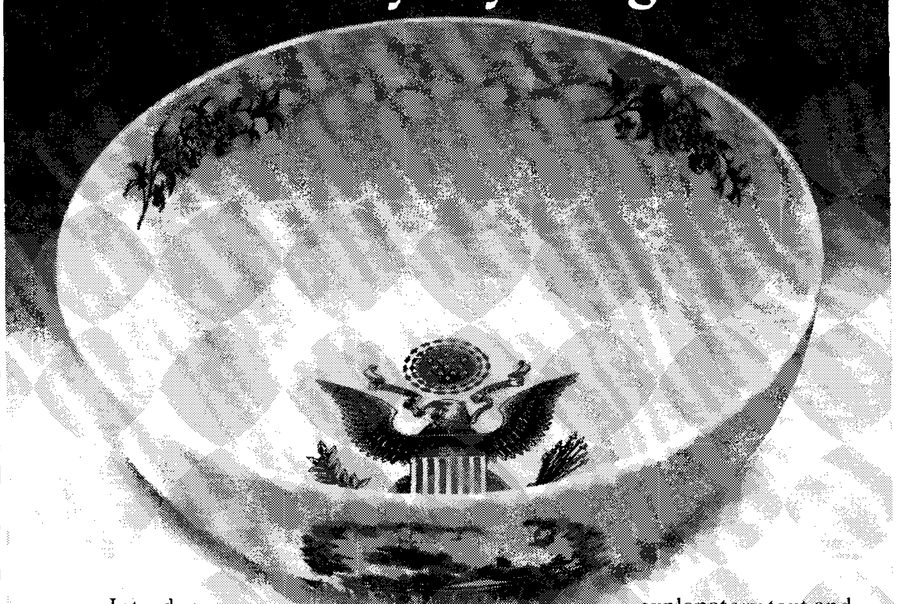

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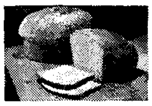

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the custody of all gods!... So let us have a compact universal. These, were I soon to die, would be my words: that ye love one another.

The Indians respond by stoning him to death. The opera ends with a long, beautiful invisible chorus of Clouds, uncertain whether to cloak the Spaniards' retreat in blinding sheets of rain or to favor the Aztecs, who "must, by storm unhamper'd, storm the fortress." While prophesying the Aztecs' eventual defeat, they decide for the present to assist them.

SESSIONS, who will be eighty in December, is revered by most serious American musicians and not much heard by the public. In his teaching, his writing, and his music he has, in Wilfrid Mellers' words, "served as guide and mentor to the young and as guardian (in no pejorative sense) of academic respectability." His principal medium has been the full orchestra; he has composed eight symphonies—all of them, he has said, with the sound of Karl Muck's Boston Symphony in his ears. "Montezuma" uses a large orchestra: triple woodwinds with a fourth clarinet, fourfold brasses that do not simply support the voices but, very often, enter into active contrapuntal dialogue with them. In the prefatory note to the score, the composer says that "the vocal parts of this work constitute always its principal melody;" but the principal melody is sometimes hard to hear. A critic tempted to declare that the instrumental part of an opera is too dense, too elaborate, is inhibited by the thought that the same charge was once brought against Mozart, against Rossini, against Wagner. Time has proved a remarkable clarifier of textures. But, at any rate, it can safely be asserted that Boston's Orpheum Theatre, where there is no pit to contain the orchestra, was unhelpful to the sound of "Montezuma." Even in the Berlin house, which does have a pit, there were difficulties. According to Peter Maxwell Davies, who reviewed the show for the *Times*, "A magnificent production by the Deutsche Oper did everything possible to make the apparent complexities clear, yet the profusion of musical detail obscured, for many listeners, the basic simplicity of Sessions' musical material." "Simplicity" is an unexpected word, yet a fair one for music that moves essentially in sweeping, full-blooded lyrical gestures of long span. "Except in a very few passages where a declamatory mode of delivery is expressly indicated," says the composer, the vocal lines "are to be sung in an expressive *bel canto* style throughout." They lend themselves to such singing, and in Boston they were for the most part lyrically sung. But the orchestra, even where its function is to define or emphasize the articulation of a long vocal gesture, offers what amounts in performance to stiff competition; and sometimes, in addition, voices obscure one another. Alvarado's speech "I saw the hungerers in Tlaxcala"—whose words are important to the dramatic argument—is simultaneous with a duet from Montezuma's two daughters. The old Díaz's reflections during the burning are simultaneous with singing from Alvarado and from the young Díaz, present at the event. To the difficulty of following Borgese's Wardour Street diction ("Bread and wine needs a man to fight and die;" "Us enchants he, but eke frightens") Sessions adds that of hearing the words. It would matter less if "Montezuma" were a conventional drama of passions and pageantry; then it might be enough to read the libretto in advance, and during the performance simply be swept along by the sound of the music. The score is thoroughly and solidly composed; interesting things happen all the time. But insofar as "Montezuma" is dramatic it presents a very intricate drama of ideas given swift, not expansive, expression; anyone who can't follow them is likely to become bored, since both text and music are insistent, unrelaxed, and reject passive acceptance. They demand close intellectual attention to everything that happens. "Montezuma" is both personal and closely argued, in ways that Pfitzner's "Palestrina," Busoni's "Doktor Faust," Hindemith's "Harmonie der Welt," and Dallapiccola's "Ulisse" are, but less than all but the last of those aspiring works does it make any concessions to the ordinary tenets of the theatre—stopping to explain, to amplify, to provide breathing spaces. It would be easy to state that it is dramaturgically incompetent, but wiser and fairer—and certainly more prudent—to suggest that, for all the magnitude of the Boston endeavor, we have not yet properly heard and seen it. Clever critics deemed Berlioz's "Les Troyens" a sorry muddle until at length it was adequately performed.

THE Boston staging, by Sarah Caldwell, was plain—plainer than one might have expected from stage directions like "As if by an act of magic, lamps of wax in translucent pottery and resinous torches, fixed to the floor or the walls, are being lit almost simultaneously, as Cortez speaks. A tall candelabrum, of single flame, burns beside the ascetic face of Montezuma. The fumes of copal and liquid ambar are seen rising from glowing braziers.” None of that happened. The basic set, by Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, was white, and represented old Díaz’s study in Guatemala, invaded by and dissolving into the characters and scenes that he recalled. Some colors were brought in for the tableau during which the Spaniards enter the capital and meet the emperor, but they gave no more than a hint of the “wonderful sights” recalled by Díaz (“like an enchanted vision from the tale of Amadis; indeed, some of our soldiers asked whether it was not all a dream”), so vividly evoked by Prescott, and called for in the stage directions of the score. The Boston company, without a proper opera house, without a full-time chorus, orchestra, and stage crew, is not equipped to provide opera on a fully professional level. That should not be forgotten—though in the past, when carried away by the genial spirit that informs Caldwell productions, by brilliant, inspired performers, and by the joy of hearing great works that are ignored, or less stirringly performed, by other companies, I have found it easy to forget. Miss Caldwell achieved wonders with the forces she had available. The starkness of her presentation, her insistence on the basic issues under discussion rather than on the romance of the locale in which Borgese and Sessions chose to embody them, was perhaps dictated in part by practical limitations and in part by a belief that so earnest an opera should not be glamorized. Her Aztecs did not have burnished bodies; from neck to toe they were zipped into drab body stockings, and this seemed somehow symbolic of the determinedly unsensuous approach.

Musically, both orchestra and cast, conducted by Miss Caldwell, sounded confident. As Cortes, Brent Ellis was decisive, vigorous, commanding of voice and of presence. As Malinche, Phyllis Bryn-Julson sang clearly and truly, but her acting was tentative. (It was her first stage role.) Richard Lewis, who took the title part, has never been much of an actor. The plot may require Montezuma to be somewhat ill at ease both with the conquerors and when addressing his own rebellious subjects, and Mr. Lewis certainly conveyed that impression. But he had no majesty. He did not dominate the opera. Joey Evans’ Alvarado was aptly incisive. Donald Gramm, as old Díaz, told far less strongly than he usually does; he was apparently reading the music from a score concealed

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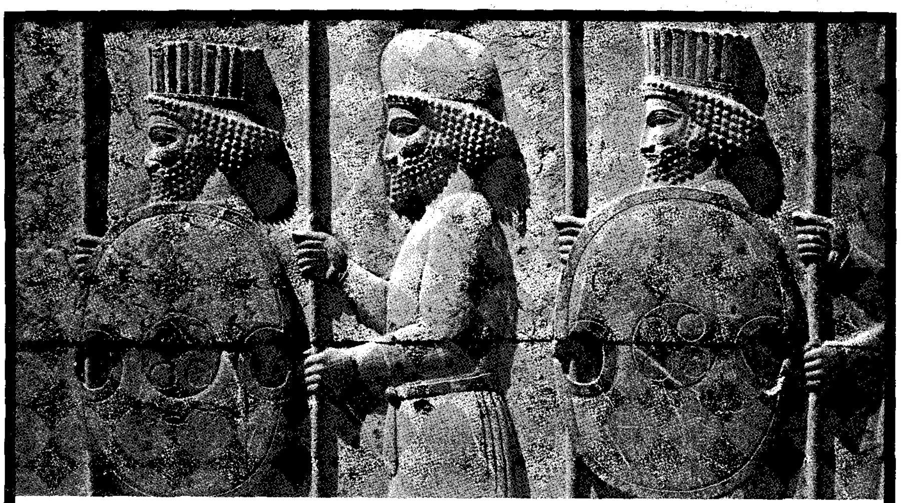

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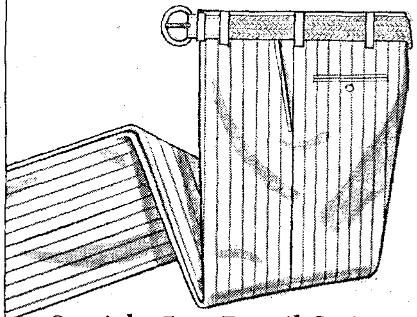

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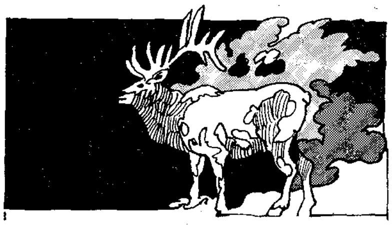

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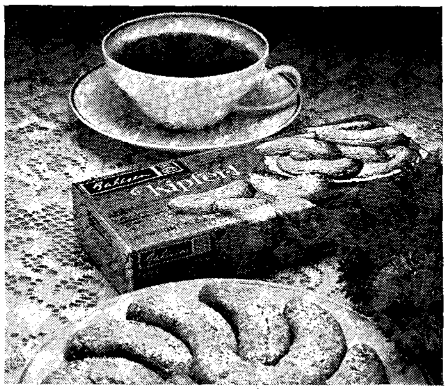
on his writing desk, and did not address himself directly to the audience. Those are the five principal roles in a very large cast—so large that the public has difficulty knowing who's who.

This account of the Boston "Montezuma," though not altogether enthusiastic, should at least close with enthusiastic expressions of gratitude to Miss Caldwell and her colleagues for bringing the work to the American stage, and of appreciation for the immense labors of musical preparation that must have gone into it. Such phrases always sound flat. I had hoped that I would be adding, "and at last the glory of the work was revealed!"

THE two operas with Northern Indian subjects—one-acters—were played by the New England Chamber Opera Group in All Saints Church, Brookline. Robert Selig's "Chocorua," which had its première at Tanglewood in 1972, is a small but touching tale, deftly and economically told in Richard Moore's libretto and a score for small orchestra and six singers (soloists melting in and out of the chorus). Paul Earls's "The Death of King Phillip," a new piece, with a text taken from a play by Romulus Linney, is a more elaborate work, containing multiple scenes, multiple sound sources, and, in addition to "regular" singing and playing, electronic effects both prerecorded and applied to the living performers. King Phillip, Pometakomet, Sachem of the Wampanoag, was, I learn from the program note, an Indian leader who "barely missed driving the white settlers into the sea." He captured a minister's wife, Mary Rowlandson, and in 1682 the "Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Rowlandson" was published. Like Díaz in "Montezuma," she is twice impersonated—both in old age and as a young woman taking part in the remembered events. I found "King Phillip" an adventurous, exciting, and very accomplished opera, enhanced by astonishing light effects devised by the M.I.T. Center for Advanced Visual Studies—laser-projected images solidifying in the spaces of the church, luminous silhouette snapshots of battle actions lingering onstage after the actors had moved on—and by some excellent performers. Beverly Morgan as the young Mrs. Rowlandson, Kim Scown as her husband, and Thomas Olsen and Jerrold Pope as two warriors deserve special mention. The words were exceptionally clear, even during passages of simultaneous discourse. Rafael de Acha directed, and Philip Morehead conducted.

—ANDREW PORTER



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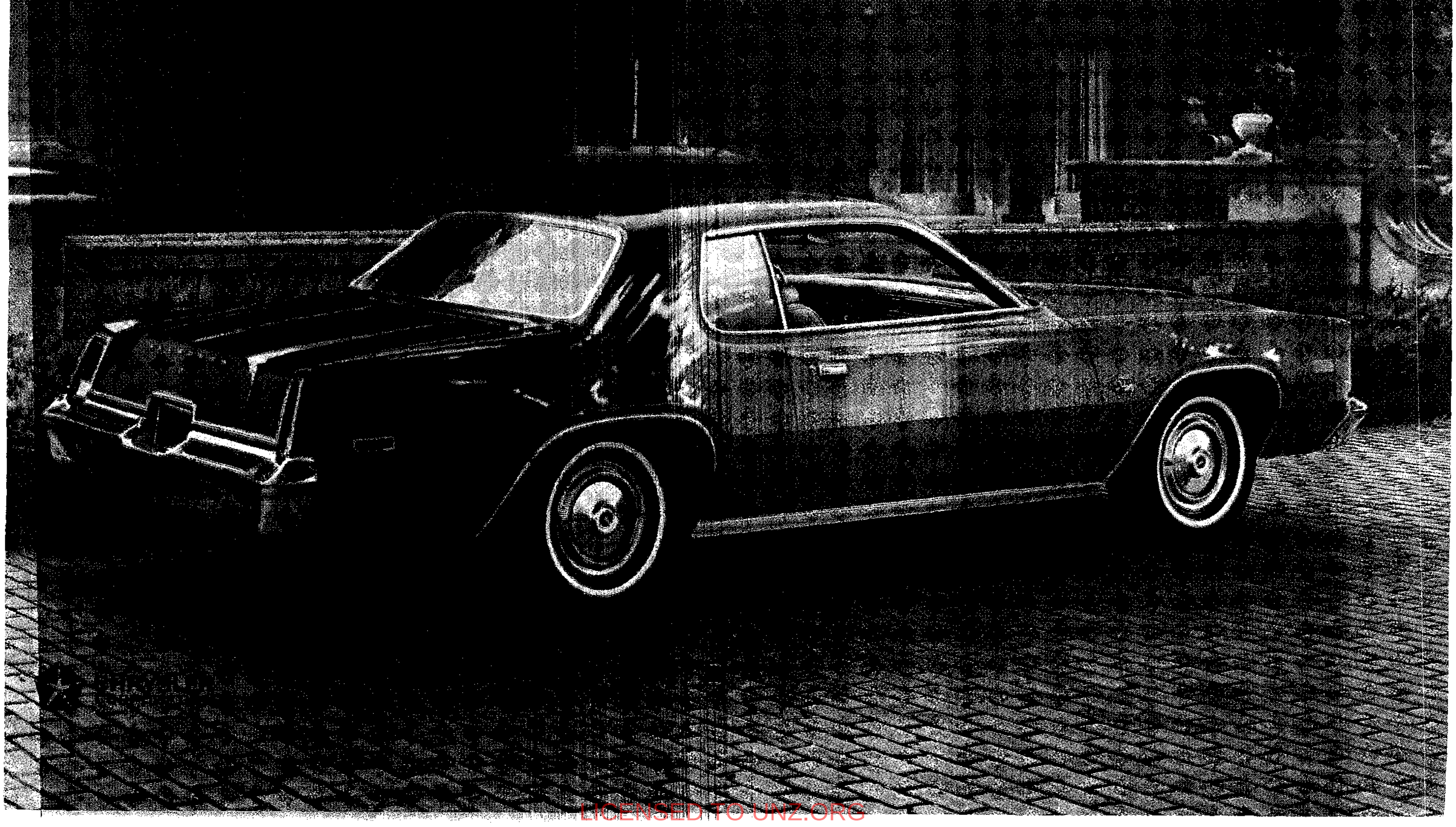

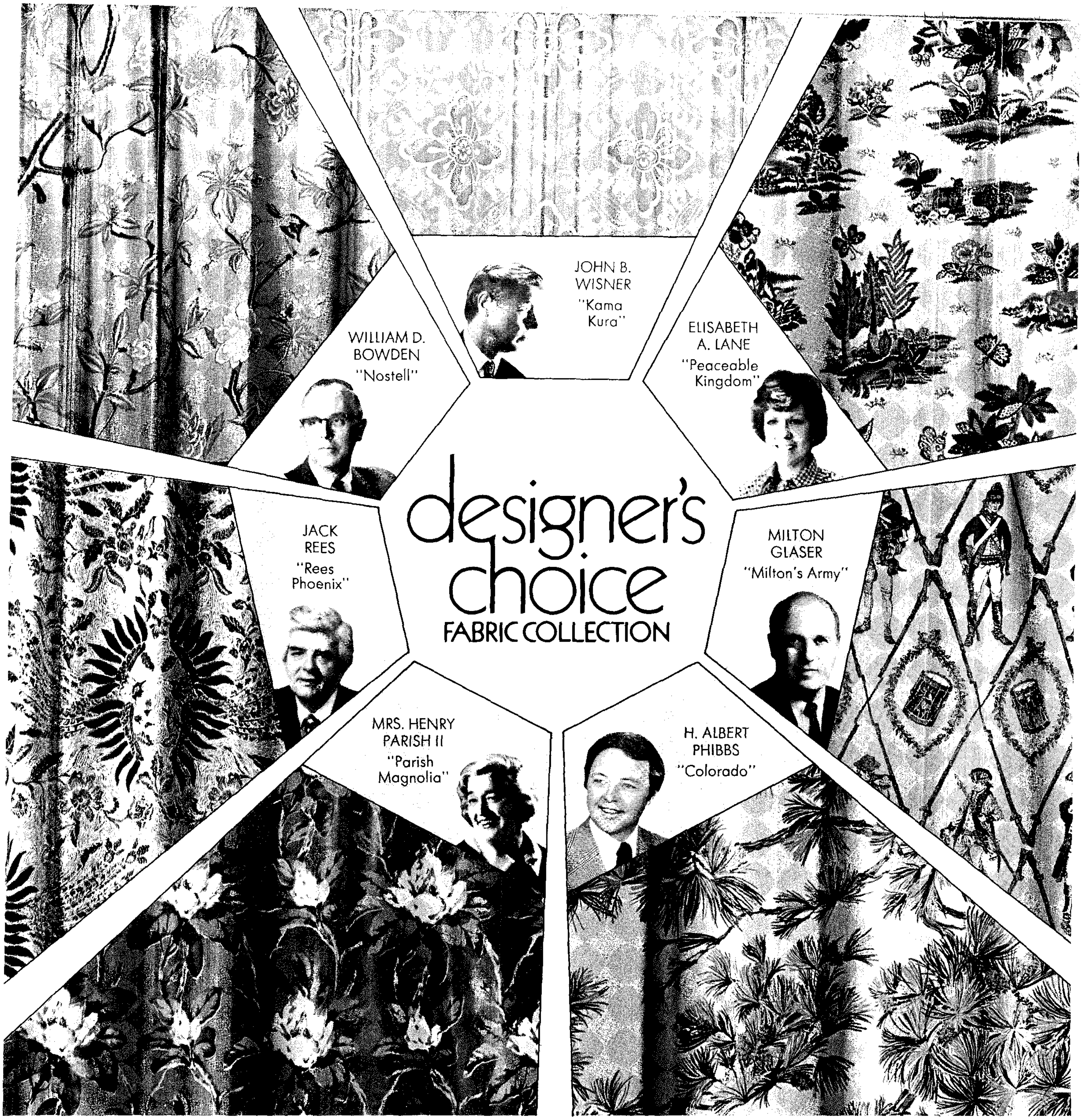
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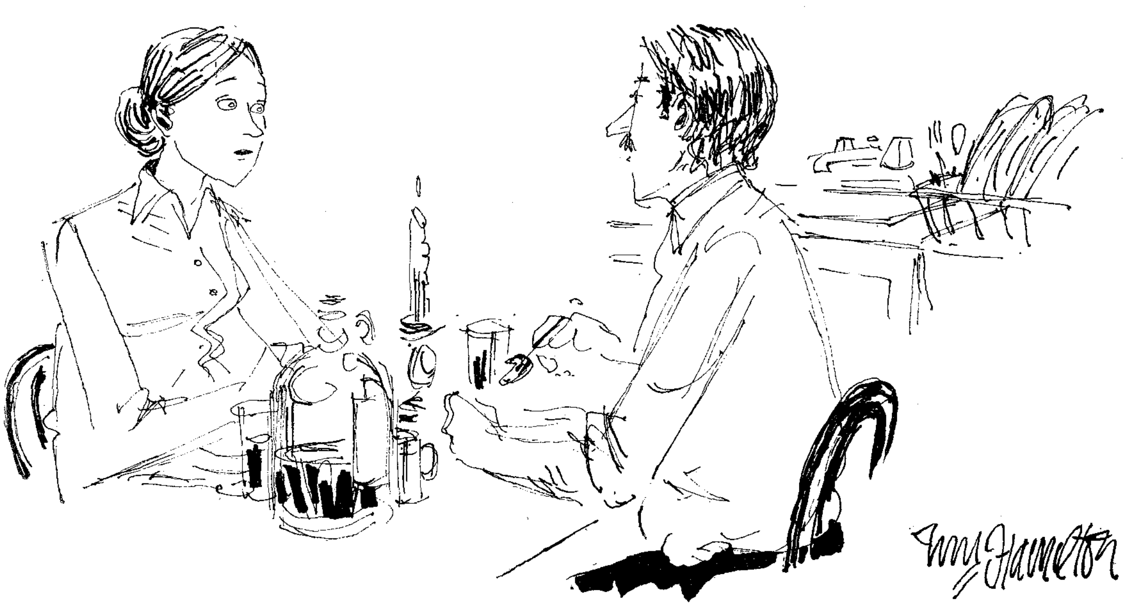
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 10

BEFORE the Wisconsin and New York primaries, it was felt here that no possible outcome could much affect the candidacies of Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, Henry Jackson, and Jimmy Carter. There was no real Republican contest in either state, and Ford's victory in both, which was expected, did little to strengthen him or weaken his rival. At present, Reagan's candidacy owes what strength it still has to his unanticipated majority in the North Carolina primary two weeks ago and to what appears to be a fair chance that he will win in Texas on May 1st; among delegates already chosen, though, Ford has three to Reagan's one, and there seems to be no way that Reagan, whose campaign is now in deep financial trouble, can arrive in Kansas City in August with anything like enough support to deny the President the nomination on the first ballot. It was also expected that Carter would either win in Wisconsin, which he did, or lose narrowly to Morris Udall. A loss by Carter, who spent less time and money in Wisconsin than Udall did, would have been only a minor setback, for the state has traditionally been hospitable to liberals of Udall's sort. But it was reasoned that if Carter won there or placed a close second, Udall would be eliminated as a serious contender, and Democratic voters in the remaining primaries would have to choose between Carter, who has shown a remarkable ability to appeal across class and racial lines, and Jackson, whose campaign, particularly in the big Northern cities, is perhaps the best-organized one since that of John F. Kennedy in 1960. And it was further felt that if neither Carter nor Jackson came to the Democratic National Convention with enough delegates to win on an early ballot, the nomination would in all probability go to Hubert Humphrey, whose strength with the rank and file seems greater than that of all this year's active Democratic candidates combined.

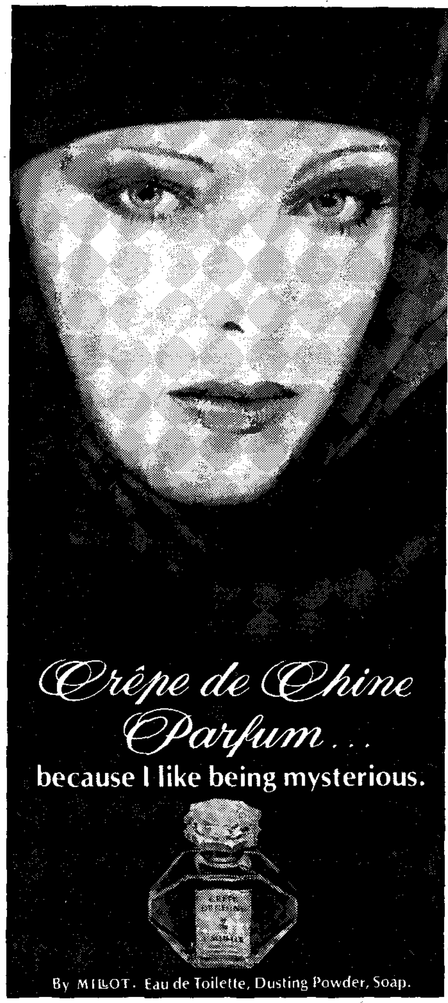
It may work out that way in the end, but many observers here are revising their estimates of a few days ago, and some are not quite ready to write off Udall. For one thing, he did a good deal better than expected in New York and denied Jackson the landslide that Jackson had predicted for himself and that many others had been sure he would get; for another, post-primary analyses show that there is reason to believe that Carter's margin of victory in Wisconsin was provided by Republican "crossovers," the state being among those in which voters registered in one party are allowed by law to participate in the primary of another. But it was not so much what happened in Wisconsin and New York last Tuesday as what happened in the aftermath that has put matters in a new perspective—most notably, the doubts that have arisen about Carter's views on the whole cluster of issues involving civil rights and race. While the Wisconsin returns were coming in, Carter told a news conference in South Bend, Indiana, that if he were President he would not "use the federal government's authority deliberately to circumvent the natural inclination of people to live in ethnically homogeneous neighborhoods." He had said essentially the same thing in New York a few days earlier, and it went almost unnoticed, perhaps because there was a quality of irrelevance and gratuitousness about it: no one, after all, has ever asked a President "deliberately to circumvent" anyone's "natural inclination" to live how and where he or she chooses. The most that has been asked is that government provide protection against discrimination in housing, as in all public accommodations; it is the right to move *out* of an "ethnically homogeneous neighborhood" and into another that needs defense, not the right to stay put and preserve neighborhood institutions, and on this question Carter said in South Bend, as he had in New York and elsewhere, that he would "oppose very strongly and aggressively . . . any exclusion of a family because of race or ethnic background." It was not his thought about an unwarranted use of government authority but the language in which it was couched that disturbed a good many people, black and white, who had all but overcome their early misgivings about his views and his record and were beginning to feel that his emergence as a national figure had enlarged his vision and freed him from some of the pressures he had been under as a Georgia politician. He used such phrases as "ethnic purity" and "alien groups," and spoke of the harmful effects of "injecting" a "different kind of person" into a neighborhood. These hardly even qualified as euphemisms or code words. There is no concealed meaning in the term "ethnic purity." The very concept is racist, and Nazi dogma was studded with equivalent terms.

As Carter has done on several past occasions, he claimed—this time in Pittsburgh, where he was beginning his campaign in the Pennsylvania primary, to be held on April 27th—that he had been misunderstood. "I don't stand behind any connotation of ethnic purity," he said. "I don't want any community to maintain its ethnic purity." And the following day, in Philadelphia, he made a public apology and said that he should have spoken of "ethnic character" or "ethnic heritage." But he had used the jarring phrase and others like it, and this has raised questions not only about his views on policy but about the set of his mind and character. It has been suggested that he was flashing a signal to those who want to maintain segregated



"I'm sick of living unpretentiously."

APRIL 19, 1976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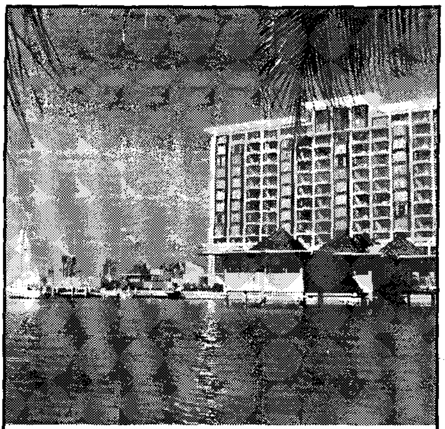
communities that they could trust him to go no further than existing law requires. This does not seem to square either with his record as governor of Georgia or with the political astuteness he has shown in his two years of campaigning. In Atlanta, his record on open housing, to which he called attention in Pittsburgh, has satisfied Representative Andrew Young and other civil-rights leaders who have endorsed him. And, having defeated George Wallace by winning over many former Wallace supporters, Carter had more to gain than to lose by sounding like the man he had eliminated—who had himself, some years ago, given up his most strident racist rhetoric. Once Carter had shown his strength in the South, his need, after Wisconsin, was to demonstrate his appeal in the North, especially in those industrial states where the opponents of busing and the proponents of segregated housing seem to think they have their champion in Jackson; in many of them the black vote is important, and in some it may be crucial for Carter. But if what he said cannot be explained in terms of political expedience, it must then be explained in the way he uses language and in the way his mind works. "All of us now and then speak in the ancestral voice," one liberal Southerner said after reading the accounts of the South Bend news conference. But it has been the absence of an ancestral voice—except in his talk of his faith as a Southern Baptist—that has made Carter appear so refreshing a figure. And he, more than anyone else in present-day politics, has given an impression of coolness, calculation, control. Ford, Reagan, and Jackson have been given to slips of the tongue, but Carter, up to now, has seemed to do or say nothing that was not the product of careful deliberation. If he currently turns out to be one who, on so sensitive a matter as race, is slow to grasp the impact on others of what he says, then he is not the man many of his supporters thought he was.

It is something of a tribute to the confidence he has built among those who have been working for and with him that most of them have given him the benefit of the doubt and that some of them have responded with the most charitable interpretations they could think of. Even among those who might have been expected to take the greatest offense at his choice of words, there have so far been no significant defections. But his adversaries, not surprisingly, are trying to make capital of the affair, and it has given new impetus



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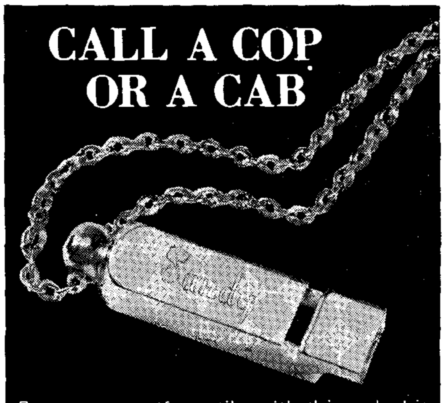

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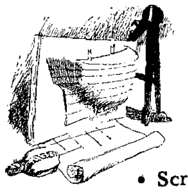

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to the Udall campaign and to the Humphrey semi-campaign. Among the remaining declared and active candidates, Udall comes closest to representing the Party's liberal tradition and its ties with the civil-rights movement, the academic and intellectual communities, and what remains of the anti-war movement. Jackson has close connections with organized labor, and his unwavering support of Israel has brought him strong Jewish backing. Carter has appeared to represent the best of the populist tradition (the worst, of course, was strongly tainted with racism) that was largely absorbed by the New Deal. Udall, however, is the only remaining active candidate who can be regarded as a legitimate heir to Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson, and the Kennedys. Humphrey and Frank Church can claim much of the same heritage, and while Church is little known outside this city and Idaho, it seems probable that he, like Humphrey, could be supported by most elements of the Democratic coalition. Recent events, though, have led many to reëxamine their earlier view that this year's proliferation both of primaries and of candidates would breed such confusion and fragmentation that in New York in July the Democrats would settle on someone—probably Humphrey—who had taken part in no primaries at all. Now, after elections in eight states, the field has been narrowed to three. Moreover, the extraordinary attention that has this year been paid to the preferential primaries, as distinct from the voting for committed and uncommitted delegates, has made them seem to many an integral part of the democratic process, and it may prove very difficult to deny the nomination to someone who has been tested in the process and award it to someone who has not. Though in unofficial canvasses Humphrey appears to be the first choice of the largest number of Democrats, his decision not to enter any of the official contests exposes him to the charge of evading the challenges and hard work of an active campaign. He is, of course, a prodigiously hard worker in the Senate, and he has been making almost as many political speeches as any active candidate, but Carter, if he goes on winning, would have what many would regard as a legitimate grievance if he was passed over for a man who clearly owed his success to the power brokers. And, perhaps more important, not only Carter but millions of Southerners could claim that the old pattern of regional discrimination still exists, denying a chance at the Presidency even to one

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who has been sympathetic to the civil-rights movement and has been endorsed by several of its leaders. These would certainly be issues suitable for exploitation by a Republican candidate who had fought it out in the primaries, North and South.

However that may be, Udall's continuing candidacy is in the nature of a "stop Carter" movement. Projects with so negative an aim are rarely successful—a fact that could be richly documented by a history of the many efforts to stop Richard Nixon between 1952 and 1968—and Udall and his strategists seem unlikely to prevail where so many others have failed. But if there are more Carter blunders of the magnitude of the one this week, and if large-scale defections follow, Udall is more likely to be the beneficiary than Jackson, many of whose supporters would cheerfully leave him for Humphrey. Though Jackson has supported most civil-rights and civil-liberties measures in the Senate, he has never taken the initiative, and in some of this year's primaries he has made a quite transparent appeal to racist voters. (He said he was "appalled" by Carter's remarks in South Bend, but he himself had said last December that "if we destroy the various ethnic neighborhoods in our cities, including black neighborhoods, we destroy not only a rich tradition in American life but an anchor for stability in an increasingly unstable society.") He has voted with the liberals on most economic issues, but he stands with Ford and Reagan on military spending, and maintains that he would be more militant than the President in pursuing the Cold War. Much of Carter's following has been among the young and disaffected, while Jackson has appealed largely to those who are established and at ease in the existing order. Both Carter and Udall have been addressing themselves to voters, young and old, who are dissatisfied with current social and political arrangements, so if Carter begins to lose support, Udall can be expected to get the larger portion of it. He may have little chance of getting the nomination, but if in the end the choice is to be made by power brokers, he may, if he stays the course, find himself one of them.

OF this year's Democratic primaries, it can at least be said that they have provided some clarification of the issues. If Carter has given some dusty answers, he has also given some clear ones, and under pressure from his rivals he has made some firm commitments. He recently said, for example, that he would pardon Vietnam deserters and draft evaders, and would ask no alternative service or anything else in return. (He prefers the term "pardon" to "amnesty," he said, but the distinction is semantic, and the conditions, or lack of them, are more generous than those offered by the Administration a year and a half ago.) This week, he joined Jackson and Udall in endorsing the Humphrey-Hawkins bill to combat unemployment with a federally sponsored jobs program.

The Republican primaries are another story. Mainly, one supposes, because Ford and Reagan have almost nothing to argue about, the Republican debate has turned on little of substance, and little, therefore, has come of it. Much of it has been irresponsible. While Henry Kissinger is under instructions to negotiate settlements of various kinds with the Soviet Union in furtherance of a policy rather accurately described as "détente"—or a "lessening of tensions"—Ford has publicly expunged the word from his vocabulary and says, as if he had never heard of Dean Acheson or John Foster Dulles, that his new policy is "peace through strength." And in the midst of equally important and in some ways more difficult negotiations—those over the future of the Panama Canal and the Canal Zone—Reagan advises the Administration to walk away from them and tell the Panamanians, "We bought [the Canal], we paid for it, we built it, and we intend to keep it." Reagan has been saying that under Ford our military establishment has become inferior to that of the Soviet Union, and Ford has been insisting that it is superior; the truth, according to those more knowledgeable than either candidate, is that one is counting apples, the other oranges. Soviet arms are widely deployed for the conduct of war against China, while ours are deployed for the defense of Western Europe. Ford, in addition, says that we must weigh along with our military strength our "moral strength," and that in this field, as in several others, "the No. 1 nation in the world is the United States of America"—a claim not made by any other major politician since Richard Nixon. On domestic affairs, the debate between Ford and Reagan, such as it is, turns largely on who can proclaim himself the more dedicated to weakening the central government over which each hopes to preside.

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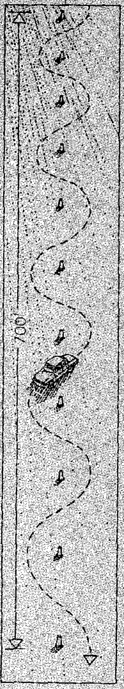

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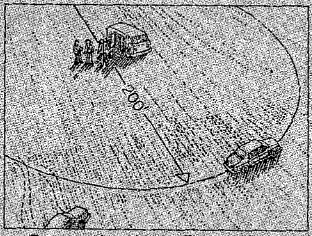

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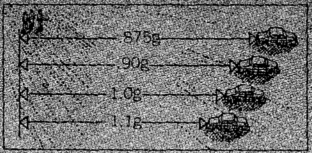

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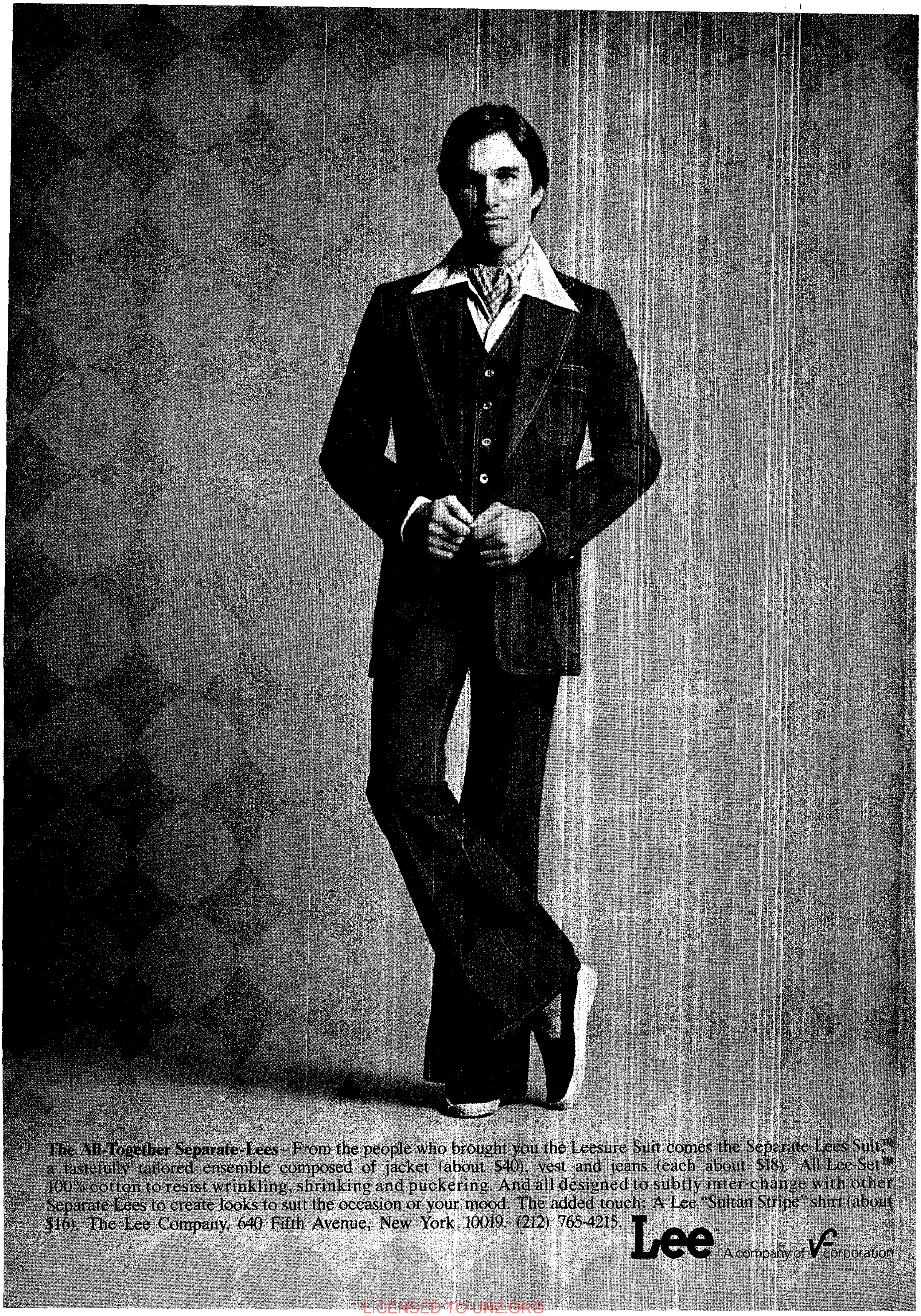

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From the House of the Dead

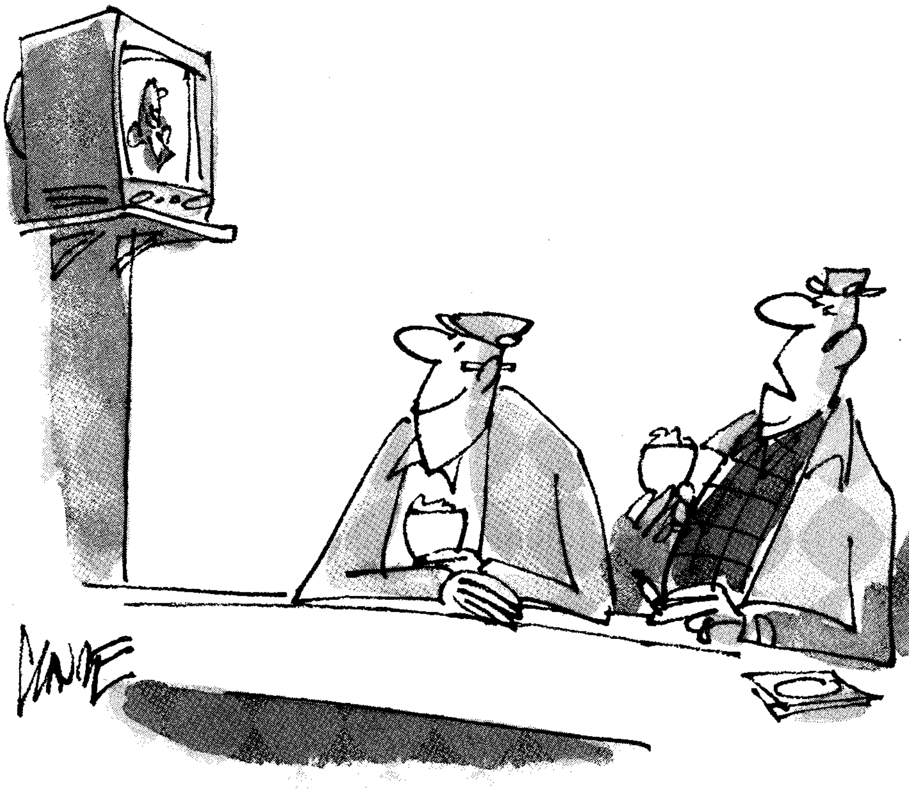
ALBERT SPEER was Hitler's architect and minister of armaments and war production. Two features distinguish him from the rest of the Nazi thugs. First, there was in Speer's feelings for Hitler a core of disinterested affection, of warmth going beyond animal fascination. On April 23, 1945, with Berlin a sea of flames and all chances of safe exit almost forfeit, Speer returned to the capital to bid a personal farewell to the Führer. The blank coldness of Hitler's response shattered him. Second, Speer kept alive within himself a modicum of sanity and moral sense, through the lunatic circus of the Reich and then during almost twenty years of incarceration in Spandau. It is these two elements—the spell exercised upon him by the person of Hitler and the resolve to emerge sane from two decades of live burial—which dominate Speer's "Spandau: The Secret Diaries" (translated from the German, for Macmillan, by Richard and Clara Winston).

At the Nuremberg war trials, Albert Speer acknowledged that it was he who had been ultimately in charge of the use of the many millions of slave laborers in the arsenal of the Reich. He had been directly involved neither in the bestial mechanics of deportation that brought these wretched human beings from the occupied territories nor in the maltreatment and bored extermination that often followed. But the overlordship of manufacture and industrial mobilization had been his, and to this extent Speer admitted—indeed, expatiated on—his guilt. The sentence of twenty years' imprisonment seemed, from the start, brutal, and was thought to reflect Soviet insistence. Almost immediately after Nuremberg, there were whisperings to the effect that the Russian authorities had no desire to see so brilliant an impresario of weaponry and materials procurement pass safely into Western hands.

Speer entered the prison of Spandau, in Berlin, on July 18, 1947; he left it at midnight sharp on September 30, 1966. Together with the time spent in the Nuremberg jail after his sentencing, this made for exactly twenty years. Speer served the second decade of his sentence in company with only two other men—Baldur von Schirach, the former Hitler Youth leader, and Rudolf Hess. Speer entered the echoing coffin of Spandau as a man of forty-two, at the summit of his powers, and after a meteoric career. He was released at sixty-one. But during his captivity he wrote: more than twenty thousand sheets of diary notes, authorized and clandestine letters, scraps of autobiography. He wrote on calendar leaves, cardboard lids, toilet paper (the traditional papyrus of the prisoner). And he succeeded in smuggling this prodigious hoard out of Spandau despite the vigilant scrutiny of American, Russian, British, and French guards. Speer smuggled out enough material for his first book, "Inside the Third Reich," for this prison journal, and, if certain hints are right, for what may be a full-scale study of Hitler. How did he do it? Speer's account is at once curiously circumstantial and elusive. He tells us that he must protect the identity of those who helped him. The main channel was one of the prison medical aides, who had himself, ironically, been a deportee in the Reich war machine. But there must have been other avenues. It is difficult to escape the impression that the authorities, particularly the three Western powers, must have known something of Speer's voluminous commerce with the outside world and the future. Indeed, as early as October, 1948, the wife of a leading Jewish publisher in New York approached a member of Speer's family with regard to his memoirs (the subtle indecency of the idea repelled Speer, if not the lady).

Hitler inhabits this book like a black mist. In Speer's first years of captivity, he sought to recollect and set down methodically the history of his relationship to the Führer. Many of the vignettes are memorable. We see Hitler planning to make a world art center of his native town of Linz. We watch him during the years of his somnambular ascent to power, amid the crazed multitudes aching for his whirlwind passage in an open car, or in the intimate company of his bully boys—orating, mocking, pontificating, and lapsing, brusquely, into the silent vortex of his vision. There are extraordinary snapshots of Hitler in a domestic vein at Obersalzberg, laboring at unforced sociability amid minions, aides, camp followers whose lives hung on his breath. Speer records Hitler on literature (the man had a passion for Karl May, the German version of Fenimore Cooper), on sculpture, on the meaning of history. He calls to memory the moments of generosity shown by the Führer to early associates and backers, and tells of Hitler's obsession with fire, with the tongue of flame on the hearth and the fire storm over the city.

Speer knows that Hitler is closely meshed with the root of his, Speer's,



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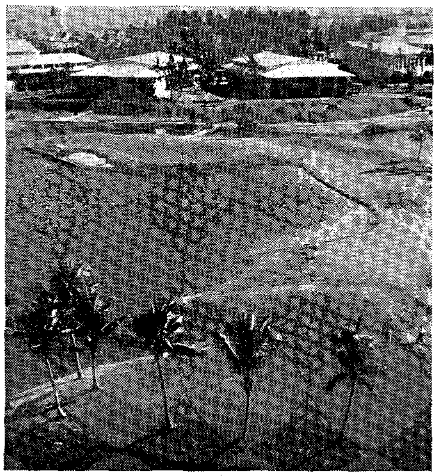

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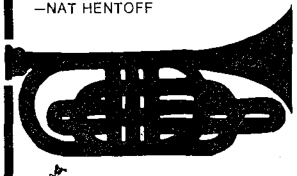

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identity. November 20, 1952: "Whatever turn my life takes in the future, whenever my name is mentioned, people will think of Hitler. I shall never have an independent existence. And sometimes I see myself as a man of seventy, children long since adult and grandchildren growing up, and wherever I go people will not ask about me but about Hitler." Three years earlier, Speer ponders the predestined logic of his encounter with the Master: "I regarded Hitler above all as the preserver of the world of the nineteenth century against that disturbing metropolitan world which I feared lay in the future of all of us. Viewed in that light, I might actually have been waiting for Hitler. Moreover—and this justifies him even more—he communicated to me a strength that raised me far above the limits of my potentialities. If this is so, then I cannot say he led me away from myself: on the contrary, through him I first found a heightened identity."

In the endless tunnel of prison days, Speer tries to arrive at a clear picture of the man who built and smashed his life. If there was cruelty—though of an oddly abstract, indifferent kind—megalomania, a rasping vulgarity, self-pity, and falsehood beyond ordinary human scope, there was also the exact opposite. Speer knew Hitler as "a solicitous paterfamilias, a generous superior, amiable, self-controlled, proud, and capable of enthusiasm for beauty and greatness." The last point haunts Speer. Hitler's policies in the arts and architecture could spring from brutal myopia. But at other moments there were real flashes of insight, flights of invention and learning. The charisma of the man was a deep, cold thing, at once numbing and magnetic. And so was his naked intellectual edge in regard to political tactics, rhetorical command, and psychological penetration of the tired or corrupt shadow players who faced him at home and abroad. "He really came from another world. . . . The military men had all learned to deal with a wide variety of unusual situations. But they were totally unprepared to deal with this visionary."

There is nothing new in any of this. Other testimony has made the nightmare image routine. But Speer does touch on matters of the first importance when he seeks to diagnose Hitler's anti-Semitism. He recalls scarcely a single exchange on the question between the Führer and himself (in the nauseating miasma of Hitler's table talk we find hardly a single allusion to the world of the concentration camps). Yet on combing more closely through the great drift of his remembrance, Speer comes to the conclusion that hatred for the Jews was the absolute, unwavering pivot of Hitler's being. The entirety of Hitler's politics and war plans "was merely camouflage for this real motivating factor." Pondering Hitler's testament, with its apocalyptic vision of Jewish war guilt and of the extermination of European Jewry, Speer comes to realize that this extermination signified more to Hitler than either victory or the survival of the German nation.

Rationalist historians have disputed the point. They have striven to find a "normal" economic-strategic framework for Hitler's career. Speer is much nearer the truth. There is little sense to be made of the Hitler phenomenon—of its poisonous magic and enormity of self-destruction—if one does not focus stringently on the central motif of anti-Semitism. In some tenebrous manner, Hitler saw in the messianic coherence of the Jewish people, in their apartness, in the metaphor of their "chosenness," an unalterable mocking counterpoise to his own most intimate drives. When he proclaimed that Nazism and Judaism could not coexist, that one or both must suffer annihilation in a final conflict, he was stating a crazy truth. Learning of the Eichmann trial and of the ever-increasing evidence of the Holocaust, Speer notes that his own desire for release from prison strikes him as "almost absurd."

But the desire persisted, of course. This is the point of all prison literature: the hope against hope that more than seven thousand unchanging days will pass, that time can be given a meaning or a comforting shape across a vacuum of twenty winters. Speer's suffocation was made worse by repeated spurts of rumor. John McCloy, the United States High Commissioner for Germany, was pressing for mitigation or release; Adenauer was sympathetic; the British Foreign Office had approached the Russians. Surely the Cold War would lead to the evacuation of Spandau and to a more opportune view of Speer's crimes. Why should the Western powers let the wizard of German armament rot when they themselves were remilitarizing Germany? But each hope proved false, and Speer came to endure, and to articulate, the conviction that he would have to serve his sen-

"I don't want to write about my historical conclusions—it isn't my game. I tell myself that this third time out, if I stick to what I know, what happened to me, and a few others, I have a chance to write my own history of the time."

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tence to the last, nearly inconceivable midnight.

He kept sane by means classical in the records of entombment. He took intense, daily walks in the Spandau grounds, keeping an exact count of the distance. At the close, he had covered 31,936 kilometres. But this forced march was more than abstract exercise. Speer imagined himself hiking around the globe, from Europe, via the Middle East, to China, the Bering Strait, and then down through Mexico. As he tramped, he conjured in his mind's eye what he knew of the relevant landscape, architecture, climate. "I am already deep in India," runs a typical log, "and according to the plan will be in Benares in five months." Then, there was the prison garden. From the spring of 1959 on, Speer devoted more and more time and energy to its cultivation. Each shrub, every flower bed became the object of tenacious design and care: "Spandau has become a meaning in itself. Long ago I had to organize my survival here. That is no longer necessary. The garden has taken full possession of me."

Speer read indefatigably: history, philosophy, fiction, and, eerily, books touching on events in which he had himself played so drastic a part. Once he was allowed to see engineering and architectural journals, he labored to refresh his skills and keep in some kind of touch with the world changing outside. Speer drew: plans for family houses, much appreciated by his Russian jailers, silhouettes and contours of monuments now in rubble, and occasional strange allegoric scenes, strident with solitude. Above all, he wrote, thousands and thousands of pages. His reason hung by this stout thread.

Nevertheless, there were spells of despair and near-madness: at the end of the tenth year, when Admirals Dönitz and Raeder had been released after serving their time; in June, 1961, when fear of having mislaid one of his illegal letters brought on wild panic. When breakdown seemed imminent, Speer would allow himself a "sleep-cure," a three-week indulgence in sleeping pills, securing solid nights and blurred days. But mostly he drew on his own formidable resilience. After a week in a punishment cell, sitting motionless for eleven hours in front of blank walls, Speer emerged "as fresh as I was on the first day."

The devices of the Allied authorities—acting, to be sure, in the name of outraged humanity—do not always make for pretty reading. After eleven years of imprisonment, Speer asked for canvas and oil paints. This dangerous request was refused. The prisoners were never addressed by their names—solely by the numbers they wore on their backs—for to call a man by his name is to honor him in his humanity. Family visits were kept few and brief. They were supposed to take place in the presence of Soviet, American, French, and British observers. Sixteen years passed before Speer, through a kindly oversight, was allowed an instant alone with his wife. In the event, he was too numb even to touch her hand. National stereotypes mark the different jailers and presiding officers (control of Spandau alternates on a monthly rota among the four occupying powers). The English are punctilious. The French display a certain easy panache. There is in American innocence and spontaneity a frequent edge of brutality. During each "Russian month," the prison diet plummets. But the Soviet personnel is anxiously literate. While their Western colleagues thumb through detective stories or doze over crossword puzzles, the Russians at Spandau study chemistry, physics, and mathematics, or read Dickens, Jack London, and Tolstoy. According to shifts in the Cold War temperature, inter-Allied relations within the prison tauten or relax, and the prisoners are treated in consequence. During the Cuban missile crisis, the electric tension gives the prisoners a center of gravity. It is the Russian guard who brings news of peace.

It is snapshots like this, risible and tragic, which make these claustrophobic pages bearable. Speer has a trained eye. In Nuremberg, he passes by the cells of those of his colleagues who are waiting to be hanged: "As the rules prescribe, most of them are lying on their backs, hands on the blanket, heads turned toward the inside of the cell. A ghostly sight, all of them in their immobility; it looks as though they have already been laid on their biers." In the winter of 1953, Prisoner No. 3, Hitler's sometime foreign minister Konstantin von Neurath, is allowed an armchair (the old man's health was failing). Speer recognizes it as one that he had designed for the Berlin Chancellery, in 1938: "The damask upholstery is tattered, the sheen faded, the veneer scratched, but I still like the proportions, especially the curve of the rear legs." The proud monstrosities that Speer had built for the Reich, the right-red pillars and the marble portioes of triumph, lie in oblivion. Two hings remain: the memory of the npalpable "cathedral of ice" that peer created by the use of a hundred nd thirty searchlight beams at a Nuremberg party rally, and this chair.

As release comes nearer, Speer's nind plays ominous tricks. He stops stening to the radio. He orders his amily to cease all correspondence. harp dreams tell him that he will nevr return home, that his life unlived an never be made good. Three days o go: once more he weeds the garden, o that everything will be left trim. He enses, as does every long-term prisonr, that his relationship to his prison has ecome "semierotic," that, in some luatic way, he no longer wants to leave he coffin he has mastered. On the last ay, waiting for his and Schirach's reease, Speer adds ten kilometres to his lobal tour. The climax is a touch of error and human desolation beyond he reach of fiction. Great heaps of coal are being unloaded in the prison courtyard. Speer stands next to Hess, watching: "Then Hess said, 'So much coal. And from tomorrow on only for me.' " That was September 30, 1966. The crazed old hooligan, uninvolved in the worst of Nazi atrocities, because he had flown to Scotland, is in Spandau still, alone, guarded by four miniature armies and thirty-eight thousand cubic metres of walled space. The Western powers have long urged his release. The Soviet Union refuses, lest it lose the one military toehold it has in West Berlin. Our acquiescence in Russian blackmail on this point of inhumanity is past comment.

But once this is said, and once the force of Speer's record and survival has been acknowledged, another point needs to be made. In Spandau there were books and music, family letters, and medical care. During three months out of four the food was excellent. There were hot baths, and a garden to tend. No man was flogged, none plunged in excrement or burned piecemeal to cinders. In short, twenty years in Spandau was a literal paradise compared to a single day in Belsen, Majdanek, Auschwitz, or any of a hundred of the outhouses of Hell built by the regime that Albert Speer served so brilliantly. It is the power, the pain of this book that one has to say this to oneself, if not to him (who now professes to know it). Yet even to say this is not enough. It is not merely compared with Belsen that Spandau is a rest cure: but compared with the Gulag, with the Soviet psychiatric peni-

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tentiaries, with the jails of Chile and the unspeakable death camps of Indonesia. Speer was only one of the master builders—if perhaps the most bitterly punished. The architecture of death flourishes still.

—GEORGE STEINER

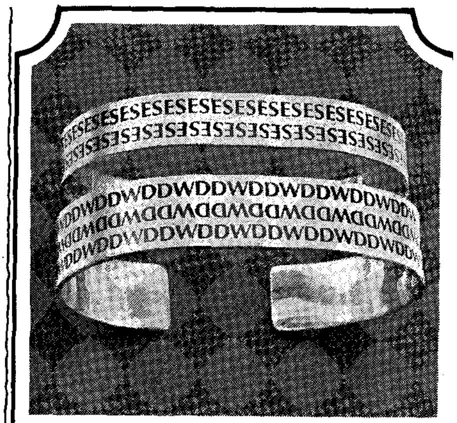
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TRAVESTY, by John Hawkes (New Directions). A hollow, coolly elegant novel in the form of an impassioned monologue delivered by a man who is at the wheel of a car that is carrying him, his best friend, and his twenty-five-year-old daughter toward death in a willed accident which he believes will be of "unique, spectacular, instantaneous . . . purity." This is the third volume of a trilogy, and it sucks delicately but persistently at the same themes as its predecessors: sexual myths, the poetic imagination, and existential acts of daring. As in the two previous volumes, there is an odd mixture here of glossy goods (the travellers are entombed in a luxurious "sport-touring car," the man lives in a fine château somewhere in the South of France), lofty tone, and vulgar pickings from popular culture. Throughout the book, the driver tries to justify this suicide-murder to his friend and occasionally to his daughter. That they are probably unconvinced by his arguments (though they never actually speak for themselves) seems likely; that the reader is unconvinced by them and, worse, soon stops caring is certain. To open a door and find behind it only another door, and beyond that another door and another, can be an interesting activity only if the doors look sufficiently inviting, as they do in the mysterious spaces of Samuel Beckett's work. Thus far, Mr. Hawkes' novels have offered the reader only an endless succession of ornately painted panels.

GENERAL

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS: FROM MARK HANNA TO JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, by Francis Russell (Little, Brown). An excellent idea for a book, excellently executed. Mr. Russell's subjects are eight men, each of whom decided that another man ought to be President and succeeded in putting his choice in the White House. The men, and their winners, are Mark Hanna (Mc-



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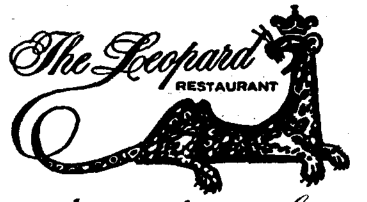

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Kinley), Thomas Collier Platt (Theodore Roosevelt), Theodore Roosevelt (Taft), George Harvey (Wilson), Harry Daugherty (Harding), Frank Stearns (Coolidge), Louis Howe (Franklin Roosevelt), and Joseph P. Kennedy (John F. Kennedy). This entertaining, illuminating work covers a lot of history and affords plenty of room for psychological speculation. Ambition and greed are easy to understand—Daugherty, for instance, had sized up his candidate well enough to realize that there would be pickings for the man who made Harding President—but those simple qualities are comparatively rare in this book. Many of the other pairs demonstrate far more complicated relations; for example, there was an inexplicable but enormous amount of self-deception in T.R.'s and Taft's mutual admiration. Sorrow or sadness is another theme: many of the Presidents drew away from the men who served them during their apprentice years. Only Wilson appears merely ungrateful; other Presidents and their gray eminences seem to have been caught up in the sort of tragedy that power entails.

A SEVENTH MAN: MIGRANT WORKERS IN EUROPE, by John Berger, with photographs by Jean Mohr (Viking). In recent years, the more prosperous nations of Europe have imported manpower—perhaps twelve million men and women migrant workers—from poorer lands, mostly around the Mediterranean, to do their unskilled, heavy, dangerous, or dirty work. The migrants' status is legally peculiar—they lack the security and freedom of a resident alien in America—and Mr. Berger believes that the trade unions to which they belong offer them no protection. Mr. Mohr's photographs portray these people at home and abroad, on the job and off. The pictures are mostly on the level of snapshots, and might have benefitted by greater artistic ambition. The text is the utmost in pretentiousness—a mélange of enraged Marxism and doughy prose-poetry that evokes irritation with the writer rather than pity for his subjects.

LITERARY LANDMARKS: ESSAYS ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LITERATURE, by Francis Fergusson (Rutgers). In the past three decades or so, Francis Fergusson has written many introductions, lectures, articles, and reviews, and twelve of his pieces have been gathered in this

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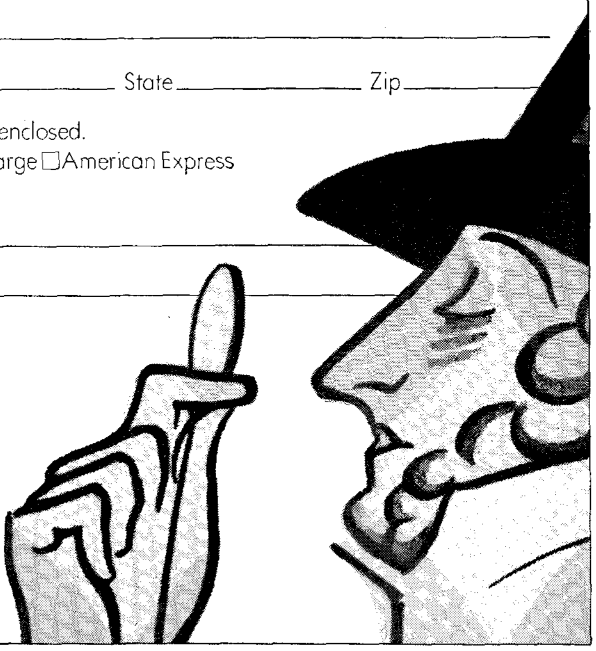

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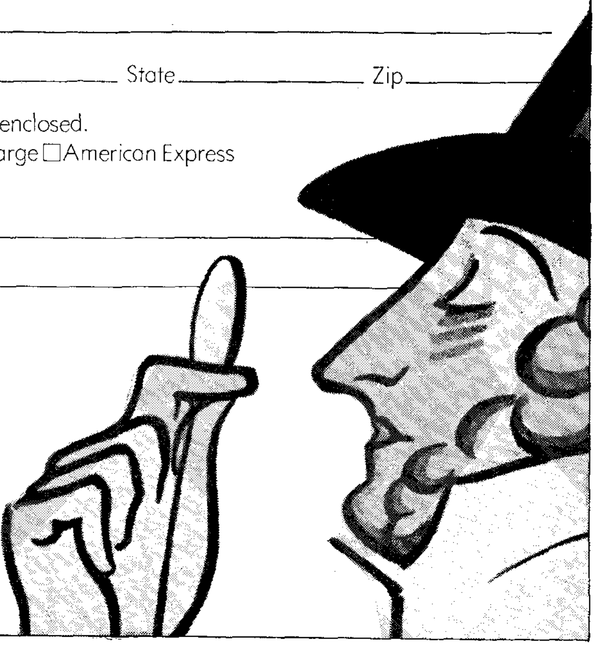

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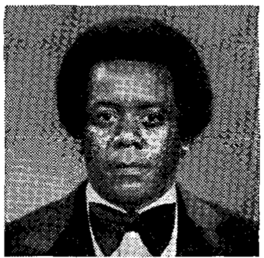
"How many people do you know who have been cured of cancer?"
Flip Wilson,
National Crusade Chairman



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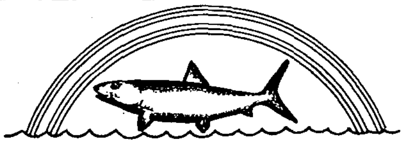

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thin volume. The first and longest essay, on Aristotle's "Poetics," notes that when Aristotle speaks of the imitation of an action, "by 'action' he means not physical activity but a movement-of-spirit, and by 'imitation' he means not superficial copying but the representation of the countless forms which the life of the human spirit may take." In the other essays, Mr. Fergusson shows the same search for profundity, the same formal diction. In the reviews, particularly, he is direct, lively, and incisive. On Henry James as a playwright: "James was painfully conscious of alienation from his audience; he felt invisible and unwanted. He could not charm them with art alone; his efforts to imitate their sentimentalities turned out, too often, to be cold *tours de force*." On Auden: "In him, perception and epithet, attitude and meaning, tone and content are one." On Sartre as a playwright: "It would be a mistake to dismiss his plays merely because his existentialism is so feeble as ethics or epistemology. But his philosophy did lead him to his dramaturgic formula. He writes a 'drama of crisis' on the analogy of Barth's 'theology of crisis;' and it is this existentialist slant that gives the new look to his moral casuistry and his gripping well-made plots."

MAN IN AFRICA, by Colin M. Turnbull (Anchor/Doubleday). An introduction to diverse African cultures—grassland, river-valley, desert, forest—by a solidly grounded anthropologist who now teaches at Virginia Commonwealth University. The book has much useful information and arresting description, but it spoils its assets by not very credible paeans to Africa and Africans. Turnbull presents African societies as so many Edens, and his prose flows glibly around unfortunate events, like wars. Possibly because whites in the past undervalued African achievements, Mr. Turnbull overvalues everything African.

•

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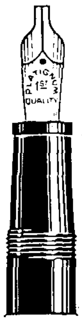

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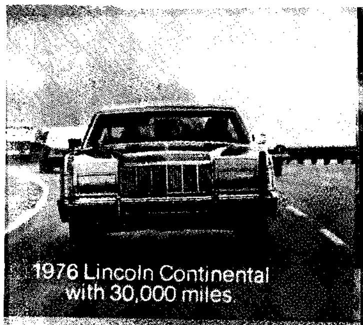

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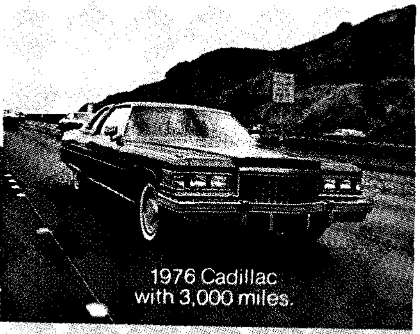

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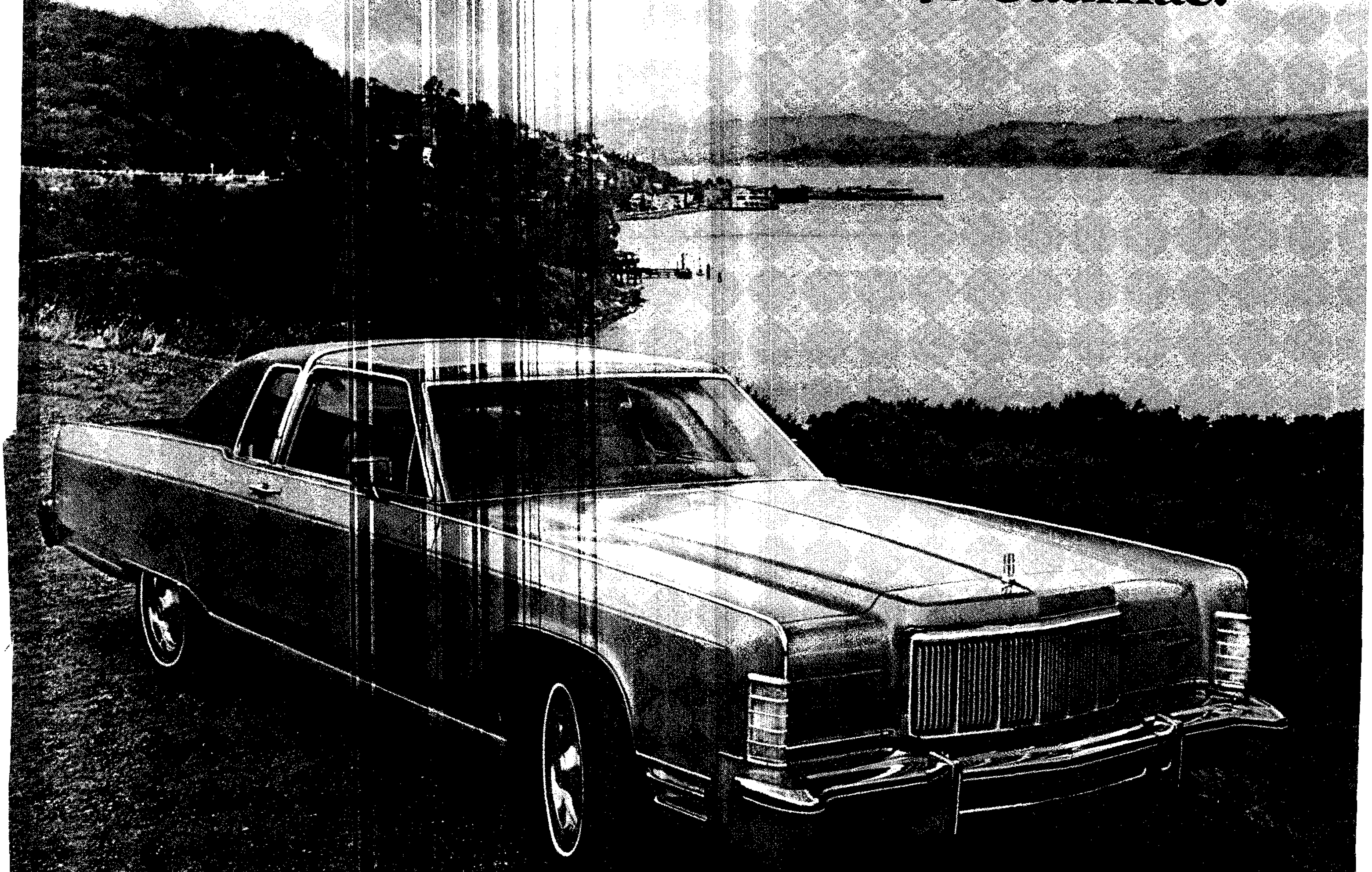

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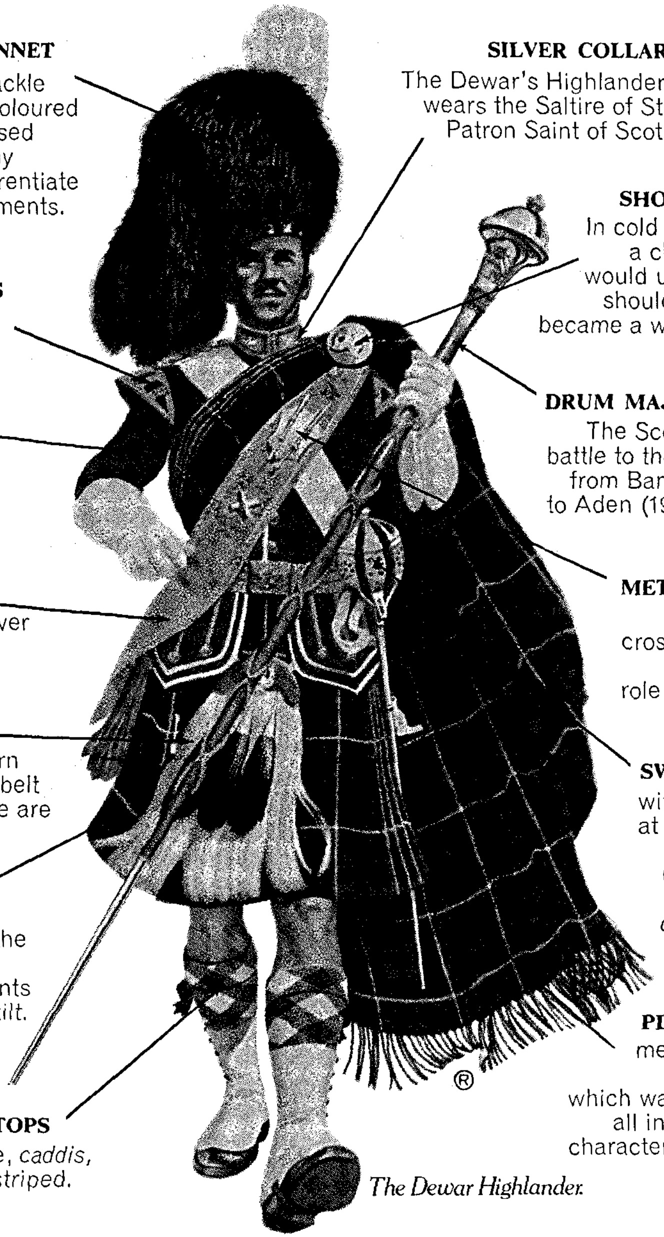

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